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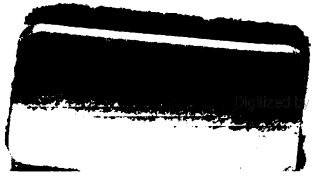

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Yours truly
H. H. Bancroft

TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AFRICA,

AND

EXPLORATIONS

OF THE

WESTERN NILE TRIBUTARIES.

BY

MR. AND MRS. PETHERICK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
TINSLEY BROTHERS,
18 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.
1869.

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PREFACE.

MANY and deep are the obligations we are under to friends who have given us their sympathy, and who have felt a lively interest in our undertakings in Central Africa: to them are due our sincere thanks. Of these true and tried supporters, some have passed away; "In Memoriam," their cherished names we first recount. To the late Madame Tinné for the welcome accorded to us at a time of sickness and depression, in the Bahar il Gazal, and for manifold subsequent acts of kindness, we are particularly indebted. The sincere friendship of her sister, Mademoiselle Adrienne, Baronne de Capellan, who unfortunately succumbed at Khartoum, will never be forgotten by us. To Dr. Hodgkin, M.D., F.R.G.S., who died whilst accompanying that noble philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore, on a mission to the East, and to Mr. Thomas Brookin, F.R.G.S., we owe also our sincere acknowledgments.

Dr. Jenzig, many years a resident at Khartoum, and Monsieur de Pryssenaere, who died in the rainy season of 1865, on the Blue Nile, whilst engaged on a scientific exploration of the northern and eastern territories of the Sobât, we grieve to record as no more.

Of the living, our near relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Mc Quie, of Blundell Sands, near Liverpool, claim a first place for our acknowledgments for their more than brotherly and sisterly devotion to us and our interests during our absence in Africa. To Mr. John Tinné, of Briarley, near Liverpool, and Mr. James Macqueen, of Kensington, we cannot pay too high a tribute for the valuable services and various acts of kindness of which we have been the recipients during our travels and since our return. To the former we are also indebted for photographic views of Gondokoro and

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the Bahar il Gazal; and to the latter more particularly for his labours in editing some articles which appeared in the columns of the "Morning Advertiser," and subsequently, jointly with Captain Burton, now Her Majesty's Consul for Damascus, in a work entitled "The Nile Basin."

To other friends, whose names are unrecorded here, we none the less sincerely and gratefully offer our acknowledgments for kind services and warm sympathy.

Our thanks we also beg to proffer to the directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company for the liberal manner in which they responded to our application for supplies from their well-furnished stores at Suez. At the desire of our relatives, who wished to entertain and see the last and first of us, we embarked and disembarked at Liverpool; and as we were not passengers in the Company's boats, we have the greater pleasure in recording this disinterested act of liberality on the part of the directors.

To attempt to eulogize the scientific contributions to these volumes by Dr. Gray, P.Z.S., F.R.S., and Dr. Günther, F.R.S., of the British Museum, would appear unseemly. The known ability of these able writers amply justifies us in the conclusion that their respective papers will be as warmly recognized by the readers of this work as they are acknowledged by ourselves.

Since writing the above, the painful intelligence has reached these shores of the death of that accomplished and daring traveller, Miss Tinné, who has fallen a victim to her zealous desire to explore the savage regions of Bournou. Her sad end will be widely and deeply lamented wherever human sympathy can appreciate exalted views coupled with gallant enterprise.

In the form of an Appendix, as being of less general interest than a description of travel, is placed an account of Consul Petherick's connection with the Royal Geographical Society, and duties as envoy of that Society to succour the Zanzibar Expedition under Captain Speke. Whether his services in that capacity have been misrepresented or not, he ventures to appeal to the judgment of his fellow-members of the Royal Geographical Society and the public at large.

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TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AFRICA,

AND

EXPLORATION OF WESTERN NILE TRIBUTARIES.

PETHERICK, after four years' service (as mining engineer) spent in a fruitless search for coal in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and Nubia, in the employment of His Highness Mahommed Ali Pacha, and his subsequent establishment as a merchant in Kordofan, trader on the White Nile, and Her Britannic Majesty's Consular Agent in that portion of Central Africa subject to the Government of the Viceroy of Egypt, obtained leave of absence from the Foreign Office to visit his native land. His object was to visit his friends and to purchase a number of firearms and large elephant rifles wherewith to pursue, with greater advantage, his sport and trade on the White Nile.

At the urgent request of many friends, he, in 1861, published an account of his travels in a book entitled "Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa;" and having been honoured with Her Majesty's commission as Consul for Central Africa, he married, and prepared to leave for his post, and also to fulfil his mission as envoy for

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the Royal Geographical Society to effect a meeting with Captains Speke and Grant from Zanzibar, and to supply them with the necessary boats and stores at Gondokoro for their conveyance down the Nile to Khartoum.

Therefore, in April 1861, we bade farewell to my weeping mother, sister, and her husband, on the landing-stage, and embarked at Liverpool on the night of April the 17th, in the steamer "Pactolus," belonging to the Messrs. Moss. The commander, Captain Carroll, kindly gave up to us his comfortable cosy cabin on deck.

April 20th.—We are in the Bay of Biscay; the weather very rough, but, being excellent sailors, we enjoy it, though the sea drenches us occasionally.

April 21st.—A gale last night: we rose to watch the grand effect. Morning dawned bright and beautiful; the high sea subsiding, were able to take solar observations.

April 22nd.—A glimpse this morning of the Portuguese coast; weather charming. A shoal of porpoises roll around the steamer, as if trying a race with her. At six p.m. a sudden squall; night glorious. Passed Cape St. Vincent when the moon was high. The following morning rose an hour before the sun; carpenters busy putting up awning on deck; ships and the graceful little feluccas are in sight. Our glasses (from Carey in the Strand) are splendid. At noon passed Trafalgar Bay: no lighthouse is there, neither is there one on the opposite coast—Cape Spartel. The absence of those highly-prized beacons renders navigation here very hazardous. Caught my first glimpse of Africa, that vast land where my home is so soon to be. Of Spain, with its sunny mountains and cool glades, we had wondrous peeps. Steamed close to the rock of Gibraltar, and are now in the Mediterranean.

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April 24th.—A great alarm last night: a cry of "Fire! fire!" From our cabin on to the deck in a moment. There burning soot was falling from the chimneys; the water-engines were in full play amongst many cotton bales, which were exposed on the steerage deck. An hour of anxiety; then to rest, all safe. We were the only passengers, excepting Little Dorrit, as we called her, who, with Foxcroft, were in our service,—the first a clever sempstress, the latter to assist in forming insect, bird, and fish collections.

No land visible to-day. A little tired lark sought refuge on board; we put it in a cage, but it soon died.

April 25th.—The wind rose and the air very cold. A stormy petrel, as it is called, fell on the deck; it was not dead, and I tried to protect it; but the sailors are so superstitious, that I was obliged to abandon the care of it. The African coast visible all day. Algiers was seen, its buildings well-defined, standing out bold and clear. At five p.m. the following day passed the barren island of Galita.

April 27th.—Again a lovely day; the awning, which during the storm had been taken down, was put up again, and beneath its shade we read and write. Steamed very near to the island Panterrala, where the Sardinian convicts are sent. In the evening sighted the island of Goza, where the lovely lace called Maltese is hand-worked; and at midnight anchored in the Bay of Valetta, Malta. We lingered long on deck admiring the lovely scene, the moonlight softening the strong fortifications, the many ships of war, and the tall houses all the way up to the heights.

The next day, Sunday, leaving the "Pactolus," we were off for

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the shore at an early hour in a fairy-like boat. Here the steamer took in coal. We went to the beautiful church of St. John, and then drove to Civita Vecchia, to visit the wonderful catacombs which years and years ago sheltered living Christians from their foes, the then all-conquering Turks. Many touching memorials still exist of their sojourn in those dreary tombs. It was such a relief to escape from them, and to drive back again past the red clover fields, redolent of its own peculiar perfume. The Governor's Garden was next visited: such a Paradise of a garden!—groves of orange trees, bearing fruit and blossom; lemon trees also, so fragrant! waving ferns, flowers of the most brilliant colour, tropical creepers with a wealth of bloom, and high fences of flowering myrtle. It was truly an enchanted garden.

Whether it was to my unconcealed delight of all the treasures, or whether it was the custom of the conductor to give to all a splendid bouquet, I know not; but I returned to Valetta laden with fragrant flowers, which were placed in my hands when I was seated in the carriage; many seeds also, which I trusted would germinate in our gardens at Khartoum, and Petherick purchased half a dozen young orange trees. At Valetta we dined, then went on board, and at midnight steamed for Alexandria, sighted on the 2nd of May: a flat, low land, windmills alone prominent. At sunset anchored. Kind Captain Carroll ordered his little gig to be rigged, and in her we went ashore; the donkey-boys almost seizing us; but Petherick's Arabic soon dispersed them: they found he was quite aware of their playful little impositions. The merchandise and furniture for our home is great in quantity, so it will be sent on to Cairo by the Mahmoodyeh Canal.

The hospitality we received at Alexandria during our short sojourn in that most interesting city I can never forget. Many

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were the pleasant dances, dinners, and picnics to which we were invited; and the friendliness the Europeans evinced towards us must ever live in our hearts. The little orange trees purchased in Malta were placed in two Wardian cases given to us by an English gentleman resident, and many dainty plants were culled from the gardens of kind friends to enrich our store. At Cairo the same warm-hearted greetings welcomed us. Here our stay was prolonged until the last day of June, 1861. Gunpowder, that necessary article, shipped from England months previously by sailing vessel, we were compelled to await. A fortnight previous to its arrival, we took possession of a fine *dahabyeh*, and lived entirely on board. At this stage of our proceedings the courage of Little Dorrit gave way, and, saying that a countryman of hers who had a business at Cairo wished to marry her, she quitted our service.

Three other boats were laden with baggage. We visited the glorious ruins of Thebes, Karnac, &c.; but these have been often described so eloquently and so graphically, that I refrain from paying my poor tribute to those magnificent relics of the past. In the course of three weeks we arrived at Assouan. Here is the first cataract, not passable except during the high Nile. We there left the boats, which will return to Cairo, and proceeded on horseback to Shallal, some two miles distant, opposite the lovely island of Philæ. On it there are the ruins of an exquisite temple.

At Subchaya, opposite to Darau, a surprising tale of a crocodile was told us, and, with a brief description of the habits of these reptiles, was published in No. 651 of the "Field." The following extract may be amusing to those who have not previously read it.

"With a desire to purchase a couple of saddle-horses for the use of my wife and self, to be occasionally ridden on the Nubian Desert,

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and subsequently in the interior upon our expedition to attempt a meeting with Captains Speke and Grant from Zanzibar, on July 23rd, 1861, we called upon an old acquaintance, Faki Hâmid, a brother of the chief of the Ababda tribe, Sheikh Hussein Hhalifa, at Darau, in Upper Egypt. Sheikh Hâmid could only furnish us with *dongolauis*—a breed of horses much admired by these Arabs for their graceful movements and the ease with which they are trained to step and dance to the *tarabooka* at their fêtes; but as I preferred the Egyptian breed, which, although shorter, are imbued with better qualities of endurance, one of the numerous lookers-on recommended the Jaafra as able to supply me with the sort of animal required.

"The Jaafra, whom, with our informant, we instantly proceeded to visit on the opposite and western side of the river, inhabit several villages, of which Bimbân is the principal one. They originated from the Soudan, and formed part of the Jallieen, inhabiting Shendy and its vicinity to Wadi Bishâra, about half-way to Khartoum. The show of horses was considerable, but brood mares were the most numerous. From amongst the former I managed to secure an excellent five-year-old grey cob, whose sire was one of several thorough-bred Arab horses, the property of his late Highness Abbas Pacha, distributed in various parts of the country for the gratuitous amelioration of the Egyptian breed of horses.

"Our boat was made fast under the village of Subchaya, and not far from it was the house of our conductor, Saleh Wallad Omar Abt il Samad—according to his own account a keen sportsman, who, disdaining agricultural pursuits, supported himself and family by the produce of his gun and spear. Six years ago, in company with three of his fellow-villagers, he went to a small

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island called Geizet-il-Arab—a choice resort of crocodiles—in search of their eggs. Going the round of the island, three crocodiles escaped into the river, and on closely investigating the spot, a quantity of eggs were discovered in the sand. No sooner had they made off with their booty in the direction of a small tent which they had pitched, than a crocodile, having watched their proceedings, rushed to the place of her deposit, and as rapidly returned to the river, and, swimming, followed them opposite to their destination, where until nightfall her eyes were perceptible above the water. Their repast that night was a rich one; but as soon as the last embers of their fire had died away, the crocodile charged them furiously, repeating her attack several times during the night, and it was only by the frequent discharge of their fire-arms that they kept her from closing upon them. From that time the crocodile, hitherto harmless, became furious, and fell upon all the cattle it could catch upon the river-side. Among many victims was a fine mare belonging to an Arab in the village of Nega't-il-Arab, half an hour's walk from the river. The mare, as is usual, was allowed her freedom to graze in the coarse abundant pasturage, and, whilst drinking, was suddenly seized in the back of the neck by the jaws of the crocodile. The mare being an animal of great power, in an agony of pain, violently threw up her head, and with it the crocodile, which dropped on her back, and, with her unwonted burden, she galloped off to her stable. The astonished villagers belaboured the crocodile so heartily with their *naboot* (stout sticks, common to every Fellah) that it was soon induced to let go its hold and dismount; but the mare died from the joint effects of its wounds and the fright.

"The breeding season of the crocodile takes place during the low stage of the river in March, and they deposit their eggs in the

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sand on the banks, or, in preference, in small sand-banks or islands in the stream. The eggs are white, hard, and in size not unlike those of a domestic goose; the exact measurement of one I found in the Nouaer country, on the White River, being three and a half inches in length, and five and thirteen-sixteenths inches in circumference. Cuvier observes that, of all animals, the crocodile attains the greatest dimensions, considering its size at birth.

"Fearful combats take place between the males for the females, the largest and most powerful one invariably monopolizing the latter in his district.

"When about to lay, the female crocodile, having made choice of a spot, will dig with her claws in the sand a hole about six inches deep, drop her egg therein, and carefully cover it. She will then proceed to make several similar holes around the first, in order to mislead any one in search of her treasure. Daily she will contribute one egg to her store, at the same time carefully widening the excavation, turning the eggs, and re-covering them with sand. Unless disturbed, she will lie near or over them, and leave them but for a short time, to feed in their close vicinity; and she will even then watch them zealously by raising her head to the surface of the water, and occasionally run towards them at short intervals, to satisfy herself that all is right, and return to her feeding-ground. The quantity of eggs depends upon the age and size of the animal, and varies from forty to sixty.

"At the commencement of the hatching season the nest is widened to accommodate the eggs, being arranged close to each other and equidistant from the surface. A slighter covering is now placed over them, so that incubation by means of the sun's heat may take place. During this stage the attention of the animal towards her eggs is redoubled in watching and turning them; and

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it is dangerous for a single person to approach the spot, as she will fearlessly attack and give chase at considerable speed. After such a circumstance, or if, on her return from feeding, she should discover traces of man or beast in the vicinity of her charge, the wary crocodile will decamp with her eggs in her mouth, and seek for another locality.

"From various sources I am informed the hatching-time takes ninety days; therefore it is during the first increase of the Nile that exclusion takes place. The mother, then carrying off her young in her mouth, will place them in the shallow water of some retired creek, or in a crevice in the bank, where she will nourish them until able to accompany her and prey upon small fry for themselves.

"It is well known that these reptiles, although they seize their prey under water, cannot under the same circumstances swallow it, and must proceed to shore for that purpose, where, resting on their forelegs and the head out of water, they are enabled to feed. Large animals or man when caught are retained under water until putrefaction commences before they are devoured.

"Men who in Egypt devote much of their time to the destruction of these animals, like our friend Saleh Abt il Samad, throw up low embankments, twenty or thirty yards from the river-side, in localities where they love to bask in the sun. A few days suffice to accustom the wary reptiles to the new objects, and, lying close in ambush behind one or the other, the skilled hunter seldom passes a day without a shot. Swimming lazily towards the shore, with the tip of the nose and eyes only above the water, a careful survey is taken before the crocodile ventures to expose itself on the land; then, sometimes lingering on the water's edge, at others taking a short run, the reptile will cast a hurried and uneasy glance around,

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and seeing nothing to fear, will lie down, but will for some time retain its head elevated on the watch. Gradually overcome with sleep by the influence of the sun, the head at length drops, until prostrate upon the sand. Saleh, who has been narrowly watching the above proceedings from behind his bulwark, and whose nerves have been as irritable as those of his unconscious prey tranquil, fires, and if fortunate enough to plant his ball in the brain, the crocodile, after a twitch or two of the tail, remains on the spot; but if, although hit hard, that organ has remained intact, the crocodile attempts to escape, pursued by our hero, who seizes the tail, and, lifting its extremity as high as possible from the ground, thus rendering the animal powerless, so succeeds in arresting his progress for a second, until a companion hunter shall have battered in its skull with an axe.

"This, Saleh admits, is dangerous work, but practice makes perfect. If the wounded animal is conscious of his approach, the tail is instantly curved to receive him. Placing himself within the arc described by it, he escapes injury; but if on the wrong side, a blow from it might be fatal."

At Shallal we received the hospitality of the Roman Catholic mission, settled here most comfortably. They had abandoned their station at Gondokoro, and also their important one at Khartoum, so many of their followers having died. At this place boats were hired to convey us to Korosko, and we went on board another *dahabyeh*, destitute of the comforts of the last.

Miani, the Italian traveller, who reported he had reached a place called Guluffi, far in the interior of Africa, paid us a visit. He was on his way to Cairo direct from Khartoum, disappointed in his hope of reaching Gondokoro, and continuing his researches, having been supplied with ample funds by the Egyptian Government to

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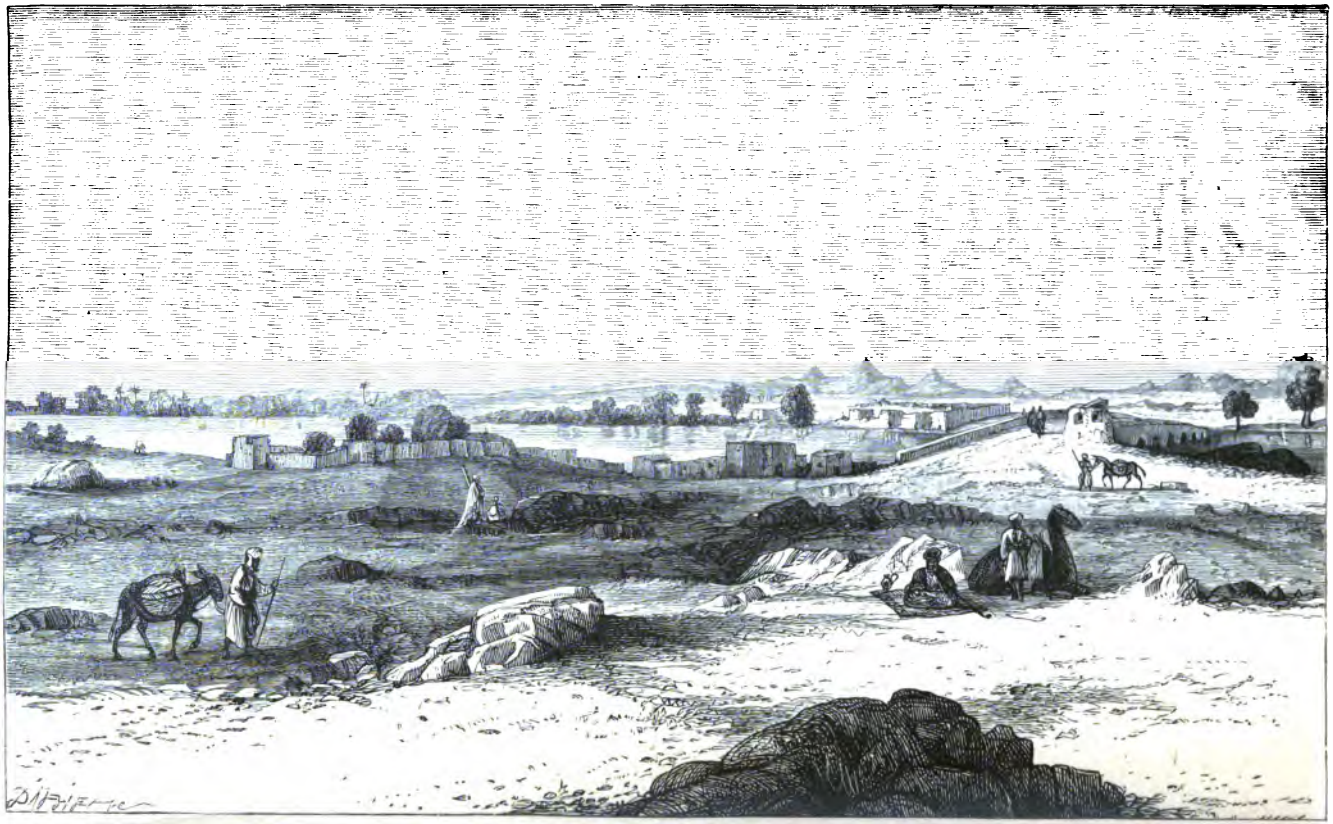

VIEW OF THE NILE AND ABOO HAMED ON ENTERING [redacted] ROM THE

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enable him to do so. His boat, he said, when at anchor opposite Khartoum, sprang a leak and went down, spoiling his goods, provisions, &c., &c. He was thus compelled to abandon, for the time at least, his expedition. Miani, a fine old man of prepossessing appearance, was dressed in the Turkish costume, with a voluminous turban; his snowy beard descended low.

In two days we set sail for Korosko, and arrived at that place on the morning of *August* 1*st*. I had imagined it a town of some importance, and, while preparations were made for landing, looked out for a minaret or two; but I saw only a few mud houses. Our tents were soon pitched near some date-palms, and within two hundred yards of the river. Korosko is situated on the east bank of the Nile, on the confines of the Nubian or Abu Hamad Desert. On the opposite shore is the Libyan Desert, a sandy, ungenial, monotonous and hot-looking plain. Shortly after our arrival, the *sheikh* of the camel-men, appointed by the Government, paid us a visit: he was attended by three or four wild-looking Arabs. These men wore no covering on the head; their own luxuriant hair, plaited into a hundred little tails such as Topsy delighted in, formed a natural shade that defied the sun's rays. Their clothing consisted of a long piece of dingy calico, worn round the loins. The Sheikh Achmed, a remarkably handsome man, wore an enormous white turban, a silk handkerchief of many colours lightly cast over it, a loose robe of blue calico, and capacious white Turkish trousers, and the red slippers of the country, turned up at the toes: he rode a knowing-looking donkey, almost covered by a bright long-haired goat-skin.

The salutations between Petherick and the *sheikh* were so prolonged, the Arabs also participating, that I evinced a true womanly

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curiosity as to the meaning of such a demonstration, and heard, for the first time, that my husband was regarded as a benefactor of Korosko and of the desert tribes to Berber. I was told that in 1856 the Viceroy of Egypt crossed the Nubian Desert; and he was so convinced that the hardships were too great to be endured, that he ordered the route to be closed, knowing well that the way by Dongola was far more easy, as water there was always to be had, and the pasturage was in many places luxuriant. This closing the road presented serious obstacles to the Khartoumers; and Petherick, when on his way to England some time after, had an interview with His Highness the Viceroy. He urged upon him that, if both routes were accessible, travellers could choose between them, and that the people, whose existence depended upon the hire of their camels, and who were now suffering severely, would be relieved. The Viceroy in consequence revoked his decision, and Petherick was regarded as the means of his doing so.

The *sheikh*, greatly to our chagrin, said that, notwithstanding the letter he had received some time previously from Petherick, begging him to retain two hundred camels for the transport of our baggage, &c., he could only procure seventy: the dry season was so far advanced, and food was so difficult to be procured, that the owners did not wish their beasts to be worked. Petherick at once determined to proceed, leaving the remaining baggage with an old and trustworthy servant, Mustapha, who had waited our arrival at Cairo.

But when we proceeded to load the poor weak camels, nearly all the boxes were over-weight. This was a blow, as all those from whom goods had been purchased had been particularly requested not to allow any package to exceed two hundredweight. Truly is it said the last hair will break the camel's back. These animals

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refused to carry their loads: it might be only a few pounds more in some of the cases, in others far beyond this; but the result was the same. The consequence was, that as no carpenter was near, and the servants about us were ignorant of the use of a hammer, Petherick had to alter the cases himself. He went at it with a will, but the heat was terribly against him: daily at noon the *chamseen*, or simoom wind, blew for hours at intervals, carrying with it clouds of fine penetrating sand. I was soon aware of its freaks, and at its approach would envelope myself in a large white Algerian burnous, throw myself on the ground, and there remain until the gust was over.

On *August 5th* sufficient work had been executed to enable us to send off the seventy camels to Berber, where four of Petherick's boats had been waiting two months. We were obliged to remain at Korosko, so much was yet to be done to the boxes. We determined to make the best of a bad position, and got out a table and chairs for the tent, and sundry little comforts. The horses had come by land from Assouan, and it was arranged that daily, before the sun was up, we should give them exercise.

Living as it were in public, we could bear no sides put up to the tent. Though we slept always in the open air, not an intrusive glance or step did we ever experience: no *backsheesh* was demanded: not a child even approached; all respected the privacy so desirable.

We had some fine fowls bought for slaughter, but they became pets during the river voyage, and thus escaped their intended doom. These fowls were the objects of nightly attack; foxes, wild cats, dogs, in turn assailed their cage, placed high in a mimosa tree. Our pets' cry of distress sounded the alarm, and Petherick, who had

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always his gun at hand, and revolver pistols beneath his rug, would take aim, and on three consecutive nights shot an intruder. After this the visits became more rare.

The women of Korosko came daily to inspect the palm trees: the dates were ripening rapidly, and promised an abundant harvest. These women, clad in loose flowing robes, barefooted, sometimes carrying a child astride their hip or shoulder, walk with inimitable grace.

One morning a boat left for Dongola, bearing some rough-looking soldiers, who had remained at Korosko a night. Soon after their departure, a woman of the village came as usual to look to her trees. Sundry bunches of dates were missed. Never shall I forget her superb attitudes—grand, because they were unstudied. She lifted on high her arms, from which the drapery fell back: beautifully moulded arms they were, encircled by ivory bracelets. For a brief moment she was silent, and then her tongue became vehement. She prayed that the robbers might be smitten by blindness, because their eyes had enviously regarded the fruit; that those who, knowing it stolen, ate of it, might be choked; and so on. From my heart I pitied the poor creature: all in the Egyptian land are so heavily taxed; every fruit-bearing tree has its impost, and no relief, if the crop fails, can be obtained. At a distance the hair of the women appeared to me arranged in natural curls, small ones over the forehead, increasing in length at the back; but on inspection these supposed ringlets were plaits, so fine and numerous, that it was with difficulty I made out the difference. All wear necklaces of beads or pebbles, and bracelets of ivory, stained sometimes black or red into a pretty pattern. Nearly all have cuts in their face, which they paint blue, and also their lips. The girl-children wore the *rachat*

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—a fifteen-inch fringe of thinly-cut thongs of leather—tied round the loins; the boys were in nature's livery, and were young imps revelling in the dust, and similar pastimes. Food was so scarce, that had it not been for cases of preserved meats, &c., from Crosse and Blackwell's, we should have fared badly. There was but little game, and during our stay only a few doves were bagged: in the evenings, however, we had some success in fishing. The people use a spear attached to a long cord, and when a fish of large size is seen, they throw the spear with force, and generally capture the fish. We daily observed the rapid rising of the Nile: our landmarks were one by one swept away, and a little promontory on which the fishing-rods were placed at sunset for our use, with rugs, a casting-net, &c., had disappeared one morning—the river had covered it.

The Egyptians and Arabs believe that at midnight, on June 17th, a blessed drop of dew falls from heaven, and from that moment the river increases. The night is kept as a festival; many pray in the mosques; the boats are bedecked with flags; firearms are discharged constantly, and the women along the banks *zachareet* wildly. When this drop was supposed to fall, we were in the *dahabyeh* off Boulac (the Port of Cairo). The enthusiasm of our crew became almost frantic; they sang, and beat drums, and fired, the whole night. After this date the river changed its colour. It is first of a green hue, and in a fortnight it becomes reddish, very thick, and it is impossible to drink it with any feeling of satisfaction, unless filtered. The means used are simple enough: the water is poured into large porous earthen jars, and with it a small portion of alum: if this is not to be had, a handful of lentils (like our dried pease) answers as well.

On *August* 15*th* we amused ourselves by inflating our India-

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rubber boat, and launching it for the first time. The servants were utterly dismayed, and entreated us not to put off from shore; but their remonstrances were not heeded. The banks by this time were crowded, and many divested themselves of their scanty clothing, prepared to rescue us, so positive were they that a capsize must ensue. However, all went well. We were accompanied only by a little boy, Achmed, and for two hours remained on the water, allowing the current to carry the boat with it, and then pulling our way back. We had a fishing-line, but made no use of it, as a swarm of small fish, the whitebait of the Nile, leaped into the boat. They had evidently been pursued by a monster of the deep, and took an acrobatic jump to evade him. We counted sixty-three of these delicious-eating morsels. At this time there was no need of a lamp—we dined by the light of the moon.

We were greatly plagued by scorpions. They were in all places. Open a box, one was sure to be seen capering about; get up from a seat, the chances were you had been sitting on one. Snakes too abounded, most of them poisonous. During the day I always had a pair of pincers near me, and many specimens of these reptiles I had the pleasure of placing in a bath of spirits prepared for their reception.

One day a weird-looking woman, a fortune-teller by profession, begged an audience. She was allowed to seat herself on the ground, and, throwing a handful of cowrie-shells before her, commenced her predictions, all of the brightest. The small sum of money given her gave great satisfaction; but she looked with yearning eyes towards my sewing apparatus, and begged for a few needles. I made up a small parcel, with cotton, &c., and handed them to her. She was so delighted, that, taking from her neck a piece of twine

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to which two valuable *scarabei* were attached, she placed them at my feet, and withdrew.

During our stay at Assouan, a disbanded soldier arrived from Alexandria. With many more he came up to Petherick, and respectfully asked if he would take him into our service. There was something honest in the man's face; and finding that he was a Dinka, and, as such, would be useful as an interpreter when we were amongst that tribe, it was arranged that he should at once join us. His story was a strange one, as told to our people, and reported to us by Mustapha. When his regiment moved from Cairo to Alexandria, he left his wife at Cairo. When the Viceroy, upon the Sultan's death, dismissed (from motives of economy) a great portion of his army, this man, Kheir Allah, was in the first batch. They were conveyed from Alexandria in boats, and in receipt of their pay, but were not to land at Cairo. Kheir Allah sent by a supposed friend his money to his wife, begging her to settle her debts, and come as soon as possible to the boat. Many hours passed, but no wife appeared. At last, as they were pushing off from the shore, she approached to learn tidings of her husband, not knowing that he was on board. The false friend had not been to her. Kheir Allah had but time to bid her follow him the first opportunity. The poor man was sadly troubled, having given up his pay, to be of no service to himself or to her.

On *August* 16*th* some twenty camels were ready to proceed with our baggage. We were glad to accept these beasts in driblets. We accompanied them on horsback a short distance. This evening a light spring cart, made in London, was put together, and the following morning a fine camel was put into the shafts, to make the

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attempt to draw it. Harness for the purpose had been manufactured at Cairo according to the directions of my husband. A crowd collected to see the strange vehicle. A push was given at the back of the cart, a loud shout raised, and away went the camel as if he had drawn one all his life. The arrangements were perfect; but great doubts were expressed as to the possibility of ever getting the cart through the ravine, the entrance to the desert. His Highness the Viceroy had performed the journey in his carriage, but then his gold and soldiers turned the stones into dust. In an hour back came the camel with the cart: all were satisfied with the experiment.

The weather was fearfully hot, the thermometer daily at 100° in the shade; and on the 20th I was almost inclined to give in. But towards sunset I observed the faint indication of a rainbow, and then my spirits rose, for I felt sure rain was near. I ran to Petherick, who was at some distance (working at the abominable boxes), to point out to him "the promise;" but it had disappeared: no one had remarked it. I believe all thought me mad, and I was assured over and over that it had not rained in those parts for nine years. Did I think *we* were to be so favoured?

Disappointed, but still firm in my belief, I hastened back to the tent, to gather from around it the many articles scattered about, and to place them in safety. I had as an attendant a very intelligent boy, Achmed, the son of an old Kordofanese servant of Petherick's: he went willingly to work with me, and in a short time we had stowed away in a waterproof tent a considerable number of things; and all that we could cram into the cart we did, covering them over with a sheet of India-rubber cloth. Every now and then my husband would laugh—as *he* only can laugh—at my self-imposed task. However, the work was hardly finished when a

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terrific peal of thunder was heard; lightning flashed in every direction, and down came the rain. The sight was grand; the sun had set, and the sky became intensely dark. The figures of the men, as they rushed about the baggage, vainly attempting to cover it, were revealed to us only when the lightning lit up the sky.

The storm lasted six hours. No lamp could be kept alight; dinner was out of the question. Patiently we sat in the centre of the tent, speculating as to the damage likely to accrue to the baggage, but congratulating ourselves that the journey across the desert would be more favourable, as water might be found in Nature's mountain reservoirs, hitherto dry. The morning following was glorious; but when we looked at the palm trees, it was sad to see them stripped of the rich clusters of dates that had before adorned them. The women and children had come from their homes and lamented disconsolately. Our horses were in a wretched plight—there had been no covering provided for them. Our men also had suffered, for they had found no dry place to sleep.

The day passed quickly: the goods and chattels were inspected; many were entirely ruined. At night another storm came on, accompanied with rain. Our tents were blown down, and no shelter was to be had. The people of Korosko were alike destitute of cover, their houses being mostly built with a simple roof of matting. We, however, would not fancy ourselves inconvenienced: we had exercise enough to keep our minds from dwelling grievously upon our moist, uncomfortable state, as the horses, terrified at the lightning, constantly broke loose. Mine, "Luxor" by name, would only come at my bidding, and I had indeed to race after him ere he could catch the sound of my voice. Then there was the raising of the tents—all had to lend a hand. I was once lifted off my feet as I held to a rope of the tent, attempting to peg it to the ground.

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The next morning was calm and deliciously cool; but we held ourselves in readiness for more rain, and that we had occasionally for two days, unaccompanied, however, by wind. The Nile had increased alarmingly, and was carrying with it large palm and other trees, heaps of grain, and drowned cattle; and in the ravine of the desert rushed a torrent, bearing the carcases of hyænas, camels, and quantities of the colocinth plant, with its gourd-like fruit. All this told how universal had been the storm.

Late in the day a caravan arrived from Berber, and the *sheikh* reported to us that great had been the sufferings of travellers and beasts. Water was only to be procured at the midway station—the wells of Murât—and there it was scarce. The heat had never been known so great; and had it not been for the timely rains of the last two days, one woman, a soldier's wife, must have died, it was said. Our people had been met with at different parts of the desert; some of the camels had broken down, two had died, and their loads were left on the ground.

During the day we heard a loud crash, and a splash in the Nile, and were blinded for a few moments by clouds of dust. The *sakyeh* near to us had fallen into the river; its supports had been carried away by the rush of waters. All the village turned out to lament, and the confusion was terrific. Our kitchen was under an arch which formed the support of the wheel; it was destroyed, with our dinner, the cook having a narrow escape.

The *sakyeh* is a crude machine erected on a stage overhanging the river, and some ten or twenty feet above it, and for thousands of years has been in use for irrigating the land. It is worked by horses, mules, bullocks, buffaloes, or camels; and it is not of unfrequent occurrence to witness a bullock with either of the foregoing animals in the same yoke.

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A horizontal wooden wheel works into a vertical one, and on the same axle is a drum, upon which revolves an endless rope ladder that reaches a foot under the water level. To this ladder earthen jars that will contain a gallon of water are attached, and as they come up full of water, and are reversed at the top of the drum, the water is caught in a trough, and thence, in a small channel, is conducted over the land, that is divided into beds of several square yards for its reception.

On *August 25th* several *dahabyehs* made fast to the bank immediately in front of the tents, and some thousand disbanded negro soldiers of Said Pacha's landed. It seems retrenchment was the order of the day, and these men were sent to Korosko, others to Dongola, and from those places were to get to their homes as they might. They behaved with the utmost rudeness, passing close to our tents, handling all things about. They evidently wished to provoke an outbreak. Most of them were armed, nearly all destitute of money, and they commenced to sell their clothing to the people; and because ours would not buy, threatened them in a very hectoring manner. I had great trouble to keep Petherick quiet: he was for fighting the thousand; but he soon became convinced that, had he even spoken harshly, they would all have been down upon us, and become masters of the place. We had only four servants at that time, and not one of them would leave to take the horses to water, as they were well aware of the pillaging intentions of these men. At night they bivouacked near to us: our party were well armed, and watched, though apparently sleeping. At dawn the *sheikh* sent twenty camel-men to commence the weighing and cording of boxes for eighty camels; these were the poor beasts that had recently arrived. We felt more secure, and went on

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with the usual occupations of the day; but the morning ride was abandoned.

The *sheikh* soon arrived, and told the soldiers it was impossible he could find means to send any of them across the desert, as all the camels likely to arrive we required. He prevailed upon all but some two hundred to proceed by boat to Wadi Halfa, where they would find camels in abundance to convey them by way of Dongola. The two hundred soldiers still remained at Korosko, but removed some distance from us. One of them came to Petherick, anxious to join us, as he was without means; and he offered that, if provided with quarters and allowed to accompany us to Khartoum, he would make us a present of two boys whom he looked upon as his own. His proposition was not accepted.

On *August 27th* the eighty camels started, accompanied by Kheir Allah, who, before leaving, begged that, if his wife should arrive during our stay, she might be allowed to travel with us. Permission was given, and he left a note to be handed to her to that effect. The scene of confusion when these caravans are loading is indescribable. The camels moan hideously when being laden; the Arabs, wild-looking men, scream and shout, as each fancies his camel has the heaviest load. The *sheikh*, Petherick, and the Arab secretary sit on rugs beneath the shade of a mimosa tree, and smoke quietly. Occasionally a turbulent driver rushes to their presence—an Orson he appears to me, almost naked, and with shaggy hair standing out like Medusa's serpents round his head. A wave of the hand sends him back to his post. These things I observe from my seat in the tent—'t is there the fowls rush for protection when we have these noisy visitors. These fowls, by the way, gave us daily five eggs: each had a different place for laying,

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in or around the tent. Their going to roost was an amusing sight. Their cage was placed in a tree, and, to enable them to get to it, at sunset I always placed a ladder, up which they gravely stepped.

We now prepared for the final start; more camels were reported as near. A week would suffice, the *sheikh* said, for their rest, and then we could bid adieu to Korosko. It was told us that Kheir Allah's wife had arrived, accompanied by her daughter and son-in-law. This man was a fanatic Mussulman, and protested against her serving the unbelievers. He would not permit her to remain with us, and would only give her up to her husband; and they proceeded with four camels to cross the desert.

On *August 28th* we received tidings of the *dahabyeh* Petherick had left at Boulac to be fitted with every comfort for our trip to Gondokoro. She was coming up with the high Nile, and would pass safely, we trusted, the many cataracts to Khartoum. We heard that Mr. Murie, a medical man who was to accompany us to the interior of Africa, was on board, though we had little thought of seeing the "Kathleen," when we left Cairo, before her arrival at Khartoum: this was now feasible. Three mornings our rides were extended far along the banks of the Nile, and vainly we strained our eyes for dear old England's flag. But on the evening of the 31st, when we were busily preparing for departure on the day but one following, I saw a European with his attendant approach. I knew it must be Murie, and advanced to meet him. Warm were the greetings; the well-known Scotch accent sounded pleasantly to my ear. Petherick was occupied with the cart that was on the point of starting (we were to pick it up some miles off). The Doctor (for from the moment he joined us he was so called) accompanied me to the hard-working husband. His surprise was great

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that the Doctor should make his appearance except in the boat, a we never imagined our prolonged stay at Korosko could hav reached his ears; but it had done so at Assouan, where a retur *dahabyeh*, whose *reis* or captain knew ours, gave a faithful descrip tion of our encampment and the cause of detention.

The Doctor had left the *dahabyeh* at some distance. There wa no wind. The men, he said, were thoroughly knocked up, having towed the greater part of the way from Boulac: in the morning we were to expect her. We received good news from our dea English home; and the happy evening we three passed will neve be forgotten.

It was decided that the Doctor should proceed with us across the desert, instead of going in the boat to Khartoum, as the "Kath-leen" might be delayed considerably, the wind being adverse, and the current dead against her. The next morning at dawn the *da-habyeh* was reported as approaching. We went to the bank with guns in hand to salute her. She was gaily dressed with flags, but was ignominiously towed; no wind puffed out the graceful lateen sails. When she neared, we fired, and gave a jolly English "Hip, hip, hurrah!" Those on board kept up a running fire, but could not return the cheer. The first thing I revelled in was a bath on board—the greatest possible luxury. Very little work was done that day, the holiday was universal. The morning following, the Doctor's baggage was brought on shore, and also a photographic apparatus, &c., &c., which Petherick had purchased in London, and, which, he hoped, the Doctor would turn to good account, as he had undertaken that service likewise. My piano was to be placed in the "Kathleen," as no camels could carry it, though made, for the convenience of transport, in two separate parts;

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but unfortunately both cases exceeded by a few pounds the desired two hundredweight.

A second boat, with heavy chains, cables, and goods, too many for the "Kathleen," came up. She was unladen, and the things disposed of; some placed on board the *dahabyeh*, as she was lightened somewhat by the removal of the Doctor's traps, &c.; others were left in charge of the *sheikh*, as being too heavy for camels, and these were to remain at Korosko until the winter.

On *September 4th* the "Kathleen" sailed, taking with her the pet fowls, and the Doctor's stock was brought on shore for the desert eating.

As more camels were now wanted, we did not effect a start until the 7th. Amongst ourselves we mustered eight: Petherick, myself, Dr. Murie, and Foxcroft formed the European party; the servants, old Mustapha and his son Achmed, Rechan the cook, and Ali, the Doctor's dragoman, formerly a hunter of Petherick's.

Seventy-four camels and luggage went off to the ravine at sunrise, and were to wait for us some little way off. It is always necessary that at first they should proceed some short distance, for the drivers to observe if they are properly weighted: after the first start, all goes on well; the load of each camel is known, and never by any means is it exchanged.

It was almost noon ere Petherick, the Doctor, and myself mounted our horses. The attendants remained to pack up the tents, &c., and were to follow to the rendezvous. Their camels, twelve in number, remained also. The *sheikh* and many of the people gave us little gifts, such as dates, &c., and a hearty "*Wad, da, nak Allah*" ("God be with you"). We bade adieu to a Monsieur P——, a Belgian, who had arrived some days previously. He was

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en route to Khartoum, but was likely to be detained for want of camels at Korosko as long as we had been.

Entering the ravine, I observed four graves, those of Europeans. I had but time to read the inscription on one; it was to the memory of

MARY WALTON.
Aged 24.

The date I forget, but it was early in 1861. In about an hour we arrived at the encampment in the stony valley of Korosko, and there remained until three o'clock. The heat was intense, and the confusion around distracting. We again rode as before, but in advance of the caravan. The guide, Hadgi Abdel Gader, a good-looking, intelligent young fellow, was on his camel, the best of the lot: he carried a sword, and had no baggage attached to his saddle. As he was compelled frequently to ride to and fro, his beast could not carry much weight. In the course of two hours we came up to the cart: it was at a standstill. A wheel had become locked, owing to the expansion of the iron from heat: a skin of water was poured over it, and soon all was made right.

Two sheep had been purchased at Korosko; they were to serve as food during the journey; but one behaved so badly, never walking in the right direction, that Mustapha was told to place it before him on his camel—no enviable position for man or sheep. The march continued until long after sunset; the moon was not up, and there was but a faint light from the stars. My horse became restive; several times he had shied at the white skeletons of camels and hyænas we had to pass over, while on both sides of the ravine they lay in countless numbers.

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I was tired and timid: we were compelled to ride in single file, and there was no turning back to pick up a straggler. One very difficult pass we came to, and it required the cheering shout of the guide, and a good application of the whip, to make the animals attempt it. It was past nine o'clock ere we reached the halting-place, called Sichreeg. The caravan soon came up; fires were lighted, and preparations made for supper. It was a novel sight: the dusky Arabs unloading the howling camels, three horses, and four donkeys, occupied a large piece of ground. Our rugs were spread, but I was too excited to rest, and wandered about the encampment. Here are some fine reservoirs, constructed by the order of the late Mehemet Ali. Late at night Mustapha, who had been reported missing, arrived: the wicked sheep had escaped, and he had to follow far into a mountain gorge ere it could be recovered. The poor man was exhausted, for his camel also had bolted, and he had to recover him unaided. Orders were given that in the morning the sheep was to be slaughtered, and Mustapha retired inexpressibly happy.

Sunday, 8th.—A start was not made until half-past seven. The camel I was to ride—a female one, or *naga*, as they are called—had made off in the night, and there was some delay ere she was brought back. Petherick had been unable to secure dromedaries for our riding, and we had to make the best of very tired, worn-out camels. It was not without a nervous beating of the heart that I approached the kneeling, groaning beast, to mount, for the first time, a camel. I had refused the palanquin and bale of bedding used by the female travellers, preferring the saddle of the Soudan—a large basin, as it were, but elongated, with a wooden peg in front, a similar one at the back; to this last a gun was hung, and, supported by a strap,

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was conveniently placed at the side; as a counterpoise on the other side, my little travelling-bag and large umbrella were suspended.

I wore yellow Turkish boots, very loose and uncomfortable; full Turkish trousers, but over them a brown holland skirt or petticoat, and a white flannel jacket with capacious pockets; upon my head an enormous straw hat, over which folds of muslin were rolled. I had a blue veil also, but could never bear it over the face. I was advised to try wire gauze spectacles; and one day, when the dust was more than usually troublesome, I put them on, but only for a moment; they scorched the eyes. I had determined to be as comfortable as possible, and to forget everything about complexion, &c., so I wisely stowed away the small hand-mirror, and was spared seeing myself a fright.

The *naga* was snapping at every one near her, and moaning piteously. Her rein, a single cord, secured her fore-feet, so that she could not rise. I was told by Petherick to place my left foot on Ali's knee, who was on the ground close to the camel's side, and then I was to spring into the saddle. I did so, and crossed my legs around the peg or pommel, and found myself well seated. I was then, as the camel rose, to throw myself backwards, then forwards, and another backward movement would settle the affair. All was done as directed, and I was towering high in the air.

Petherick was soon on his camel and at my side. He had quite a show of firearms surrounding his saddle, and was thoroughly at home—wearing a knickerbocker suit and formidable-looking boots; a brigand's hat (without the ribbons) completed his toilet.

I looked round for the Doctor; he was on his camel, well propped up by bedding on each side; Foxcroft was supported in a similar manner. All of us began the march in the best spirits; it lasted until half-past twelve, when we rested under shelving rocks; the

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shade they afforded was very grateful. We had passed, about an hour's journey from Sichreeg, a rock on which was carved the representation of two long-horned bullocks and an antelope. Some time after, the guide pointed out three stones of a great size, placed far apart. He said this spot was known as the "*Mabarak't il Naga*," or "Halting-place of the Naga." We at once understood that a story was connected with it, and, after the noonday rest, the guide was summoned to our tent. He seated himself on a rug, and related the following in Arabic. Petherick acted as interpreter to myself and the Doctor.

"Once upon a time there lived at a village called Abu Teen, north of Abu Hamad, the owner of an extraordinary fast-going *naga*. She was stolen one day from him, and every inquiry was made as to her whereabouts, but without success. At last Farrah Wallad Onad, the master of the camel, disguised himself as a beggar, and wandered in search of his valuable beast. After many months' search, he found the *naga* in the village of Am: she was then large with young. Farrah determined to wait in the neighbourhood until the expected offspring was capable of following its mother. When this was the case, he one day approached the *naga*, and, calling her by name, she knelt down to permit him to mount; unperceived, the three made their escape. Farrah placed the camel and her young one on an island near to his village. Here for some time they lived in security; but a morning came when Farrah found that the narrow pass which led to the river, the only exit and entrance to the island, was guarded by many mounted Shagyehs. They called to him to surrender and deliver up the camel. Although thus surprised, and escape apparently hopeless, he made the attempt, first killing with his lance the young camel, that it was impossible could follow him on the hazardous undertaking. He threw himself

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into the Nile, the *naga* with him, and safely they reached the shore. Rather than lose his loved camel, he resolved to leave the country. Without hesitating, he pushed on. It was noon when he left Abu Hamad to cross the Nubian Desert, yet by night he had cleared half the distance, and he rested at the wells of Mûrrat. Ere sunrise he was again on his camel, and at noon he had reached the spot alluded to, which has ever since been called "*Mabarak't il Naga,*" the "Halting-place of the Naga." Here he alighted to refresh himself, but the *naga* proved restless, and was on the point of starting off, when Farrah threw himself on her back. She made three bounds, and their length is marked by the stones we saw. The first distance measures ten yards, the second fifteen, and the third twenty. No further halt was made until Farrah arrived at his birthplace, the village of Darau, on the Nile, a little above Edfou."

We listened with interest to this tradition, told with such good faith. At half-past three prepared for the start, and at four o'clock were fairly off. At sunset a halt: the men expect then their *aesha,* or supper—and we also, for our dinner-hour is now at midday. Upon rising, all we have time to take is a cup of coffee and a piece of bread, with a few dates; pocket more, and eat these last *en route.* The early start is everything to desert travellers: were they to wait whilst fires are lighted and meat cooked, the sun would be well up. I believe we fared better than a great many—we had meat always twice a day, soup once, plenty of rice, macaroni, fowls, &c., coffee, tea, and a stimulant when it was positively required, but that was rarely indulged in. The first day or two our pocket-flasks were in great requisition, and we found ourselves feverish; afterwards, water and cold tea were all we drank. After supper we enjoyed a short sleep; and at nine

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o'clock were again in the saddle. My hat I now carried at my side, as it impeded the view of the sky; but wore, in lieu of it, a warm woollen hood; and, wrapped in the large white burnous, I would have it we were going to the opera. The camel was behaving delightfully; I fed her with dates, and we became good friends. She never again howled when I mounted or dismounted. The latter operation is not agreeable; the backward and forward movement is then reversed, and an addition is given in the shape of a hearty bump by the camel on the ground, which almost unseats you. The march was a long one—it was four hours past midnight ere we halted; gladly we availed ourselves of the brief rest allowed, and slept soundly for an hour and a half, when the signal to start was given. The place where we bivouacked is called Hogab il Gourab, and takes its name from the slaughter of a notorious free-booter on the spot.

"Gourab possessed a fleet camel, and was thus enabled to commit great ravages in the Nubian Desert among the Bishari tribe, many of whom he killed whilst plundering, he always escaping, as no horse or camel in the country could compete with his. Many were the attempts made to seize him, ambuscades laid, but all failed. At length an old woman suggested that it was useless to endeavour to catch Gourab until they had a camel as fleet as his own. An old *naga* of the race with great difficulty was found, and it was determined to breed from her. In due time a filly called a "Bakara" was produced. When three years had passed, this camel was pronounced fit for service. Gourab's movements having been watched, two armed Bishari men mounted the camel and pursued him; he was overtaken and killed."

At ten o'clock we reached Koult il Guss, or the "Janissaries'

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Hillock." A few of these men, having escaped from Cairo during the memorable events that followed the accession of Mehemet Ali, sought refuge here, where they dwelt a considerable time; others had fled to Dongola; and eventually the remnant reached Darfour. We rested until two o'clock, and marched until sunset; at nine o'clock were off again. We were told this night's march would be a forced one. The water-skins had leaked considerably, and there was a scarcity of it.

We started bravely, the solitary sheep keeping up with the head of the caravan. We named him "Pluck," and made a mental resolve he should not be killed. The passes were numerous and rugged, and there was but little light. The carcases of camels were thickly scattered around. I saw for the first time the constellation of the Southern Cross. At midnight we came to the Chashm il Bab, or the "Portal of the Desert." Here most of the camel-drivers performed a wild dance that would have made the Ojibways envious; they then formed a barrier and asked for money. It is always the custom; for at this place a guide and several men, on their journey to Korosko, died for want of water. These Arabs tell you that if it is your wish to return, you must pay double. Willingly this fee was given, and they went on their way rejoicing. We then entered "the open," as it is called; and, oh! the weary march we had! rough places, sandy places, through an interminable "valley without water,"—then another that certainly deserved the same name, but had it not. At last the dawn approached, and we threw ourselves on the ground for an hour.

On *Tuesday, the* 10*th*, the sun was just up when we were in the saddle, but this time on horseback. We rode until noon, and then sought repose in the caves of Rouakib. Sleep came to us directly,

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and we felt inclined to quarrel with our dinner when in an hour's time it was served: we contrived, however, to do justice to it. Afterwards Petherick, who had seen a hawk hovering over the fowls, seized his gun and went in pursuit. He soon brought it down. It proved a fine noncolor falcon, shot in the wing and not dead. I then realised the truth of the saying, "hawk-eyed"—anything more defiant and bright-looking than the poor wounded bird's eyes I could not have imagined. We placed it in a basket, and at my earnest entreaty it was to be made a pet of. From this place fifty or more of our camels, the horses, and the cart also, pushed on to the wells. The few skins of water now remaining were carefully guarded. I saw Petherick became anxious, and we were all pretty well done up; however, at three o'clock again started, with a determination not to be beaten. The boy Foxcroft behaved admirably. He was always cheerful, and he became a great favourite with the men, to whom he would sing English songs, the chorus of one of which they soon caught up.

At six o'clock a bivouac, supper, and a start at nine. The moon was now up and bright. We all kept together, made the men dance and sing (we did the latter, too, ourselves): this was to make the time pass quickly. The Doctor's "Wait for the waggon" was in great request. The camels went faster, we found, when a noise was made. At times sleep would so overpower me, I was obliged to dismount and walk. It was four a.m. ere we halted.

Wednesday, 11*th*.—Rested but an hour and a half, for at six o'clock the start was made. No water doled out this morning for ablutions. I could not cheer up Petherick. Our camels were fast breaking down. We came up to several of our abandoned loads; the cart also was left in solitary state. We pushed on, and at one o'clock two

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camels, that had been sent on for the purpose, returned laden with water. The delight with which we beheld them I can never forget, and it was with difficulty, from emotion, I could greet them with the usual salutation in Arabic, "God is great." Halted soon afterwards in a delightful valley—the mimosa trees in profusion, some herbage too; butterflies in abundance. Our caravan had remained here, as water was found in the rocks close by. Rain had evidently fallen plentifully—the flowers of the herbage, yellow and violet-coloured, gladdened the eye. We did not rest much, there seemed so many things to do and collect. The hawk was let out of his basket, and ate the entrails of a pigeon. A venomous snake was caught and placed in a bottle. The horses got loose, and I had the usual dance after mine.

At half-past six o'clock started, and reached Suffur at half-past eight; here a lengthened halt was to be made. We revelled in the idea; slept almost immediately; and did not rise until early on the following morning, the 12th. The tents were then put up, and the Doctor prepared to take photographic views. The scenery was charming—bold hills, luxuriant trees, and in the distance a grand ravine. The natural reservoirs were here, and contained, the guide said, abundance of rain-water. The servant Ali, several camels and men, retraced the route, to pick up the loads and take the cart to pieces, as the camels, wearied, would not draw it any longer, and the men said they could carry it better. At ten o'clock they started, we firing a salute by way of encouraging them. Petherick, myself, and old Mustapha rode to the reservoirs to water the horses, They were a long way off, and we found it a terrible undertaking —the last mile we dismounted and led the horses, for they were stepping on loose and detached rocks. The sun was scorching, and this intended pleasure-trip proved the only real discomfort I experienced

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throughout the journey. The water was muddy in the extreme: it was impossible to drink it without being filtered; I was disappointed, therefore, of the draught so ardently anticipated. Many camels we passed on their way to this almost inaccessible watering-place.

The cattle were unable to approach close to the reservoirs, and were served in turn from a wooden bowl: this to the thirsty camels must have been very tantalizing. Our return was more perilous than the journey there, and nearly the whole distance we led our horses. The only shod horse lost his shoes, and in consequence suffered severely on the entire route. Poor beast! soon after his arrival at Khartoum he was set to draw the cart, and entrusted to the care of Ali, who, it seems, made a show of the novel turn-out to the great delight of the Khartoumers, and drove him furiously over the plain. When brought back he was observed to be ill, and from that time never rallied. A fortnight after it was deemed advisable to shoot him.

When at dinner, two dromedaries with their riders approached; one proved to be a friend of Petherick's, an Effendi G——, and his servant. They were *en route* to Cairo from Berber. He told us how anxiously we were expected by the *reis* and crew of the boats that were waiting for us.

September 13*th*.—During the night a traveller direct from Khartoum bivouacked near to us. Early in the morning he came to our tent, and introduced himself as the Marquis Antonori, a Venetian. He had travelled up the White Nile, and visited Petherick's station among the Djour tribe on Bahar el Gazal. He had made a magnificent collection of birds: ornithology was his passion. We found him a delightful companion during his short sojourn at Suffur. He

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told us Petherick's men had been most kind to him: he was short of beads, and they supplied him with a sufficient quantity to carry him on to Khartoum. He said, had it not been for those men he must have starved, as money was of no value to the natives.

We made some pretty geological specimens, and collected different grasses. At night the cart (taken to pieces) and the abandoned loads were brought safely into camp. A start was then arranged to take place on the following morning. No views, greatly to our regret, had been taken, as Dr. Murie said some important chemicals were in the abandoned boxes; but no more time could be afforded.

Saturday, 14*th*.—The start was long delayed, as so many things had to be repacked; but at ten o'clock we were off. The hawk died. At twelve o'clock bivouacked in a charming place, the Wadi Dellâch. Magnificent dôm palm trees flourished here: they extended in a line as far as the eye could reach from N.E. to S.W. Many specimens of plants were collected here, and it was reluctantly we left, about three in the afternoon. We were now literally passing through the garden of the desert. The scenery was varied in the extreme. We saw the mirage; and though prepared for its deception, I could hardly realize that it was not water, so faithfully were trees and mountains reflected. Most of the camels and horses were in advance—they appeared wading; and my "Luxor" I expected to see every moment kicking up his heels, as he always refused to enter water.

We pushed gallantly on, and a short time before nine o'clock reached the wells of Murrât. During the preparations for supper we led the horses to the wells, followed by that wonderful sheep "Pluck." How soon animals know those who are kind to them! These beasts would come with or without a bidding to us. Often

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at night, owing to the insecure fastening of their stakes into the loose ground, one or other of them would get away, and always made straight to the spot where we were resting, and neigh and caper about until we got up, as they well understood, to give them something extra to eat.

The water in the wells is extremely brackish, and was drunk, therefore, in moderation.

Sunday, 15th.—Before sunrise a good start was made, and at noon we rested at Bergab il Alwân, a wide sandy plain; heat excessive, and the wind high. The Doctor's tent was blown down, and ours had a fight to hold its own. At half-past three again on our camels, but they were wearied, and could travel but slowly. At sunset the usual halt, and at nine o'clock the start. Met a caravan of slaves, most of them on donkeys: they appeared to be children. The owners or agents rode fine dromedaries. Several camels laden with water and grain accompanied them. The wind had died away, the moon was intensely bright, and the camel-men, in high spirits, performed a native dance; some played on their rude musical instruments, others brandished their swords, others fired off guns. Every one was in a state of excitement, and no one knew for what. At midnight reached a grand mountain.

Monday, 16th.—Off at sunrise; passed through a rocky defile, trying to us all; the pass narrow, mountains on each side: we felt stifled. At noon reached a sandy plain; the wind was then so high that our tents could not be pitched. Little huts of the boxes were made, and very comfortable we found them; we had, however, to creep in and out, and remain in a sitting posture. When the sun went down the rugs were removed outside, and we there passed the

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night. By this time the camels had consumed all the grain provided for the journey, and they now had to eat of the herbage. Near us there was a great deal of it, and in the mountains to our right there were reservoirs of rain-water, so our detention here was solely on account of the camels.

Tuesday, 17th.—Off at six a.m.; passed the highest point of the desert. The weak state of the camels now became painfully apparent. We had already three stalking with the caravan, unable to carry their loads, and many were dropping behind. On both sides of the route lay hundreds of skeletons of these animals, and very many whose carcases, only partially eaten by hyænas, tainted the air. At noon bivouacked at Adar Ahmar, the "Red Mountain;" at three p.m., broke up, but not before collecting pretty grasses, and many butterflies too—none, however, rare ones. At seven o'clock the halt for supper; at that time the lamps were lighted, as the moon had not yet risen, and we caught a number of handsome moths, principally the Sphinx, attracted by the glare of the candles. In less than two hours the well-known cry of the guide, Sheikh Abd il Gader, protector of the camels, told us the camels were being laden; and, reluctantly enough, we had to shake off the "forty winks" we had promised ourselves. At midnight arrived at the mountain Gereibât, and remained near it for the night.

September 18th.—March at sunrise through a mountain range. The guide drew our attention to a mountain to the west called "The Lofty." A story was connected with it, and at the noonday halt he promised to tell it. Bivouacked at twelve o'clock in a delightful valley—hills surrounding it—the herbage luxuriant—caterpillars and butterflies abounding.

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The guide came after dinner, and, in his animated manner, related the following:

"When Churshid Pacha, accompanied by a large staff of officers, attendants, &c., passed the mountain Gereibât on his way to the Soudan, where he was appointed governor, a cavalry officer (a *bon vivant*) remained behind with a guide and three Mamelukes. It is supposed they became intoxicated; and when, some hours afterwards, they proceeded, as they imagined, in the direction of the caravan, they lost their way, keeping to the west until they reached the "Lofty" mountain alluded to. They were not missed until the caravan arrived at Abu Hamad, when scouts were sent in search of them. At the foot of the "Lofty" mountain, under the shade of a tree, the bodies of the officer and Mamelukes were discovered: they had perished for want of water. They were all covered over with branches of trees, cut off by these wretched men, and placed over them to prevent the attacks of birds of prey. The remains of the guide were not found until twelve months after, when some Arabs, in search of a stray camel, arrived at a nook near the top of the mountain, and there his bones were discovered. His shield and arms were taken to his friends. Two of the camels reached the river, and the others died."

At three o'clock broke up, and rested at seven o'clock at Aboo Neteishât, so called from a herb which grows there. A weary march until four the following morning, when we dismounted in a fine *wadi*, called Mugram. We were in advance of the caravan considerably, and too tired to wait for the rugs, pillows, &c. I rolled myself up in a burnous, made a rest for my head of the saddle, threw myself on the sand, and slept gloriously for an hour.

At half-past five on Thursday morning the march was resumed.

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This day, *September 19th*, we expected to reach Abu Hamad, and all of us were in high spirits. The camels had fresh life in them, knowing they were near water, and got on rapidly; the men sang and danced, and, as we neared Abu Hamad, they commenced firing. At eleven o'clock we were in sight of that place; many came out to meet us. A *rakuba* or shed was prepared for our reception.

The *sheikh* sent four sheep as a present, some fruit, and a large pitcher of *merrissa* (the beer of the country). This was disagreeable upon first tasting it, it was so thick; but in the course of a day or two we found it palatable. Two of the sheep were given to the men, and a grand feast was made. They were partial to *merrissa*, and the consequences became very evident. In the afternoon a good-looking Arab youth came down to the river-side to bathe, and he selected a spot opposite to where I was resting in the shade. Mustapha, who was on guard, civilly asked him to move out of my sight. The boy, furious at the request, rushed upon him, drawing at the same time a knife which he wore suspended from his arm by a strap. There was a great outcry from our people. Petherick, who had been sleeping, sprang to his feet, and thrashed the boy soundly, who went howling away. Soon after, the *sheikh* came to apologize for the behaviour of his son, for he was the offender, and to beg our acceptance of more fruit, &c. The following morning a hunter of Petherick's, who had returned to his home near Abu Hamad, invalided from wounds received up the White River, came to greet us. He, too, had brought presents—fodder for the horses and a quantity of dates. He had much to relate, and my husband, acting always as interpreter, repeated *verbatim* his stories. I treasured them in my memory, and, without exaggeration, in my turn tell them.

Early last year (1860) several traders from Khartoum, with their

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boats and many men, were at Gondokoro to purchase ivory. One day five of these men went to a village in the neighbourhood, and there, in an occupied hut, were guilty of indecency. The male natives about the place, hearing from their wives and daughters of the indignity, followed the offenders, and killed them. The Khartoumers, a body of some hundred and fifty, went to the village, sacked it, and carried off many people and cattle. Flushed and elated with success, and laden with booty, they were surprised in an ambuscade by the natives, and, powerless to defend themselves, one hundred and thirty-six were killed—pierced by lances; the remaining few, wounded and weary, escaped to the boats. This account gave Petherick great concern, but I suggested that one-half only was to be believed; and in that old adage he trusted. This trust was dispelled, however, when we proceeded on our way, for all was confirmed, and at Khartoum it was officially narrated. Looking thus to the bright side, we were amused at the description Hussein gave of a wonderful bird, brought to Khartoum by some of Petherick's men, from the interior of Africa. This bird, he said, could talk Arabic—it sung, it whistled, and imitated every sound it heard. It was thus regarded as worth untold wealth; and the possessor of the bird left it at the Consulate, receiving in return a promise to pay to him £45 if Petherick accepted the bird. We felt convinced this bird was a parrot; but the extraordinary anecdotes of its sagacity, &c., &c., made us imagine it might prove a myth. Hussein admitted he had never *seen* the bird, but he knew that its "sayings and doings" were the talk of the country. To our great surprise he also assured us that several of the Neam Neams had accompanied our men from their station at the village of Mundo on their last journey to Khartoum, and were awaiting at the Consulate the arrival of Petherick.

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Hussein had a painful story to relate concerning the death of a comrade during their hunting expedition. A party of Petherick's men, six in number, headed by the agent, Abderachman, met with a drove of elephants. In the excitement of the chase Abderachman became separated from his party, and the beast, into which he had fired several times, infuriated, in turn attacked him; he, however, made an adroit turning into the bush, and the elephant rushed past him. Abderachman re-loaded his rifle, and cautiously advanced. He perceived that the animal was pursuing a negro, who, ignorant of the hunt, was taken unawares. This man, armed only with a lance, made for a large ant-hill, round which he ran rapidly, the elephant following. Abderachman fired, the ball telling; the beast turned again upon his old foe. The negro then threw his lance, and pierced the animal's side. The elephant, evidently enfeebled from loss of blood, made for an open glade, where he stood staggering. At this moment the party of hunters approached, and advanced close to the animal. Abderachman called out to beware, as there was mischief yet in him; but, not heeding the warning, they fired a volley into him. Maddened, he turned upon the men, when all fled; but the ground, rent into fissures by the action of the sun upon it after the heavy rains, was difficult, and one man, Mahommed, fell several times, the elephant gaining upon him rapidly. For the fourth time the man rose, when his head came in contact with the elephant's tusk, which scalped him partially. The beast with his trunk then seized the arm of Mahommed; it was broken in a second, and he was free. He crept under the elephant, came out between his hind legs, and thus escaped; for Abderachman planting at this moment a ball in the elephant's heart, he fell dead.

Mahommed was carefully tended by his companions. They put

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gunpowder into the wound in the head, and bandaged it up; the arm was braced with splinters; but in a fortnight mortification set in, and he died. The scalp wound was cured, and it was the injured arm that caused the poor fellow's death.

Saturday, September 21st.—We were breakfasting in the shed, when we were startled by the appearance of a gaunt-looking man, who entered, and in a very feeble voice gave his name as Monsieur Sponée. It was some time ere he could make himself understood, he was so weak; but a cup of coffee and a little stimulant revived him, and he was able to tell that he had arrived but a few moments before at Abu Hamad, in a boat from Khartoum; that he was employed by his Highness Halim Pacha to convey to Cairo a number of animals then on board, but he had been stricken with fever. He asked for that necessary medicine, quinine, of which he was destitute. It was given, of course; and hearing that there were two Abyssinian women on board who also were ill, the Doctor prescribed for them.

In the evening we visited the boat to see the collection. There were some beautiful birds, a fine giraffe (its companion had died), antelopes, and many other animals—none destined, however, to reach Cairo. We heard, soon after our arrival here, that in one of the cataracts the boat went down, and all on board were drowned but Monsieur Sponée; and he, poor fellow, upon reaching Dongola, died from the effects of his immersion and fever.

Sunday, 22nd.—It was late in the afternoon ere we started to continue our land journey, keeping, however, generally in view of the Nile; and as little water required to be taken with us, the camels were less heavily laden. We were all wonderfully refreshed

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by our rest, and confidently hoped to arrive at Berber in five days. A few miles from Abu Hamad we came up to a group of our camel-men surrounding one of their comrades, who was on the ground insensible. On inquiry, we found that this man, soon after our arrival at Abu Hamad, had returned the same day with a herd of camels to the Wadi Mugram, where we had slept for a short time in the morning. There was fine pasturage; and thither the camels were taken to feed, and were only brought back an hour before our start. The man had been insufficiently provided with food, and, without eating at Abu Hamad, continued his onward route, and fell, from positive exhaustion, at the place we found him. Covering him up warmly and giving him a restorative, we pushed on until after sunset, and encamped in a fertile district. The sick man, riding on a camel, in a short time came up, accompanied by his companions. The cook had prepared him some good soup, and he was soon pronounced well.

We rested until three o'clock the following morning, when, the moon being favourable, we determined to take advantage of her light. Never from my memory can be effaced the glory of the sky —watching the rising and setting of the stars — all becoming familiar to us, and we greeted them by name—until the mighty sun appeared, when moon and stars waxed faint and dim before his presence. How soon his rays made glad all animated things! Butterflies flitted about, insects began to chirp, and the birds flew joyously hither and thither. We also, feeling its influence, doffed our warm mantles, put on the broad hats, and gaily bade the good morning welcome.

At eight o'clock there was a dismount, a rug spread on the ground, and a collation of moist biscuit and dates served. This rest lasted only a few minutes. Wistfully the bulk of camels de-

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filed past—no repose for them; but the horses and "Pluck" refused to go on, neighing and coaxing us for a share of the repast; and, to the indignation of the drivers, I fed them with dates.

This day, *September 23rd*, the march was long and fatiguing. It was two o'clock ere the halt was made; and, quite knocked up as the heat was terrific, we, to the annoyance of the guide, pulled up when within two miles of the village of Gagee.

We were approaching a spot where, ten years ago, a painful occurrence had taken place. An English family had there pitched their tents, and, consequent on the illness of the husband and father, they were constrained to sojourn for many days, until the latter unfortunately died.

We were soon to behold the singular spectacle of a Christian's grave forming the central and most elevated point of a Mahommedan burial-place.

Long before Petherick left England, a marble tablet had been consigned to his care by the relatives of the late Mr. Melly, who, dying at Gagee, was buried in the neighbourhood; and it was their earnest wish that the memorial stone should be placed on his tomb in the presence, if possible, of Petherick. To avoid delay, a messenger was sent to the village, to invite the *sheikh* to our tent. He was absent, but his uncle, a fine old man, named Ali Wo'd Nassa, returned with the guide. He informed us that his brother, Hassan Wo'd al Hassan, Sheikh of Gagee when Mr. Melly died, had also been dead a few months, and that his son, a mere youth, filled his father's place. With alacrity he consented to lead us to the tomb, a mile distant. Our horses were saddled, and we rode slowly thither, the men carefully carrying the white marble slab. It bears the following inscription:

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PEREGRINO RISPETTA LÁ TOMBA DELLO STRANIERO.

In Memory of
G. MELLY, OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
Born at Geneva, 12th of May, 1802;
Died at Gagee, near this spot, 19th of January, 1851.
Returning from Khartoum, whither he was led by a love of science and natural history, accompanied by his family,
consisting of his wife, two sons, and one daughter,
he was here attacked by fever,
and died in his tent after five days' illness.
This tomb was erected over his grave in 1851, with unsolicited courtesy,
by Latif Pacha, then Governor of the Soudan; and
in November, 1859, this tablet was sent from Liverpool by Mr. Melly's family,
who are indebted to the kindness of Mr. John Petherick
for bringing and placing it here.

At the foot of the tablet a sentence in Arabic is carved, to the same purport as the Italian one at the head—"Respect the tomb of the stranger." As we approached a mound of some extent, Ali Nassa pointed to a tomb on the summit—the one we sought. It was surrounded by the graves of the natives, all beautifully neat. That fanaticism existed not here was evident; and proudly Ali Nassa mentioned that the body of the unbeliever was permitted to rest in peace next their dead, many of whom were regarded as saints. Carefully examining the tomb, which was built of crude brick, it was found to have suffered considerably from the heavy rains; and Petherick decided that it should be restored ere the stone was placed permanently. As the Moslems never suffer a change in their graves to be made without the offering of a bullock or sheep, respecting their feelings, one was ordered to be slaughtered the following morning.

After placing the tablet on the tomb in the most conspicuous

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position, we re-mounted and rode to Gagee. The sun had set when we arrived there. The *sheikh* (who had returned to the village) had thoughtfully sent *angeribs* for our use. We gladly availed ourselves of them, feeling very weary; but ere there was time to get to sleep the youthful *sheikh* presented himself. Safi, the son of the deceased *sheikh*, Hassan Wo'd al Hassan, a graceful well-grown boy of some fourteen years, saluted us with the ease of a well-bred man. Slightly touching our hands with his lips, he said,

"Consul, your people have asked for a sheep, for vegetables, tendering the money; but we are poor, and do not possess any, or all would have been placed at your feet. We, too, have eaten for some time only barley. Seed is sown, and our harvest will soon be ripe; rain has fallen, and the grass will spring; then our goats and herds can return from their pasturage far hence. I have a goat—will you drink of its milk?"

He presented a gourd containing some, and delicious I found the draught—nearly the only one I had tasted since our departure from Cairo; and I am now reminded to assure all travellers in hot countries, that weak tea, *without* sugar or milk, is most acceptable to the palate, and thirst is soon quenched by it. Safi, remarking that it was possible we might feel tired, took his leave, saying that at sunrise he would return; and again we prepared for repose. The *angeribs* were placed in an open space, as we never sought at night the shelter of trees, for we had found that in their vicinity snakes and scorpions abounded; but the wind rose, a few drops of rain fell, and we were obliged to remove to a grove of magnificent dôm palm trees. The wind howled through their branches like the sound of the sea in a storm. Lightning was frequent; and, fearing a heavy fall of rain, we allowed ourselves no sleep, as all, in that

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case, must have been on the alert to cover the baggage. We had sundry races after garments, hats, &c., carried off by the wind; and it was a relief when morning dawned.

When the first faint streaks of light appeared we were up; and, making our way to the river, we discovered a little creek, in which it was delightful to bathe head, hands, and feet. The only intruders were a pack of grouse who came to drink. Petherick, always ready for sport, having his gun, brought down several: they proved an agreeable addition at breakfast and dinner. We attempted to reach the ruins of a church not very far from Gagee, but remembering the *sheikh's* appointment we returned. I did not forget to inquire about the ruins, and for answer received the following; "It was a church before the era of Mahomet, and when the world had but one mother."

At the encampment we found Safi. He gladly entered into the plan arranged for the restoration of the tomb, and though a child at the time of Mr. Melly's death, he remembered him perfectly, having been several times in his tent; and he told us many of the painful incidents. Strange to say, our guide, Hadgi Abdel Gader, was at the time of the funeral on his way to Berber, and hearing that ceremony was about to be performed, he attended. To this day the death of the "Inglese" is mentioned with sorrowful respect. No bullock fit to kill could be procured in Gagee; it was therefore arranged that a sum of money should be made over to Safi the *sheikh*; and his faithful promise was given in the presence of his people, that the alterations and restoration of the tomb he would, by his Prophet, carry out.

At this time the uncle put in an objection to his nephew being entrusted with the money. He said, "The old heads are wise, the young foolish."

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The *sheikh* rose, saying, "By the bones of my father, I will do the thing that is good; in me you see him. Consul, God is great, and you will come this way again: punish me if I shall have done what is bad."

The money was handed to him; he made a bag for it in his loose white robe. Ali Nassa, still angry, talked to his partisans. One hour before, when strolling about the village, which is situated on the banks of the Nile, lovely groups of the palm tree and the fragrant mimosa surrounding it, and the land cultivated, speaking of the simple character of the people, of their frugal living, I had said, "Surely this is the Happy Valley;" but now, as I observed the countenances of the men, I thought "the apple of discord has been thrown." What will the end be?

That Safi faithfully fulfilled all he promised we have received proofs. A traveller who arrived at Khartoum some time after us, said that, passing Gagee, he observed the graves; and, the white tablet particularly attracting his attention, he dismounted from his camel to read the inscription; and he assured us that the tomb was in perfect repair.

Petherick, as requested by the son of the deceased gentleman, in addition to pieces of calico and some wearing apparel, presented the old man with a handsome fez or cap, and to the *sheikh* a similar one. The latter accepted it with much grace; and, placing it on his head, he stood as if it had been a crown, so dignified was his air.

At ten o'clock we started, the people wishing us all the good possible; and many messages of remembrance were to be conveyed to the Melly family. The people seemed to look upon them as a part of themselves. We marched until noon, when we settled down near the river for some hours, needing, in truth, repose;

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afterwards a short march until sunset, and then a most glorious rest.

Wednesday, 25th.—Three hours before sunrise we were in the saddle, and travelled until twelve o'clock; a few moments allowed only to partake of soaked biscuit and dates at the usual breakfast-time. I was too tired to observe where we encamped at noon, for I went to sleep in a moment, and could not even be roused to eat the dinner prepared. At three o'clock we were off again. Passed a long, straggling, but pretty village; each mud house had its separate plot of cultivated ground. At sunset bivouacked on the borders of a creek formed by the waters of the high Nile. The fish were leaping furiously, but we were all too much knocked up to try to capture them. Towards morning the wind blew violently. Twice my horse broke loose and raced madly about the camp.

Thursday, 26th.—Two hours before sunrise we were *en route*. A stony desolate moor was crossed at first, and at sunrise we were passing a village called Senna. Near to the river at this place a number of devotees lived, whose business it was to teach the Koran. Our servant Ali had been a pupil, but he cannot possibly do justice to his preceptors, as a more unprincipled fellow never lived; yet he is universally liked, and he is a clever servant.

On the summit of a lofty rock there is the tomb of the *sheikh*. The guide gravely mentioned that to this day, if any good Mussulman, upon entering the river, implores the *sheikh's* protection, no crocodile will touch him; those who by any accident have been eaten, suffered in consequence of not having done so.

The guide was summoned to partake of coffee, and to tell why, if a Mussulman entered the river, and called on Sheikh Abd il

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Majid for protection, the crocodiles would not seize him. This is the legend:

One of Abd il Majid Wallad Hamed's servants was sent to the river to fetch water: he not returning, another servant was deputed to follow him; and he, finding only the empty pitcher, concluded that a crocodile had carried him off. When Abd il Majid was informed of the disappearance of his servant, he got in a fury, and after sunset went to the river, *drank it dry*, and then proceeded to rip up every crocodile he fell in with.

He, however, soon discovered the mutilated body of his unfortunate attendant in the stomach of a large crocodile. The remaining crocodiles, horrified at the rough usage of their kind, begged pardon, and promised that henceforth if any disciple of Sheikh Abd il Majid appealed to him upon entering the river, his person should be respected.

There was a cataract near this village; we plainly heard the rushing water, but had no time to visit it. At ten o'clock bivouacked on the bank of the river, in a most delightful locality: the palm trees in groups formed Nature's tents, and we all had our private apartments. I picked up many large shells, some pretty insects, and different grasses. It was about two o'clock when we continued the journey, and prepared in good spirits to cross the "Moor of the Donkey"—the Akab't il Homâr. Some time after sunset we reached the middle of the moor, a bleak sterile spot —there remained for the night. A camp fire near us made known that other travellers were also there encamped; it was too dark to be able to distinguish if it was a caravan of slaves. Petherick, being concerned at the increased traffic in slaves, and having met three of those wretched caravans in the desert proceeding to Cairo, sent a servant to ascertain. The travellers were traders in gum,

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and were direct from Khartoum. They reported how anxiously we were expected at that place and at Berber. The high Nile was everywhere causing great damage, they said.

Friday, 27th.—Two hours before sunrise (the moon still favourable) we broke up. The "Moor of the Donkey" was crossed before eight o'clock, and we arrived again at the river. Soon after the morning's march began, we remarked one of the camel-men running like an antelope past us. Asking the guide what this was for, he said, "He goes to his wife, who lives on an island far from here; when he gets to the river he will swim across, and when we are opposite that place we shall find him waiting for us." And so it was: we came up to him—he was dressed in a snow-white wrapper carelessly draped round him, and the dingy garment previously worn was discarded. We asked if he found all well at his home. "Yes, God be praised," he replied. Here the country was very lovely: magnificent trees, fine rocks, the land cultivated, cattle herding; and all, with the glorious Nile, formed a delightful picture. We soon passed from that fertile scene to cross another barren moor, Akab't il Yascint, or the "Moor of the Hippopotamus," so called from one of these animals having strayed from the river, and, losing its way, was found far inland by the Arabs. The march was a long and trying one—no halt for ten hours. As we ascended the highest part of the moor, the men sang lustily, saying the village was near where we ought to rest; so on we went, but it was a weary time ere we reached that haven. Bivouacked in the neighbourhood of the village, near some splendid dôm palms, and remained there for the night.

Saturday, 28th.—Started again long before sunrise. The Doctor's

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camel died an hour before. We heard this with regret, for he had proved a patient animal, and we reproached ourselves with having travelled too far the preceding day. Most of the camels were knocked up, and, with their loads near them, were left behind. We expected to reach Berber this day. The Doctor, mounted on a miserable camel, with difficulty kept up with us. We noticed that Ali was dressed very grandly, and that he rode a donkey instead of his camel. Asking the reason, he said, "My village is before; 't is there my wife and mother live: they have sent me this donkey that I may be able to ride on quickly and see them for a few moments. Will you give permission?" It was granted. The sun was rising as we drew near this village: it was prettily situated. Each hut had its plot of cultivated ground, and groves of the palm and mimosa surrounded it. As we passed we heard great cries of joy from the people of the village—their welcome to Ali. He soon rejoined us.

The approach to Berber was across a vast sandy plain. The sun was high, and we were all suffering from the heat and fatigue; we had been in the saddle ten hours. Berber appeared in sight long ere we reached it. It seemed a town of importance: the Governor's house occupied a large space of ground.

We were met by the *reises* and crews of our boats, and by the servants who had preceded us at different times with the baggage from Korosko. All crowded round us, almost impeding the progress of the camels. Guns were fired in every direction, and a large portion of the people turned out to give us a welcome. I was an object of great curiosity, as I believe I was the first female to ride across the desert seated only on a *Machloofa* (the riding and not a pack saddle or *Howeea*).

The Governor sent messengers to say that his kiosk in a garden had been prepared for our reception, and that all he possessed

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was at our disposal. The burning heat was almost unbearable; the ground was baked and rent into fissures for a great distance around Berber; the high Nile had far outstretched its boundaries, and, but a short time previously, boats had floated where we rode. When we dismounted and were fairly under a roof once more, the relief the cool shade afforded was intense. The draughts of delicious filtered water I shall long remember. During the journey I often shut my eyes, not to see the muddy water we were frequently compelled to drink. I gave myself up to absolute repose, and though many visitors came and departed in rapid succession, I looked not upon one. Presents of sheep, fruit, grain, &c., were many, and the people blessed Petherick for the part he had taken in the re-opening of the road between Korosko and Berber.

Sunday, 29th.—Passed a wretched night, and, though sleeping in the open *rakuba* (a shed), we missed the pure air of the desert. Myriads of insects preyed upon us. We seriously speculated as to the possibility of ever again being able to inhabit a bed-room, we had found so great a charm in the Bohemian life lately led.

Petherick received visits from the Governor, attended by a numerous suite, and from the leading men of the place. He was occupied all day. I remained delightfully undisturbed, in the inner room, my heart full of gratitude that we had in safety and health arrived thus far. In the evening strolled dreamily and happily about the garden. A Frenchman, recently arrived from Khartoum, passed an hour with us. He was at Berber for change of air, weak from a severe attack of fever. He said that many at Khartoum were ill. The season was a most unhealthy one. He also informed Petherick of the death of an old and esteemed friend, a Dr. Peney, a Frenchman. He was Medical Inspector for the

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Soudan in the service of the Egyptian Government. He died at Gondokoro early in this year: he had been accompanied to that place by his wife. He went to Gondokoro, at the request of the Viceroy, on a scientific mission, to continue his researches in botany, and to discover, if possible, plants that might, in his profession, be made useful to the people of the Soudan.

Monday, 30th.—Petherick and the Doctor were off to the boats before sunrise; much had to be done, and the camels that had been left at the last stage had not yet arrived. I was wonderfully refreshed, and, with Achmed, netted many butterflies, insects, &c. The two guides and my own particular camel-man came to bid us farewell. It was not without emotion I did so: they seemed as friends to me; in many ways they had shown so much thoughtful consideration. My heart echoed their fervent prayer, "That God would guard us; that fortune, in all our just endeavours, would smile upon us; and that on our return journey they might again accompany us." I entrusted a quantity of dates to them for the *naga* I had ridden, though pretty well convinced that she would not receive them; as one morning, during the march, when we passed the head of the caravan, the horses being with it, calling a camel-man, I gave him, for "Luxor," my reserve store of biscuit and dates. He looked up joyously, and said "'t was better for him than the horse," and ate them.

When at dinner, speaking of some of the adventures, I remarked that I thought there had been only one fall from a camel: this was Rechan, the cook, who, leading Petherick's horse, was pulled from his lofty seat, as "Arab" suddenly stopped on hearing our approach. He got up immediately, not in the least hurt, sprang on the neck of his camel, and was soon in his place. But the Doctor said he

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had witnessed one on entering the space before the Governor's garden at Berber, which was enclosed by a paling of stakes a little apart. Between two of them a camel could just pass, and all were going safely through, but Achmed's camel took an opening to the right. It was too narrow, and down came the boxes between which he was seated, and little Achmed fell violently to the ground. The boy was on his feet in a moment, as he saw his father approach with a whip to beat him for having fallen, but this the bystanders prevented.

Tuesday, October 1st.—Preparations for departure—busy all day. Kheir Allah's wife, who had reached her husband in safety, made herself useful; she had no objection to serve the unbelievers. It was sunset when we mounted to ride to the boats, and it was too dark to see anything of the town: it appeared a long straggling place. Quite a procession accompanied us to the river. Petherick had told me his boat, though a large and fine one, was perfectly destitute of anything comfortable, and I was agreeably surprised to find myself surrounded by all that was so. Lamps were lighted, furniture purchased at Silver's in London suitable for a boat, all well arranged, and I was at home. My husband, the Doctor, and Foxcroft had worked hard all day to surprise me thus. We expected to sail that night. The horses and three servants were to go on by land, accompanied by the camels to carry grain. The Doctor and Foxcroft, attended by Kheir Allah and his wife, had a boat, with the usual complement of *reis* and sailors, to themselves; two smaller ones were laden with baggage.

Wednesday, 2nd.—At daylight still fast to the moorings, and many packages not stowed away. I had full time to observe the

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boat; she was very large, not very clean, and there was not an atom of paint about her, so different from the gay Cairo *dahabyehs*. The cabins admitted more light than came in through the windows; this had its advantage, as more air was circulated. I found that both lower and upper deck were covered with packages, so at once abandoned the idea "of walking the deck." All these boats have a woman on board to grind the corn, which they do in the primitive way, between two stones. Ours was the wife of the mate, and she had a dear little girl, some two years of age,—not a bit of clothing about the bairn. I soon made friends by giving her a yard or so of bright red calico: this the mother draped round the child, and a tropical bird she looked, flitting over the spars and ropes that in confusion were scattered around. At midday there was a favourable breeze, and all ready for a start. The British colours were flying from the mizzen; the sails were unfurled; and a great cheer, led by Petherick and the Doctor, well supported by all, told when the painters were being hauled in. The people on shore fired a salute; our men returned it as we were fairly off. The wind soon died away, and then commenced a repetition of the scenes we had witnessed from Cairo (or Boulac) to Korosko, when the greater part of the crew would leap from the boat, bearing a line, scramble up the banks, and tow us bravely on. Often the boat would run aground, sometimes on a rock; then the efforts of the men to get her off were taxed to the utmost. Sometimes they would wade up to their shoulders in the river for a long distance, where the banks were impracticable, singing lustily to frighten the crocodiles from approaching. The boat, occasionally floating over trunks of trees, would bump upon them; often the branches of others would make a sweep into the cabin windows, tearing everything away as we were dragged along. The crew, after towing, always left off at sunset,

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when their supper was served to them on the bank, where they also slept. The sheep (we had, when starting, seven) were let on shore to pick up the herbage; and we generally strolled about, bringing down a bird or two: these the Doctor and Foxcroft stuffed; Achmed was the butterfly-hunter; and in all the collections we were fortunate.

About half-way between Berber and Damer there is a beautifully wooded island, on which we landed. Some bright-coloured birds were shot. Soon after we sailed through a fine range of mountains. A cataract was here, which was got over without trouble, as the river was so high. At Damer the salt of the country is procured from the soil, by evaporation, and sold in great quantities. If there was no wind favourable, which was generally the case, the Doctor came to our boat, "The Lady of the Nile," to breakfast and dine.

The river scenery from Berber to Khartoum far surpasses that from Cairo to Korosko. In many parts it was wildly grand. One night the wind rose, and the men came on board. It blew a gale, and the boats scudded along rapidly; this lasted for some hours, and good way was made. On another occasion fourteen of the men were on shore, towing; the line broke, and a gust of wind sprang up. A small sail was loose; it filled, and away flew the boat short of hands. Petherick took the helm; the large sail was set, and leaving the men to come up as best they could, we went gallantly on for eight hours. At sunset the wind died away, and during the night the crew rejoined.

Wherever we stopped, if near a village, the *sheikh* always came, and sheep by the half-dozen at a time were presented to Petherick. The men fared well; and indeed they deserved it, for they went through a great deal of fatigue. It was a pleasant time we passed —the climate I delighted in—all of us were so light-hearted, and the tempers were as sunny as the sky.

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At the town of Matemma, Abd il Majid, Petherick's principal agent on the upper part of the White River, joined us. He had waited our arrival at that place one month. He had deemed it advisable to meet us here, in order to secure Petherick's undivided attention to all he had to relate ere we reached Khartoum, as he was sure that a pressure of business there would render it almost impossible to do so. He said many atrocities had been committed against the negroes by traders, and that in consequence the negroes rose upon all indiscriminately, and massacres were numerous. Last year, near Gondokoro, a sad tragedy took place. Nickla, chief of his tribe, a man of wealth, and regarded as a rain-prophet, had failed in his promise to bring down rain. His people waited day after day with impatience, and, furious at the delay, they rose upon him and attacked him. He defended himself valiantly for a long time, but at last he was overpowered and cruelly murdered.

On the bank opposite Matemma is Shendy, the ancient capital. It was here that Ismail Pacha met with his terrible fate. On his return from the conquest of Sennaar, exactions of cattle, horses, and provender of so extensive a nature, and in far too short a time for possible execution, were insisted on, that the native chiefs, with the best intent, able to supply but a fraction of the enormous requirements, determined to extricate themselves from the dilemma by that night assassinating the guard and burning the Pacha and his suite.

The horrible tragedy, with the aid of unbounded hospitality and copious drink, was successfully accomplished, for no sooner had the unsuspecting guard been noiselessly poignarded, than hundreds of individuals, already prepared with the materials, rushed to heap up bundles of dry reeds and straw against the sides of the frail huts wherein the unconscious victims slept. Not a sound was heard

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beyond the roar of the flames, and every vestige of humanity was lost in the ashes that commingled with it. The year afterwards Mahommed Ali Pacha dispatched his son-in-law, the terrible Deftar Dar, to execute punishment for the murder of his son, and how amply and indiscriminately upon man, woman, and child it was carried out, resulting in the flight to Abyssinia of all who, under Meck Nimr, escaped the sword and death in a frightful variety of forms, is too well known to need more than this brief notice.

Some way beyond, the river runs between several lovely islands, all luxuriant with trees. Then appear two rocks, one called Djebel Dil, the other Haggar il Assal, the "Rock of Honey:" these form the boundary between the provinces of Berber and Khartoum. Here we observed a wreck, and the *reis* said it belonged to a Khartoum merchant, a friend of Petherick's. The strong current carried her on to the "Honey Rock" a few months previously, and a great part of her cargo was lost. A cataract of no importance near. Still farther on there is a solitary rock in the middle of the river; then comes a range of mountains called Djebel Gurri. Here the river winds through a ravine, with here and there a tree upon the otherwise barren rocks.

We then came to a large village, called Gog Nerefissa, and near it, when the river is low, is a dangerous cataract called Sof Sof. or Recham, meaning "mercy." Still farther on is a village called Wallad il Bassal. On the east bank there are barren mountains, Djebel Mellikeet, and on the same side is the village of Tamaniat. Opposite, on the west bank, are the mountains Djebel Sheikh il Taib ("Mountain of the Good Chief"); then, still on the west, near to Khartoum, are long sterile mountains of trap rock, the Djebel Kerrerri; a village of the same name stands below. A few days of fitful sailing and steady towing brought us within a short

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distance of Khartoum. Great efforts were made one evening to reach it—I think it was on October 11th, but I had taken no note of time since leaving Berber, and now do not trust to my memory. The men were knocked up, and soon after sunset left off towing. The following morning the wind was dead against us; all day the crew slowly dragged along the boat. About three o'clock a cry was raised that Petherick's felucca was coming towards us from Khartoum; and there she was, sailing gaily before the wind, her colours flying. A rapid firing was kept up by her men and by ours. She was soon alongside, and friends of Petherick came on board, accompanied by several of our elephant-hunters, and an old and valued servant, Ibrahim. Such a scene of joy ensued that it became almost a pain. We heard, that the baggage sent from Korosko across the desert, a few days after our arrival there, had reached Khartoum only four days previously, so contrary had been the winds from Berber.

Here the two rivers, the Blue Nile and the White Nile, flowed side by side. A marked difference was in their colour.

It was sunset ere we arrived at Khartoum. The firing had been incessant, and the shore was lined with people. As we stepped from the boat, Petherick was almost separated from me as his friends crowded to greet him. We could hardly force a passage to the Consulate. I cannot even now recall my feelings. As I entered the courtyard I was fearfully agitated; and when an inner yard was reached, and the women set up a shrill *zachareet* of joy, the guns still firing, and when the threshold was crossed, and my husband embraced me and bade me "welcome home," I was fairly overcome. By-and-bye a good burst of tears, tears of thankfulness, relieved me, and I was able thoroughly to appreciate the luxurious dinner provided. The host of servants, bearing each a dish, with

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a cover of finely-plaited straw stained in many colours, attracte my attention. The joy in their faces, the blessings oft repeate the shaking of hands at every available moment, the continue firing, the blaze of lights, now and again the women's thrillin *zachareet*, the wild beating of the drums, made us all strangel excited. Yet somehow the eyes would become blinded as w thought of those "at home;" and the Doctor proposed their healtl and began a speech, but never finished it,—his heart was too full.

The next morning how sad the change! Letters bearing mourn ful intelligence were received. Petherick's father, so loved, s honoured, was dead. This was the second blow we had met sinc leaving England. The first was on the death of my husband' brother's eldest son, a boy of some four years, a daring child, an passionately fond of horses. Playing about one, he received kick in the chest, and died in a few hours. How soon these shock were followed by a third in the death of our friend Professo Queckett, a man esteemed by all.

It was quite true that some Neam Neams had accompanied ou men from their station at the village of Mundo. Abderachman, ar agent left there by Petherick in 1858 (not the Abderachman before mentioned as having killed the elephant—he had been wit the Djour tribe), had married Wangyo, granddaughter of Goria Sheikh of Beringi. Wangyo was the promised bride of Petherick but he not having claimed her, she became the wife of Aberachman I was charmed with her appearance. Her figure was slight and graceful, and her eyes the most beautiful I ever beheld—such inno cent, confiding-looking eyes. She was a mere girl, yet the mother of two children, the last one born here, and attended by a circum stance so peculiar that I cannot but relate it, as showing the pro pensity to cannibalism. Her labour was difficult and protracted.

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By some of her people it was suggested that if she drank of her husband's blood all would go well. He instantly opened a vein in his arm, to which she applied her lips, and sucked greedily the life-fluid. The child saw the light shortly after.

She was accompanied to Khartoum by her uncle Ringa, the son of Goria, Sheikh of Beringi, and by Boonganipan, daughter of Pereka, a son of Yaquatti, a Neam Neam Sultan—but we called her always Halima. Halima, a girl of some twelve years at that time, appeared to me of forbidding countenance. She was naked, with the exception of the rachat. But, trusting that I might teach these people a few of the blessings of civilization, I asked her if she would serve me. She looked in my face steadily with a searching stare, and replied, "Yes; I think I shall like you." I at once took her under my charge, and the first thing, of course, was to dress her. I gave some materials to be made up for her to a negress, but one who disowned being connected with that race (ten months previously this woman had fled to the Consulate, on the death of her master, fearing she might be sold as a slave): she refused to work for a negress, and packed up her things and left our place. During the period I have named, she had been supported, of course, at Petherick's expense.

I was then obliged to sew the garments myself, giving Halima lessons, so that she might soon be able to do so. She was an apt pupil, and learnt readily, and is now a fair sempstress. A more intelligent girl, one also who has not to be told a thing twice, I never met. I could fill pages recounting her many acts of thoughtfulness, and of affection too. I had been but a few days at Khartoum when, writing to the loved ones at home, tears were falling from my eyes. Halima had observed me, drew near with a pocket-handkerchief which she had taken from the case, having sprinkled

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it with eau-de-Cologne, and tenderly wiped the tears away. I looked up, surprised, and saw traces of deep emotion in her face. Now, here was a girl who had seen but for a short time the little refinements of life; instinctively she accepted them, and delicately ministered her services; and so it has continued. She was a Topsy until lately—the romp of the place; but she now feels a responsible being, and guards like a dragon all things under her care. Her own particular goods and chattels are a source of occupation when not engaged for me. I gave her a box for her clothes, as also a work-box with its fittings. These are constantly tidied; and as additions are made according to the improvement in her sewing, her possessions are becoming numerous.

One day the untamed nature of the girl broke out. We went as usual for the early morning ride. Before starting, I had been eating some bread and jam; what I was unable to finish I gave to Halima. She, it seems, put this into a cupboard, and after a time, when her work was over, sat down to partake of it. Achmed, not aware that this forbidden fruit had been given to her, claimed a share, and attempted to snatch it from her. She flew at him like a tigress, and on our return the battle was at its height. As we dismounted in the outer court, screams from our quarters were heard; we hastened our steps, and in the *rakuba* we saw Halima held back by the cook, with whom she was struggling to get at Achmed. He was protected by some one or other, and blood was streaming down his cheek. Halima, not caring for our presence, plunged and tore like a maniac. Petherick tried to restrain her, but she screamed, "I will have his blood! I will not rest till I have bitten his ear." She had already bitten his face. Words were of no use, so Petherick laid his stick across her shoulders, and away she flew to the garden, where she remained the whole day, rolling

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on the moist ground under the banana trees. I allowed no one to go near her; the passion, I was sure, would soon exhaust itself. At sunset I was in the saloon, and saw at the door a bedraggled figure, wanting, yet fearing, to come in. This was, of course, Halima. I said to her quietly, "When you are neat and washed I will speak to you." I heard a sobbing as she turned away. In half an hour she had washed the soiled frock, put on another, and mastered her temper. I drew her to me and spoke words of kind rebuke; I kissed her, and, utterly subdued, she laid her head upon my shoulder and asked pardon. Since then Halima fights the good fight to conquer herself. The following morning I noticed that she took from Achmed a robe I had given him, and which he was making lame attempts to sew, and finished it for him.

Ringa, the uncle of Wangyo, expressed a desire to make himself useful to us; so he, with Achmed, was appointed to wait at table. Very soon he understood his duties. He tells fearful anecdotes of his race; but, unless convinced of the truth, I will not pain our friends at home by recounting them. They are too horrible to be believed.

The poor sheep "Pluck," two days after our arrival here, died from the effects of a serpent's bite. I did so regret him. The wonderful bird proved to be a parrot, the well-known lavender with a red tail. He was not at all clever, and during our residence here has picked up but one trick, and that to me was at first a trouble. It has always been Petherick's habit to whistle in a peculiar way when he approaches my whereabouts, and it is also my habit to run to meet him when I hear it. One day I heard this whistle, and went to greet my husband, but he was nowhere to be seen. I returned somewhat put out to the saloon; again the signal sounded, again I was disappointed. This occurred four times, and at last,

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in a pet, I said aloud, "I know you are hiding, and I will no longer look for you." By-and-bye again the whistle: no movement on my part; and when my husband entered the room, his first exclamation was, "Are you ill?" so surprised was he to miss the usual salutation; but it proved that Polly was the culprit, for while we were talking, she repeated her song, startling even Petherick, so exact was the imitation.

Of my African home I cannot speak too highly. The climate is delicious, and I have not known a day of ill health since leaving England; but a disagreeable eruption, called Nile buttons, troubled me some time: this is prevalent after the high Nile. Petherick was laid up from rheumatic fever immediately after our arrival; the Doctor had a slight attack of ague, and Foxcroft also; but these attacks were traced to their own imprudence, such as throwing off clothing when heated. I am convinced that, to a certain extent, health is in our own hands—regular exercise, no abandonment to the noon hour's sleep usually indulged in by residents here, moderate living, rising before the sun, going to bed some three hours after its setting, and a careful regard to the chills and heat of the country. Flannel, heretofore my detestation, is indispensable. It is true, at present the weather is cold, like our winter at home, so great is the contrast; and the clothing I wore at the close of last year is the same I now gladly adopt, and find that flannel is like Paddy's great coat, "it keeps both the cold and the heat out."

The Consulate is situated but a short distance from the river. The house and buildings occupy a very large space of ground. The garden is a fine one, in which all the fruit-bearing trees of the East flourish. We have horses, bullocks, cows, donkeys, gazelles, a great ant-bear, birds and poultry of every description, sheep, and

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a large flock of goats. These last a fine boy, Selim, a Shillook, takes daily to pasture in the neighbourhood of Khartoum. One morning, accompanied by a boy of his own tribe, who likewise herds the goats of his master, they went as usual to the herbage. They remarked some Arabs seated under a tree, who called to them to approach. They did so, fearing no evil; but the Arabs rose and attempted to capture them. The boys flew like the wind in the direction of the town; but Selim, who had been seized by his *ferda*, a long piece of calico, rapidly unwound himself from it, and thus escaped, leaving his garment in their hands. These boys, when at a convenient distance, turned to see if they were pursued; but, no—the Arabs had mounted their camels and were flying in the opposite direction. These Arabs were probably of the Shookaryeh tribe, who yearly come to Khartoum with their grain, and who have no hesitation in seizing any people they conveniently can, and selling them as slaves. The following morning we doubted if Selim would take his flock to pasture, but he did so, saying, "I will keep clear of all trees and bushes where men might be hidden."

One night, some time after our arrival, and when the moon was full, it was whispered that our people wished to dance before us. Consent was willingly granted, and seats were placed for us. About twenty of the servants stood in a semicircle. They began with singing a doleful melody, clapping their hands to the measure. One of the women's children, a pretty girl of seven years, stepped forward: she moved her feet slowly to the time, and advanced, curving her body till her head almost touched her heels; and when close to me, she jerked her head forwards so violently, that her necklace slipped over and fell into my lap. A drum was then beaten—this was done by the hand—and a boy of ten years, a Djour, took his

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turn to exhibit. The music was more lively, and he ran rapidly about, occasionally bending his head, and leaping as if he were going through a circus hoop. His performance over, Achmed came forward to dance the Kordofanese dance. His movements I can hardly describe, so eccentric were they: his elbows, keeping time with his feet, touched his ribs at each step, whilst his knees met together and saluted each other. The music beat faster, and those who were clapping their hands crowded round, and did so almost under Achmed's feet, after the fashion of the popular Spanish dancers. He also jerked his head when close to us, so that the tassel of his fez fell over his face.

The Neam Neams danced most gracefully, humming a low melody: their movements were very calm. Ringa was in advance of the females Wangyo and Halima; they linked together their arms, and followed him. Sometimes they separated, and the three would, still singing, go through the figure of eight. Selim, the Shillook, bounded forwards. He had taken off his blouse, wore only drawers, and a feather (I am sure it was plucked from a turkey's tail) was placed upright in his stiff curling hair. His leaps were truly astounding. He required no music, but danced in his own wild way. Suddenly a cry of defiance came from him, and he looked as if he saw a foe; and then he did in pantomime what he really, if weapons had been in his hand, would have done. He threw imaginary spears, evaded others; he crawled along the yard like a serpent; and sometimes he was motionless as a stone; and had one not been closely watching, one might have been deceived. He feigned death; and then, as those who thought him so approached, he would leap upon them. Ringa watched these manœuvres with great interest, and, when they were ended, proposed to show what the Neam Neams did when they attacked

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an enemy. He also discarded his robe; and, arming himself with a wicked-looking curved hatchet, and putting his arm through the sling of a large oblong shield, he sang himself into a fury, and then a grand imaginary combat took place. It was horrible, for when he had his foe on the ground, he feigned to rip him open with the hatchet.

The days pass far too quickly. We are up before the sun, and in the saddle for a gallop over the plain outside Khartoum. Petherick now rides a beautiful Arabian horse. It was a colt when he left for England. He has been brought up by hand on a milk diet, and, in consequence, we have called him "Baby." His dam died a week after his birth. "Baby's" paces are beautiful; and when he is properly trained, he is destined to carry me. He often far distances "Luxor;" and when pulled in, and I am again at my husband's side, "Luxor" makes great snaps at the colt's tail. It is evidently a jealous freak on my horse's part—he can only show a shortish tail, whilst "Baby's" reaches the ground.

We generally have two attendants, whose dress is showy in the extreme; and they always use the handsome Turkish saddle, with silver-mounted trappings. They carry our guns, so that, when any game is seen, they are readily handed to us; and as our horses stand fire well, there is no difficulty in the way of dismounting. We return in an hour—Petherick to his work, and I to pay the garden a visit, in which we have planted many English flower and vegetable seeds; and I have also generally time, before the gong sounds for nine o'clock breakfast, to hold a concert. To the kindness of poor Dr. Peney's widow I am indebted for a piano, mine being on board the "Kathleen," still on her way from Korosko. The musicians who assist are the birds. When they hear the first chords, they assemble, outside and in. They sing joyously, and

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chirp; even parrot Polly does her best to add to the harmony. I have many pretty captives in a small aviary, but before we leave I shall liberate them, as I fear they might not be carefully tended. The houses here have spacious and very lofty rooms. The birds build their nests in the rafters which support the flat roof; and as the windows are always open, they are constantly flying to and fro. There is a fountain in one saloon, and thither they come to drink. After breakfast, which is a very social and substantial meal, we pass a short time in the garden, and then part—Petherick to his duties, and I to mine. We seldom see each other until dinner-hour, at three o'clock. Sometimes visitors may happen to call, but there are few Europeans here, and the Turks I do not see. After dinner, a walk in the garden on the shady side, where the palm and the fig trees are numerous, or beneath the shelter of the vines, where the grapes are forming. This indulgence is but brief, for there is still more work to be done; and again we separate, to meet when the sun is getting low, and then we visit the animals and pets. The antelopes, gazelles, and goats try to put their noses into our pockets; the horses also, as they know well we carry with us nuts and bread for them. We have a multitude of donkeys, bought for our use in the interior; and generally when our sunset stroll begins we see the Doctor and Foxcroft, mounted on two of the best, starting for their short evening ride.

When the sun is fairly down and the lamps lighted, coffee is served. We read a little, have plenty of music, and play backgammon. Then comes a grateful thanksgiving, and the day is ended.

The difficulties to be encountered in the getting up the expedition from this place to succour Captains Speke and Grant, cannot be exaggerated. The negroes have been cruelly used, and the

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razzias upon them numerous, and thousands have been carried into slavery. They now mistrust all, and in turn attack strangers —no longer able to distinguish friend from foe. As those who are employed in the slave trade find it a lucrative one, they prefer it; and it is with much trouble soldiers or sailors can be engaged here to undertake a legitimate trade. Petherick's agent had, previous to our arrival, secured an efficient body of men for three boats, to proceed to Gondokoro, there to await the advent of Speke. All require five months' pay in advance; and when that is, as a matter of course, paid to them, several run away.

It took but a few days of Petherick's time to arm and equip these men well; but the wind was against the sailing of the boats. The extraordinary high Nile was the cause of this; and not until the 15th of this month (November) did the north wind blow. They then set sail, but the treacherous breeze died away for many hours, and, some three miles from Khartoum, the boats were made fast to the shore, and four of the hired soldiers went off with their guns. This is a frequent occurrence, and a very troublesome thing it is to hunt up these deserters—generally without success. We follow with four boats as soon as possible, and with upwards of one hundred and twenty men, well armed. Forty-three soldiers went with the first boats, and they, with a principal agent of Petherick's, were, on their arrival at Gondokoro, to proceed at once towards the south, in the direction of the Lake Nyanza, to meet Captains Speke and Grant. We take up with us some thirty donkeys and three horses: these are intended to carry the beads and baggage as we march in the interior. Negroes, we hear, will not carry loads at this time, so disaffected are they. The feuds amongst the various tribes are furious and many.

We have health, we have hope and energy to bear us up; and we

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humbly trust that we may, in due time, be enabled to send to our friends at home a faithful account of our journey to the equator, and of a meeting with the brave travellers we go in search of.

December, 1861.—How vexatious is this delay! We are not yet off to "the Mountain," as the people here call Gondokoro.

When our boats sailed last month for that place, to meet the expedition of Captains Speke and Grant, we confidently hoped to have quickly followed in their wake; but great difficulties are apparent. In the first place, our *dahabyeh*, the "Kathleen," sailed from Korosko on September 4th; we subsequently left on the 7th, *viâ* the desert, and the "Kathleen" has not yet arrived. She is laden with many articles of importance, without which we cannot justifiably start for Gondokoro; therefore Petherick has dispatched a trustworthy servant in search of her. He is mounted on a swift dromedary, with saddle-bags well filled. The season is far advanced, and if, therefore, it is impracticable for the passing of the boat over the cataracts, this agent will see to the removal of the necessary requirements, and forward them on camels to Khartoum.

It is evident that money, "the root of all evil," is likely to be wanting. The sums subscribed in England under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society for the Petherick Expedition had, at the time of our departure, reached but half the sum expected, namely, £2,000; the amount received by Petherick, therefore, was £1,000. The expenses incurred in sending out the expedition under Abd il Majid last month nearly exhausted those funds. It being essential that Petherick, organizing an expedition on a grand scale—*one which would not be necessitated to return in June*, 1862—he was compelled to endeavour to effect large sales of ivory, &c.; so traders from the Hedjas and Mussawa were awaited.

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At the close of this month some thirty or more Roman Catholic missionaries arrived, and their chapel was re-opened. I was startled into tears when first I heard the chapel bell: home seemed nearer. Some of the monks were to proceed up the White Nile to a station of the community called Santa Croce, and others were to form a settlement between Khartoum and the Nouaer territory. None would go to Gondokoro, where they had formerly established an important station, but attended with difficulties so great that they had been compelled to abandon it. Their mission-house at Khartoum is built of sandstone: it is an imposing edifice, and the gardens are extensive.

Shortly after the arrival of the missionaries, they invited the European residents, numbering about thirty, to assist at a Mass in memory of Dr. Peney, who died recently at Gondokoro. He had been universally esteemed, and few absented themselves from paying that tribute of respect. We were accompanied by some of our household, amongst whom was Halima. I had endeavoured these past weeks (with all humility) to give her Christian teaching. The disconsolate widow, Madame Peney (an Abyssinian), clad in the blue mourning robes of the country, ashes on her head and face, was kneeling close to us. Her stifled sobs, the darkened chapel, the coffin, velvet palled, in which were no remains, the chanting of the *Miserere*, touched us deeply. It was known also that two of the monks recently arrived were dead and others were ill, and so a great gloom oppressed us all.

Leaving quickly the chapel when the last rites had been celebrated, I hastened home with Halima, not trusting myself to speak to those who were at the mission-house, where coffee, &c., was to be served. My heart was full as I thought who next of the little band was to be called away? Halima suddenly asked me,

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"Who was that man nailed to a piece of wood?"

I told her it was the image of the Son of God, and that wicked people had crucified Him.

She passionately argued, "Why did God let them? you say He can do all things. Your God is not good."

It was vain to attempt explanation: she would not understand.

January 1st, 1862.—A "happy new year" to all! Visits of congratulation from the residents, and trifling gifts exchanged. Everything coming on grandly in the garden, and many English seeds, which we had sown upon arrival here, were in bloom. The vegetables were in flourishing condition,—peas, lettuce, turnips, &c. We had tried to cultivate the potato, but without success. In Lower Egypt a large store had been purchased: these our people cut into thin slices during the river voyage, and, placed on mats, were dried in the sun; thus preserved, they are extremely palatable when well boiled or fried, but the colour is destroyed. There is a vegetable much esteemed in this part of the world called *bamia*. The plant grows some two or three feet in height; the pod or fruit from four to six inches in length, and two in circumference: this contains a pulpy and seedy substance somewhat resembling the vegetable marrow; it is excellent to eat, boiled or stewed.

One day good old Mustapha informed us that he was about to marry again. Of course the Mahommedans can do so. His first wife, the mother of our little Achmed, was still living in Kordofan. Mustapha asked that the servants might assist at the great *fantasie* on the occasion of his wedding, which was to be celebrated a week from that time. They did so, swelling the procession, and, as a matter of course, firing repeatedly; the women *zachareeting* in-

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cessantly; whilst the shrill Arab music was declared by all to be "*taib*" ("good").

In the course of a few days the boy Achmed ushered into the saloon two females closely veiled, announcing "*Om il Aroussa*" (the "mother and bride"). Kissing my hand, they seated themselves on rugs which were on the ground, removing, as they did so, their red slippers. Their veils they threw aside, and the old woman commenced conversing; but my knowledge of Arabic was very slight, so I contemplated the bride. The mother was certainly praising the charms of her daughter, and well she might, for she was a young and beautiful girl, her eyes large and dreamy, the lashes and eyebrows deeply marked with *kochl* (antimony); her skin was of a pale olive shade; magnificent long black hair adorned her head, hanging down in many heavy braids: these were ornamented with gold coins (sequins); hands and finger-nails were stained with henna: this is a universal custom, therefore the henna, a privet-like shrub, is much cultivated. The leaves are collected and dried, then diluted with water, when the rosy or yellow dye is obtained. The dress and full drawers worn were of a pretty patterned chintz; the chemise, with its long hanging sleeves, was pink net spotted with silver; a necklace of pebbles cut into beads, the latter separated by a finely-wrought one of Soudan gold. The necklace was so long that it encircled the throat three times.

Poor Mustapha's troubles soon began. He had not been married more than a week when he was summoned by the parents of his bride to appear before the Cadi or magistrate, to pay the dowry he had promised. Mustapha explained that the wedding expenses had been heavy, he having to defray all, but that if a little time were granted he would be in a position to pay the sum. The mother, however, was inexorable, and she was allowed to take the

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young wife away, to remain under her care until Mustapha could redeem his word. He came to me disconsolate, entreating my supplications with his to be offered to the Consul. The appeal was not in vain: Petherick advanced the sum desired, and Mustapha was soon happy again with his wife.

About this time a great addition to our small menagerie was made. Dr. Ori, an Italian in the Egyptian Government medical service, was about to visit several hospitals in the Soudan; desirous to leave his pet animals and birds in good keeping, he offered them to us. One morning when Petherick was absent, hearing a great outcry, I stepped to the entrance of the *rakuba* or portico, and saw that in the spacious yard our animals were attacking the intruders. Two stately ostriches were marching; a fine female antelope was butting at everything; a wild boar which had slipped its cord was rushing to and fro; whilst a young lion and hyæna, with ropes round their necks, were struggling to free themselves from the men who held them; a baboon, too, was forcibly detained, and he, indignant, jabbered loudly. There were many pretty tiny birds in cages: these were at once my especial pets. The confusion subsided by degrees, not, however, without sundry fights having taken place. The ostriches sought a sleeping-place near our donkeys; the boar went where he pleased, not to the pleasure of our old-established ant-bear, whom he always turned out of his earth-burrowed home, taking possession; and as the ant-bear would never again enter it, the undermining of house and buildings became a serious affair. One night, to the intense alarm of our housekeeper Fatma, whilst sleeping, her *angerib* was turned over by the ant-bear, who, having excavated a new tunnel, emerged from it beneath her couch. These *angeribs* are neatly made. There is an ordinary framework of wood, about the length and width of a well-sized sofa;

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placed on four legs, a foot from the ground, the body of the *angerib* is composed of thin strips of green bullock-hide, which are interlaced closely crossways: this is done when the hide is moist; it soon dries, and, though strong, is somewhat pliable; and with a rug only placed over it, and a pillow, it forms a comfortable resting-place.

Petherick was invited by the Governor of Khartoum to attend at the disinterment of a former Governor, Arakil Bey, brother of Nubar Pasha, who, dying at Khartoum, and not a Mahommedan, was buried in the Christian cemetery then but recently constructed. Arakil Bey, an Armenian, was appointed Governor by His Royal Highness Said Pacha, whom he had accompanied on his visit to the Soudan. The body was now to be removed to Egypt, where his family resided. Herr B—— and Petherick were the only Europeans then at Khartoum who had attended his death and been present at the burial, and their testimony was requisite to identify the spot, no stone having been placed to distinguish it.

Early in the morning, the Governor, attended by a numerous suite, proceeded to the church; after prayers, the coffin, which was removed from the spot where Petherick and Herr B—— remembered its having been deposited, was opened, and the face of Arakil Bey was easily recognized, little decay having taken place. The coffin was then placed in a new one, and borne to the divan of the Governor, His Excellency Jaffer Bey, preceded by a guard of soldiers, the Coptic priests in their church robes, and followed by the Governor's suite, all the Europeans, and a large assembly of people.

In February four German Protestant missionaries, attached to a Scotch society for the conversion of the Jews, arrived at Khartoum. They were on their way to Abyssinia, there to establish themselves. These clergymen gave us at the Consulate two services, and preached

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most eloquently. We were but two or three gathered together, and we could hardly restrain our feelings when, for the first time in this strange land, we heard our own prayers from those ordained to deliver them, and when the voices in unison rose in a simple, touching hymn, I am afraid that some of us broke down.

Abderachman, the agent who had been accompanied by the Neam Neams to Khartoum, rejoiced in two wives: one of them, the pretty Wangyo, had a bright little son, two years old, and an infant daughter. The other wife was a few years older than Wangyo; her countenance was very pleasing and her figure a little rounder; she, too, had a baby daughter. The family lived together on the premises.

One day Wangyo came running with her children to implore my protection. Abderachman, she said, had beaten her cruelly, and then the young wife, in her rage, poured forth a sad catalogue of the wrongs her husband had committed.

Petherick, who trusted in the man, had not, from pressure of business, asked an account of Abderachman as to the merchandise entrusted to his care for a period extending over three years, and the value whereof was considerable. He now did so, as his confidence was shaken. Abderachman asked for a little longer delay, as his accounts were not ready. This was granted. The man acknowledging his harsh treatment of Wangyo, and promising to behave better, she returned to him. A fortnight or more passed away, and Wangyo's boy died after a few days' illness; a bitter grief to her. Abderachman felt it deeply; he loved his child—so Petherick did not at the time press for a settlement of his accounts.

The *2nd of March* the Ramadan commenced, the Mahommedan month of fasting. At an early hour all the notabilities of the place

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assembled, and a procession paraded through the principal streets. I witnessed the march from the windows of Petherick's divan. The Governor was there, surrounded by troops; banners were flying, and the bands played merrily. A great many persons were on horseback, careering to and fro, and several gaudily dressed females, unveiled, occupied a prominent position. Our people turned out on donkeys, Foxcroft thoroughly enjoying the excitement.

The following day the sad news reached us of the death of H.R.H. the Prince Consort. Universal was the sorrow amongst the European population here. But a very little time before we left England last year, H.R.H. the Prince Consort gave Petherick, under the auspices of Professor Owen, an audience at Buckingham Palace, entering so kindly and warmly into the proposed African journey, looking out maps, going carefully over them, and making many valuable suggestions.

On *March 10th*, an American gentleman, Dr. Brownell, was announced, bringing with him a letter of introduction from a friend of Petherick's at Alexandria. He remained to breakfast with us, and, conversing freely, said how much he desired to travel in the interior of Africa; and finding that we were almost on the eve of starting, volunteered to accompany us. Taking his proposition into consideration, it was arranged the day following that it should be so, as botanist to the expedition, no salary to be paid, but all expenses to be defrayed. Dr. Murie was highly delighted to have a fellow-practitioner and companion, and the two gentlemen went with great vigour to their preparations.

At last, on *March 20th*, 1862, the boats were ready, and we were

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to start. When it came to the good byes, I was sad, I had been so happy in our home. The garden was visited, and particular directions were given as to the care to be bestowed on pet plants, to all of which the gardener responded by offering his head to be disposed of, if he failed in his obedience. The animals were then visited; and then Petherick, who had been receiving the adieux of his acquaintances, came to take me to the river. The servants crowded round to kiss our hands: the poor old porter, who was very weak and ill, could not rise from his *angerib* in the porch, and so I stooped low to hear his feebly whispered prayer that we might return, and I thought if we did that he would not be there to give us welcome. On we walked, accompanied by many people. Guns were firing fast and furious; the women wept and shrilled the *zachareet;* whilst my eyes would fill with tears, and I could not speak, but was saying inwardly, "Courage, courage!" and it did not fail me. The "Lady of the Nile" was reached at last. The cabins were in great disorder, and it was a relief to arrange the things. Halima was the neatest little handmaiden, and bright as a sunbeam, cheering me always. Foxcroft went with us in our *dahabyeh,* Ringa, Rechan the cook, little Achmed, and Ali the scapegrace; but he promised that we should find him the best man in our service, once away from Khartoum. There, he said, the *aracki* (spirit) flowed like water, and he was always thirsty. Two secretaries were also with us, but one was to return in a day or two with a favourite servant, Jochar, who had begged hard to remain as long as possible on board. Our crew consisted of seventeen sailors, a *reis,* and mate; and there were two women (to grind corn) with their two children, one of them my little acquaintance previously mentioned. On the deck were two four-pounder cannon; they had been purchased from the Roman Catholic mission. In the cabin were rifles, muskets, and

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fowling-pieces. Under hatches were all sorts of preserved provisions, and a vast quantity of grain, stores of every description, and clothing. There was, too, a punt gun.

In the small boat or *sandal* were sheep and poultry. The other boats were also deeply laden. One carried the two doctors, and Signor Carlo Evangelisto, an Italian—he was an elephant hunter—their servants, Fadl Allah and Cheir Allah, and a youth, Signor Carlo's attendant, several soldiers, eight sailors, *reis*, and mate or *mastamil*, and two women to grind corn. She carried also twelve donkeys. Another boat, a very fine one, conveyed a large body of soldiers, a *reis*, sailors, &c., and the women to grind corn; our horses, "Arab" and "Luxor," and two grooms (the horse "Baby" was left at Khartoum). Grain and ammunition to a considerable amount were in this *dahabyeh*. The smaller boats are called "*nuggers*;" the fourth and last boat was one; she was laden with twenty-eight donkeys, some ten soldiers were also in her, and the usual complement of sailors, with *reis* and *mastamil*.

We were on board the "Lady of the Nile" a quarter of an hour when the signal to start was given. I need not describe how great was the enthusiasm; we appeared to carry the good wishes of the crowds assembled, who ran along the banks of the river as far as practicable; whilst all on board were either attending to the ropes and sails, or firing, or playing their crude musical instruments —the *tarabooka* principally—and singing in their own wild but heart-thrilling manner; whilst the women on shore, sweethearts, wives, or mothers, following as long as they could, *zachareeting* joyously; others throwing dust over their heads, so bitterly did they feel the parting, holding their little ones on high, from time to time, to catch a last glimpse of the *aboo* or father.

This start is only a preliminary one, as all boats stop at the Point,

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as it is called, where the two rivers meet, the Blue Nile and the White Nile, two miles from Khartoum. Here the stragglers are picked up, who, having remained as long as possible with their friends, cut off the bend of the river, and proceed by land to the Point. There we were detained, all the missing ones not having come on board The confusion was distracting through the whole of the night; many of the soldiers drunk and turbulent. At dawn some of the men were brought back, whilst others were not to be found.

At noon on *March 21st* sailed again, but only as far as the trees of Mochow Bey, two grand sycamores. At sunset the three boats got off with a fair wind. We saw the doctors seated on deck, playing their flutes, and we were obliged to remain behind. There were yet four soldiers missing, amongst them Abderachman. His wives and their children unexpectedly came on board, and room was made for them on the already overcrowded deck. Poor Wangyo was sadly changed; she grieved so for her boy. She was wasted to a shadow, and could no longer nourish her baby: haggard and aged she looked.

Saturday, March 23rd.—Abderachman was brought back at sunrise. At nine a.m. we were fairly off: at this moment a negress sprang on board, and threw herself at my feet. She was one of our servants whom we left behind, but she would not remain there, and had been hiding until the last moment, when she trusted that we might relent, and permit her to accompany us. The wind blew in gusts, and the *dahabyeh* heeled over considerably; she was also drawing a quantity of water. All her sails were set; she carried fore, main, and mizzen masts. Very soon, I saw for the first time, hippopotami. The Nile here was very broad, and

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the low banks were covered with verdure, and lovely groups of the mimosa tree, looking in the distance like our English oak. To our right, but on the left bank of the river, ran a long range of hills called Wallad il Meck, or "Sons of the King." Tradition says that here two sons of a king of the Hassaneyeh tribe, but not by the same mother, fought for the succession, upon the death of their father, so long and so determinedly, that they killed each other. The river soon took a considerable bend, and the wind blew violently from the east. Passed a long island in the centre of the river, without a tree, but covered with luxuriant herbage, on which thousands of cattle were pasturing. The herdsmen were filling their water-skins while the cattle were drinking. The tribe who cultivate this island are called the Jallieen. They have a settlement on the right bank; so have the Amara, nomad Arabs; and farther on are the tribe Wallad Shooker Allah. The river was now rough, breaking in waves over the deck. Attached to the *dahabyeh*, in addition to the small boat, was a canoe laden with firewood. A cry came that she was breaking from her fastenings and filling. Sail was taken in, and the canoe was lightened and baled. The gusts of wind were frequent and severe, but the sails again were set, and we were rapidly scudding on, when in a moment the "Lady of the Nile" heeled over so alarmingly, that we were in danger. Petherick rushed to one of the cannon, dragging it to windward; the crew moved everything available, and the old boat soon righted. Again, on our left, the Wallad Moosa ("Sons of Moses") were congregated, with a quantity of cattle. A barren mountain called Djebel Auli, or "Primeval Mountain," rose, a conspicious object, on the same side of the river. Then came the settlement of the Wallad Gar il Nebbi, or "Sons of the Prophet's Neighbour," and then the Mohammadyeh. All these tribes

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cultivate both banks after the fall of the high Nile: sezam, dourra, and cotton are the produce. On our right in the distance the fine mountain called Mendera was seen. During the summer the Kababish tribe form a settlement on the plains at its foot. On the left were some five hundred brood of camels with their young; the tribe owning them are called the Batacheen. Living some distance off, they bring their cattle to the water at intervals of three or four days. An hour's sail brought us to high sand-mounds on the east, —the Goz Aboo Kelab ("Hill of the Father of Dogs"). To the west was a dangerous reef of rocks, the Aboo Haggar ("Father of Rocks"). Opposite this rock, on the west bank, a market is held every Saturday; the Kababish, who are established to the north of Kordofan, bring with them ostrich feathers and cattle, which they barter for grain. The banks here were covered with grass, and trees grew to the river's brink. At five p.m. passed the village of Gataena. Here several *sakeyehs* were at work. The water is conveyed some distance inland, where the people cultivate grain, and weekly hold a market for its sale. Women were coming down with their jars for water, and the young girls were bathing. The sun was down, and I was in the cabin lighting the lamps, when a crash, a bang, and cries startled me. I ran to the deck, and there, where I had left Petherick and the secretary seated, they were not to be found; but from the opposite side Petherick was slowly rising. A boat had come full tilt against ours, carrying bolts and ropes away, where Petherick had been, and hurling him and the secretary across the deck. Our look-out had been sleeping, and doubtless the one in the other boat also. The "Lady of the Nile" had taken in water, and the men were engaged for some hours baling her. The damage repaired, we went on with a favourable breeze. At midnight, passing swiftly a village called Wallad Shellai, our *reis*

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was hailed by the *reis* of the doctors' boat to heave to, they having met with a disaster.

Sunday 23rd.—At dawn heard the particulars of the accident. It occurred at noon the day previous. A terrific gust of wind blew; the sheet was not let go in time, and away went the mast and yard. The boat, deeply laden, staggered so that it was thought she would go down: the soldiers sprang upon the slight roof of the temporary cabin to save their clothing, when down it went with a crash. The doctors and Carlo had a narrow escape. At the moment the mast went overboard they rushed from the cabin: the *angeribs* on which they had been seated, and boxes, were broken. Soon after sunrise we left Wallad Shellai, towing the disabled boat. The donkeys were put on shore, to proceed by land to Hellat il Donâgla, where the boat was to be repaired. The wind blew hard, but we continued under canvas, and made good way. All were on the alert. When a gust comes, the man at the wheel cries out "*khales!*" which means "all clear;" those who hold the sheets reply, "*zey'l moya*" ("smooth as water"), and when the *reis* sings out "*saib*" ("let go"), the sheets are eased. On the west shore was the province of Kordofan: on the bank were large herds of cattle belonging to the Hassaneyeh. A ferry boat with ten of these people paddled towards us: some stood up, with spears in their hands. They wore a cloth round the loins, and their hair was thick, and in many plaits turned back from the forehead. A picturesque mountain, with seven or eight peaks, called Djebel Arashkol, rose on the west; groves of mimosa were at its foot. Almost in the centre of the river were three barren islands; a few stumps of lifeless trees only to be seen.

At one o'clock sailed close by the island of Shebasha, cleared for cultivation. At three p.m. passed the island of Debasi, which

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has been cultivated by an Arab from a village near Rench in Upper Egypt. His success has induced others to follow his example, and gradually the numerous islands are being prepared for agriculture. The wind was now violent: the *dahabyeh* rushing through the water, all sail being set, and the crew in high spirits, singing and playing the *tarabooka*. At five p.m. touched at an island of the Hassaneyeh: a boat was being built there by an Arab, the timber of *sont* or mimosa, and of a colour so red, that I thought it was surely painted; but it was not so, this being the natural colour of the wood. In half an hour again set sail, passing the islands Jamoos and Nogari, bared for cultivation. On the east the island Ombali, covered with brushwood and timber. Flocks of birds were flying about, and often a hippo' would raise his huge head out of the water.

At nine p.m. reached Hellat il Donâgla, where there is an arsenal. The *dahabyeh* anchored a short way off the shore; the sheep were put on land, and the soldiers and part of the crew prepared to sleep there.

Monday, March 24th.—Petherick, before sunrise, had made arrangements for a new mast and yard for the doctors' boat. From here we were to take a carpenter, two sawyers, and a blacksmith belonging to the Government, a courtesy granted by His Highness Said Pacha. These men will accompany us to the interior, and should we arrive at a navigable water, they are to build a boat to explore it. After breakfast, Petherick, accompanied by Foxcroft and Ali, were rowed to a neighbouring island, called Arkadanyeh, to shoot. Petherick brought down a fine eagle, and Foxcroft shot several beautiful light blue jays: these were to be stuffed. Doves and a few aquatic birds were an agreeable addition to the larder,

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and of the former they bagged a quantity. At midday the thermometer in the cabin, showed 102°, at sunrise I read off 65°. In the course of the day the boat with the twenty-eight donkeys came up. She, too, had met with a disaster: her large sail was rent, and one of the crew, whilst attempting to furl it, fell from the yard on to the deck, breaking his jaw and his arm. In another hour the doctors' boat, towed by the one which carried the horses, arrived. We were right glad to congratulate the gentlemen upon their escape. They soon made themselves comfortable on shore, pitching a tent, in which they located themselves. The injured man was attended to, and pronounced in a fair way to recover.

March 25th.—Early in the morning I accompanied Petherick to the island he had visited the previous day, and enjoyed the change. Another eagle was shot, also a monkey, geese, and doves. I picked up shells, principally the river-oyster and mussels. Returned to breakfast, and there in the cabin a wee gazelle I saw, bought for me by one of the crew, Faki Mahommed. It was the prettiest little thing possible, and so young it scarcely could stand. A goat was purchased to give it milk. The old Arab secretary brought for my acceptance a pair of green paroquets. I placed them in a cage, and soon found a nook for them in our overcrowded cabin. This secretary was to leave us at this point, and proceed to Khartoum on camel-back. Our men here were mustered, and received their *serkyehs*, a paper of terms of agreement, and what money they had drawn. Amongst them was Ali, who, when presented with his paper, which was of large dimensions, was made acquainted with the fact of his having received—including the debts that had been paid for him at Khartoum—money to the amount of £35, said with a look indescribably droll, folding up his paper, "*Bismillah!*

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(in the name of God) I have had more money than any of them and now I have more paper!"

March 27th.—All repairs having been effected satisfactorily—the donkeys travelling by land having arrived—we were again to make a start; and to my infinite satisfaction the Neam Neams' wives were removed to the boat in which Abderachman was. At eight a.m. the doctors' boat sailed onwards, and at ten a.m. the "Lady of the Nile" was off, the two other boats having previously started during the night.

At noon we were scudding before the wind. To the east was the territory of the Lechaween; large herds of cattle were reposing beneath the shadow of trees close to the river, and the girls were there, washing their *ferdas* and bathing; others were filling water-skins, whilst some fifty donkeys were waiting to convey them to the village some distance off. An hour's sail brought us to an island of the Bagaras: on it were flocks of sheep. The scenery was now beautifully varied, the river winding, and on the banks were forests of the mimosa; beneath these trees gazelles were bounding, whilst monkeys leaped from branch to branch.

The nebbuk, distinguished by its leaves of delicate green, stood in relief to the hitherto constant mimosa. Occasionally, trees which had died, or been partially destroyed, were clothed with luxuriant creepers, and the tendrils clung so fantastically, that often forms were presented like to our ancient castles draped in their mantles of ivy. Several islands appeared to the west, called Wallad Ibrahim: they were wooded. Large rafts, of the pithy ambage tree (light as cork), were in readiness to convey down stream the *sont* timber, so heavy that, unassisted, it will not float. Sailing

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before the wind, flew past some islands of the Shillook, and again those called the Abba were left far behind.

The sun was going down when we made fast to an island to cut herbage for the animals and firewood for our cooking. Petherick went on shore, bringing back some rare bats to enrich our collection. In an hour all were on board, and we pushed off, a few mosquitoes buzzing about, heralds of the hosts soon to come down upon us. At midnight we were roused from sleep by the announcement that a boat from Gaba Shambyl was making fast to the west bank, and that a sick person on board her desired to see Consul Petherick. Sail was immediately taken in, and the felucca or *sandal* brought round, into which stepped Petherick and two servants, all with guns. I went on deck, and gazed upon the glorious stars. The Southern Cross was low in the heavens, and I gave myself up to a happy reverie, when, after the passing away of an hour thus peacefully, rapid firing was heard, and a fear came over me. I called the *reis*, and he, too—though appearing calm—must have been anxious, as he expressed a regret that the canoe generally attached to the "Lady of the Nile" should have been made over to the doctors' boat, when in it he could have gone to make out the reason of this unusual disturbance. Whilst he spoke, I, with my heart in my ears, heard the song of the men as they pulled back the felucca, and I knew that all must be well with them. The invalid proved to be a friend of Petherick's, Monsieur Poncet, a Sardinian. He, with his brother, had tarried over the rainy season at their station, called Aboo Kooka. He was then on his way to Khartoum with ivory; he had been attacked by fever, and was very ill. Monsieur Poncet reported that the country from this to the Sobât was in a very disturbed state. The once powerful Shillooks have been scattered far and wide, hundreds sold into

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slavery, their homes destroyed, and plundered of their cattle. He said, also, that we should meet boats coming down stream laden with slaves; the traffic had become universal.

Monsieur Poncet related the sad fate of Baron Arnheim, a German, passionately devoted to the chase. Last year he had sojourned with the Kytch tribe to follow his pursuit: his companion and a servant, both Europeans, died. On his journey homewards he went on shore, a fortnight ago, accompanied by an Arab servant. Making their way through the high reeds, a buffalo sprang forth; the Baron fired and wounded him, the servant did the same, when the buffalo turned upon the Arab; the quarters were so close, and the peril of the man so great, that the Baron, having no time to re-load, attacked the beast with the butt-end of his rifle, when the buffalo, furiously charging, killed the Baron, whilst the servant escaped. Monsieur Poncet requested Petherick to take charge of two rifles, and deliver them to his brother, who remained at their station: he had brought them thus far, as the country was so very disturbed. It was the discharge of these guns which had frightened me. The "Lady of the Nile" formerly belonged to Monsieur Vaudet, Sardinian Consul at Khartoum: he was uncle of the Brothers Poncet. In 1853 Monsieur Vaudet, accompanied by his two nephews, proceeded in this *dahabyeh*, then called the "Consulate," to Gondokoro. He had formed an important expedition, and intended leaving Gondokoro to proceed across Africa to Zanzibar. Several of his men had started for the interior, the natives carrying their loads, while Monsieur Vaudet remained to superintend the disembarkation of the rest of his party. One of his men carelessly discharged his gun, wounding a negro. These people, believing it to be an intentional shot, immediately rose, and attacked all on shore. Sixteen men were killed, and poor Vaudet

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was speared as he attempted to reach the *dahabyeh*, dying instantly. His nephews were on board, the few men who were with them pushed off, and they thus escaped. The other boats and the stores would have fallen into the hands of the negroes, but that an Arab called Daoud (afterwards in Petherick's service), who was in command of the advanced party, hearing the disturbance, returned and gallantly fought his way, with his men, through the negroes, who, terrified at the deadly effect of their firearms and the presence of Daoud, fled. Daoud was regarded with awe by them: he was an excellent shot. But a short time previously he killed a lion, which had for a long time committed great devastation, carrying off child after child from the surrounding villages. It was his great delight to show what he could do with his firearms, and so he was held in high repute.

March 28th. — Soon after sunrise, came to the ford Mochada Aboo Zaet—so called from its having been crossed by Aboo Zaet, an Arab chief, who with his tribe, from Arabia, passed over, and formed a settlement to the west. The water here is usually shallow, but now, owing to last year's high Nile, it was said to be deep; however, we soon got on a reef, and there remained fast. The crew were overboard in an instant, sheets let go, men pushing and tugging to get off, when, in some fifteen minutes, their efforts were rewarded, and the *dahabyeh* floated again. Petherick pointed out whereabouts a boat of his went down in 1854. At this time passed the doctors' boat, and exchanged greetings. The wind was favourable, and we scudded swiftly on. The windings of the river were beautiful, and the islands right and left were wooded luxuriantly. In the river were trees so near, that I plucked, as we flew past them, blossoms of the ambage, like yellow butterflies. At

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noon, a raft, on which were Bagara Arabs, was paddled by them near us, and salutations exchanged. The Bagaras said that they were willing to go upon a slave hunt, and that they would bring their horses; would not Petherick come to terms with them?

THE AMBAGE.

He talked with them for a short time, and found that frequently they were so employed by traders, but that Mahommed Cheir, holding an Egyptian Government appointment, was their chief supporter. Passed many small islands uncultivated, and to the east saw a range of mountains called the Djebel Dinka. Sailing swiftly, suddenly

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the "Lady of the Nile" bumped heavily upon unseen rocks; down came baskets, and birds, and sundry papers, &c. Another severe bump, and she was off; but she had sprung a leak. The crew busily baled, and we still held our way. At four p.m. caught

PASSING THE DJEBEL DINKA MOUNTAINS.

a glimpse of Mahommed Cheir's *dahabyeh*, in company with a small steamer, both at anchor in a different channel of the river to us. At a great distance from the river, east side, rose a lofty sugar-loaf mountain called Il Mismoom.

At sunset the usual stoppage for fodder, had a little shooting, collected a lovely water-moss and some grasses, all from an island in the centre of the river. Sailed in an hour, but the wind was fast dying away; we were in the Pond, as it is called, of the two mountains, Birket il Djebelein, so still and calm is the water.

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This night, for the first time, sentries were on guard: the country is so unsettled, that at any time the negroes might surprise us.

March 29th.—Made pretty good way during the night, though we were yet in the Pond. Seated on deck, having the early cup of coffee, a hippopotamus violently struck the "Lady of the Nile;" a second time she attempted it, and we then noticed that her young one was near: it is then the females are dangerous.

THE BAGARAS HAILING THE REIS.

Saw the first tamarind trees since our departure from Khartoum. Several crocodiles were basking in the sun on a long low island. About noon saw seventy Bagaras mounted on fine black horses, hailing from the west shore the *reis*, on this occasion to offer their services as elephant hunters. Large stinging flies troubled us

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greatly. The river windings are most eccentric. The doctors' boat, which is far behind, appears at times to be coming towards us. At four p.m. sailing close to the west shore. There, in a creek, were seven slave boats made fast to the bank. Petherick hoisted the British flag, and fired; the black boats sent up the Turkish flag. He went on the upper deck with the field-glasses, and soon coming down, he said, with great emotion, "There are hundreds of slaves —men, women, and children—grouped beneath the shadow of trees, and thousands of cattle around. It is a horrible sight! They are Dinkas, I think; and there are the Bagaras, with their horses, who have been hired to hunt them down."

The country on the Dinka side of the river was desolate of human beings; the villages were quite deserted. Formerly these people would come fearlessly to the boats, and barter cattle, hides, and ivory, for beads. The wind at six p.m. was failing fast. At night, whilst we were on deck, nine boats laden with slaves passed us, going down stream; and thousands of cattle were seen at dawn being driven along the west shore. At midnight sailed past the second mountain, Djebelein.

Sunday, 30th.—Early in the morning another slave boat floated past. One poor old white-haired negro was seated in the bow, his face covered by his hands, which were clasped above his knees, his attitude eloquent of grief and despair. The other slaves were chiefly women and children huddled together. In some part of the deck straw matting, suspended to poles, afforded them protection from the sun.

The Shillook territory had now commenced on the west shore; village after village we sailed past, all deserted. The *tookuls* were neatly built; a round mud wall four feet in height forms the

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lower part of the dwelling, twelve feet in diameter; in this there is an opening for entrance a foot from the ground. The roof is of straw, arranged in a conical form. There was hardly a breath of wind, and we were but slowly creeping on; the heat was oppressive, thermometer at noon showed 110° in the shade. The river very wide, and the islands numerous, all uncultivated, coarse grass alone to be seen. At sunset landed on the west bank, sat beneath magnificent tamarind trees whilst our people collected a vast quantity of the fruit. When boiling water is poured upon a small quantity of the fruit, the drink is most refreshing and slightly purgative. The crew were now obliged to tow, four soldiers, armed, accompanying them: this was a necessary precaution, as the negroes were hostile. Obliged to make fast to the bank for the night, the men being weary.

March 31*st*.—Started at dawn, men towing. Passed an old ruined village of the Shillooks called Kaka; there were at least six hundred deserted *tookuls*. Last year the Shillooks were driven from their homes. They were an industrious people, and cultivated grain to a large extent. Kaka was a place of importance, and boats formerly touched there to take in provisions. Mahommed Cheir had formed a temporary settlement a short distance from Kaka. At noon two boats, with the Ottoman flag, and laden with slaves, came down, sailing past us. At five p.m. two more boats were advancing towards us; these Petherick stopped, and sent for the *reises* of the boats. He was anxious to hear from their lips the state of the country. They said that they were employed by Mahommed Cheir in a *razzia* against the Shillooks, assisted by six hundred mounted Bagaras. They had fallen upon a settlement of those people, who, driven from their old quarters, had established

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DESERTED SHILLOOK VILLAGE. P. 96.

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themselves farther up the river, where they had again enormous herds of cattle, and they had cultivated grain. The captives taken amounted to five hundred, and the cattle to some twelve thousand; the grain was also carried off. All the boats engaged proceed with their spoil to Mahommed Cheir's village, where the booty is divided, that man receiving two-thirds for his share. These particulars were calmly related, and when all had been told, Petherick, restraining his indignation, dismissed the informants. During the night eight rafts, laden with the stolen grain, floated down stream—the men in charge singing gaily. Anchored for the night in the centre of the river.

April 1*st*.—A slight favourable breeze. At sunrise made way for a mile or two, and then the wind changed and blew from the south. Soon compelled to make fast to the shore, the wind dead against us. Petherick, taking advantage of this detention, went on shore, gun in hand, and soon returned with wild geese and a black ibis, a beautiful bird, tinted on the wing with hues similar to those on the neck of our drake. The Egyptians esteem this a sacred bird, and therefore will not eat it. In old old times, it is said that sentence of death was passed on any one who killed, even by accident, one of these birds; for when the south winds swept the Libyan Deserts, it brought with it swarms of corn-devouring locusts. Flights of this bird, warned by its fine instinct, waited the approach of the foe which would ravage the harvest, and destroyed them; hence, the ibis is always prominent in relics of the ancient Egyptians.

At noon a fitful breeze; made way for an hour, and then the men took to the tow-line with right good-will.

The banks were studded with mimosa, sycamore, and tamarind

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trees. At the river's brink grew a low shrub called rat's tree. It bore a round blossom, of a delicate pink colour; the leaves, acacia-formed, were sensitive, and closed when touched. At sunset anchored in a bend of the river, opposite a place called Gourab il Aisch, or "Bag of Grain," so named from its productive and well cultivated soil; but it is now deserted, the owners having fled before the slave hunters.

April 2nd.—Towing at dawn: a bright morning. Suddenly the sky became darkened—a flight of myriads of small birds were on the wing, compact and dense as a heavy cloud.

Towards noon noticed that in the distance a multitude of negroes were hurrying from their homes, panic-stricken at our approach. The women carried their babes in their arms and on their hips; on their heads were large pitchers of water. Those little ones able to run kept close to their mothers, but there were no skirts to hold by, and so they often stumbled and fell. The men brought up the rear, bearing shields and lances. Our men picked up from the river's side jars, fishing-baskets, lines for catching crocodiles, paddles, and other things; some of these I induced the men to put down again.

A stiff breeze at noon; thermometer 97°. Netted many pretty bright green flies. Anchored early—the wind had failed.

April 4th.—Weary towing all yesterday. The same to-day.

April 5th.—Towing at dawn. The first boat (belonging to a trader) approached from Gondokoro. She was hailed, and her *reis* reported that our men at that place were in good health and spirits. Three months previously, Abd il Majid had quitted them with his escort, to proceed to the interior to meet the expedition of

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Captains Speke and Grant. The crew with some soldiers awaited their return. We were now in the Daenab territory. Wind against us; the heat intense. Two of the soldiers ill from ague. Petherick not well: he is fearful that this will be a tedious and trying journey. At noon the bodies of several negroes were seen; they had been shot by abominable marauders, and were lying on the west bank. Passed the old village of Mahommed Cheir. The *tookuls* were beautifully situated beneath the shade of palm and sycamore trees; only a few negroes to be seen, who fled. Towards evening made fast to the west bank, to take in the large mainsail: the north winds have ceased, and we shall have no more help from that quarter. Here we must remain till to-morrow.

Sunday, 6th.—A dull, cloudy day. At ten a.m. the wind rose and a fearful hurricane ensued; not able to leave the moorings. The storm lasted three hours, and then the wind at intervals blew in brief gusts.

April 7th.—Off very early, towing. An hour brought us to a village on the west bank. The negroes, alarmed, had gathered the cattle together, and placed them, with their women and children, behind a stockade. The men in advance were behind another; they were armed with clubs and lances. At eleven a.m. found eight dead negroes, *all shot.* Towed all day, and when the sun was down the mosquitoes came in great force. We were now in the region of these indescribable tormentors.

April 8th.—On deck at dawn, the air cold and damp. The dew is heavy night and morning. A herd of giraffes in sight—they bound off with a gait like a rocking-horse. The crew towed with right good-will. At noon the sun was burning, but still on the crew

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towed gallantly. I once called encouragingly, "*Auafi! auafi!*" ("strength to you"). Gaily they shouted, "*Aioua! aioua! om il cool!*" ("Yes, yes! mother of us all"). One of the sailors, Faki Mahommed, is a great favourite. He has been a long time in Petherick's service, is always light-hearted and active, always the first to swim with the line to the bank, and the first to plunge into the river for the game Petherick shoots from the deck. We did not know until this morning that he was married and the father of an infant son; but finding him sleeping on the bare deck, Petherick roused him, saying, "How is it, Faki, you have no mat beneath you?" He answered, "I left it and all other luxuries with my wife."

At one o'clock reached the mouth of the Sobât. On the east shore there is a deserted village; formerly a Turkish garrison was there. The Shillooks have gone to the opposite shore, where the White River is divided into several channels, and boats are not easily able to navigate them; so that these people feel more secure. The weather was now doubtful; the sky black, and forked flashes of lightning were frequent, the wind being against us. The mouth of the Sobât was wide, and of course there was a difficulty to cross it; but we rounded the entrance, and proceeding up the Sobât some distance to where the river was not so broad, preparations were made to carry the line to the opposite bank. Before this arrangement was completed the storm burst. The rain came down in torrents, the lightning flashed in every direction, and the thunder was something awful. We endeavoured to make everything as snug as possible, but the cabins were soon flooded. All our sun-loving people huddled under their mats, the goat invaded the cabin, whilst the gazelle revelled on our sofa, always her bed; Foxcroft, Halima, and the children were also with us. The cabin

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was crowded and reeking with damp; the little birds thought it was night-time, and went to sleep. For three hours the storm raged with the utmost fury. Towards sunset it abated, and the men, placing the towing-line in the felucca or small boat, pulled to the opposite bank, making it there fast. Those of the crew on board the *dahabyeh* hauled in until we had crossed the river. The men then towed from the shore, and we were again on the White River, where we anchored almost immediately, as a second storm burst, more furious than the first.

At eight p.m. dragged the anchor, the wind coming from the north, but so violent that we scudded on under bare poles. Remained on deck until a late hour, watching the lightning and listening to the dread thunder. The *reis* set a small sail, but soon a crash was heard—the yard had broken in the centre, and hung downwards on each side of the mast. Fortunately no one was injured. Anchored and waited for the dawn.

April 9th.—Before sunrise pulled to the east bank, where the yard was taken on shore for the necessary repairs. Strolled about during the day, shooting and collecting grasses and plants. One pretty tree was like the lemon, and the fruit in form and colour appeared the same, but it is poisonous.

April 10th.—Still at our moorings, the men engaged repairing the yard. The soldiers put up a target and practised firing.

Our three boats were reported in sight. We watched their coming, but it was tedious, as they were towed. A storm came on, again a dreadful one. I must get used to them, as Petherick tells me that now they will be of constant recurrence. For three hours the storm had its own way, and then the rain ceasing, we went forth to meet the doctors. My dress on shore was a petticoat of linsey, short,

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a loose cloth jacket, large hat, and great leather boots up to the knee, it being impossible to walk in high grass unless thus protected, as the mosquitoes lurk everywhere. We found the doctors well, but they had lost a sailor; he died from natural causes. He was an experienced man, and had accompanied the Turkish expedition up the White River in 1842.

April 11*th*.—Started at sunrise, all four boats being towed; they looked anything but ship-shape, every article of clothing, bedding, &c., being hung out to dry. The rain has ruined many things, and the constant leakage has caused sad havoc amongst the provisions. A quantity of biscuit and onions were thrown overboard, six fowls and several pigeons were dead, and a sheep was found drowned in the small boat. The towing was excellent during the day, and the boats kept well up together. One of the dragomen approached some of the Shillooks who were hiding, and told them to have no fear—that we would do them no harm; and, gaining confidence, they said that before the sun was down they would approach the boats, and hold converse with the *benj* or chief, otherwise Petherick.

The boat made fast to the west shore, near a village; a crowd of Shillooks advanced, all with their lances. Six of the negroes, leaving their companions, came near the boat, seating themselves on the ground. They were very tall, slim men, unclothed, with the exception of the chief, who wore a piece of calico round his loins.

Petherick left the boat, unarmed, accompanied by the dragoman and one servant, who carried a panther-skin, and placing it on the ground, Petherick seated himself, and the conference began. Gradually the circle of listeners grew larger—all negroes, as our men had been told to keep back, for fear they might intimidate the Shillooks, who were very distrustful. They said that their *meck*,

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or king, was at a village near, and if we would wait until the morning, he perhaps might come down. They complained bitterly of the wrongs inflicted upon them—that they were robbed of their women, children, and cattle, and that they were hunted from settlement to settlement. Petherick said that he would do his utmost to prevent such outrages, and then the visit terminated.

In the evening we went to the doctors' boat, and found them comfortably settled and well content were it not for the mosquitoes. Their *reis* presented me with a goat, as it was the first time I had visited his boat. This is called *diafa*—the "stranger's due."

April 12th.—A large body of Shillooks came to the bank, and seated themselves as before; but as the *meck* was not with them, and as a fair breeze sprang up, the boat sailed at once.

The river was of great breadth, and the boats were running almost abreast. The drums were beaten and every one seemed happy; but very soon the mainyard gave way. Still the "Lady of the Nile" held on with a small storm-sail improvised by Petherick in lieu of the large lateen. At one p.m. sailed past the mouth of the river Giraffe to the east. Soon the White Nile took a great bend to the west. The wind failed. Towed until sunset. The river was now narrow and very deep. The men held a bivouac on shore, which they partially cleared of the long damp grass; they then made large fires to keep away the mosquitoes, and supped grandly off some wild fowl which Petherick had shot.

Sunday, 13th.—Three of the boats got off at an early hour, the "Lady of the Nile" remaining for repairs to the yard.

The secretary Wa'd Jusuf came with a written prayer, compiled from the Koran, which he begged might be nailed to the

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yard's end, believing that our disasters arose from its not having been placed there before: his request was complied with. At my desire he gave a copy of the prayer: Petherick translated it as follows:

"We recommend ourselves to God, and whoever doeth this, He careth for him, for God is almighty and merciful.

"In the name of the One God, the Eternal, neither born, nor multiplying, neither related to any one; in Thy name, great God, we exhort Thy mercy in the night of power, so anxiously expected, that blessed night, more valuable than a thousand months, when angels will descend with the Holy Spirit, and bestow salvation on all who love Thee before the day hath even dawned.

"In Thy name, O God the Almighty, if the earth quakes and destroys man and his works, and ruins mankind and his treasures, a warning day giveth notice of it, that our God, when men are prepared and trembling for judgment, may award evil unto him who hath committed evil, and return good unto him who hath deserved it.

"In Thy name, O God of the faith, do not try us, but bestow on us Thy grace, and enrich us with Thy blessing. Amen."

The morning damp, cold, and cloudy. Petherick went out early to shoot, with one attendant. It is of the utmost importance that we should be careful of the preserved provisions, as we all understand that this will be a protracted journey. At noon Petherick had not returned. I was becoming uneasy, and became still more so when his servant came back without him. I could hardly be made to understand that he was well. Halima, who could interpret my imperfect Arabic, soon quieted my fears; and then Foxcroft, who had been on shore, came forward (he had become learned in the language) and explained that Petherick, meeting some of the

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Jangaes, the tribe in this locality, had established with them friendly feelings; and that they, desiring beads, would barter ivory. Petherick remained fearlessly with them, whilst the attendant in advance came to assort the goods. Soon Petherick approached in the midst of his nude and new-made friends. These men were armed with lances. Their bodies were covered with a powder, which they obtain from the ashes of wood fires, which, when cold, they roll themselves in; some had the hair stained red, and others had it covered with a coating of greyish clay, elongated at the nape of the neck. One tall youth, the chief's son, wore with an air of satisfaction a pair of garters. The Jangaes seated themselves on the bank, forming a semicircle, Petherick fronting them. Our men advanced with baskets of beads, &c., and the negroes, with great coyness, put down a small ivory tusk. The pipe of peace was smoked, and then a busy hum commenced. Three tusks were bartered for beads, lance and hatchet-heads. The chief gave Petherick a goat, requesting that he would spit in the hand of his son, expressing a belief that if he did so his son would be enabled to throw a spear with power. Petherick cordially did so amid the acclamations of the tribe, and the youth received the congratulations of all.

Tuesday, 15*th*.—Yesterday towing. There are now no banks on which the crew can tow the line, so a new system of towing is commenced—the "round robin." The line is placed in the *sandal*, one end of it being attached to the "Lady of the Nile;" the small boat is then rowed onwards to the extent of the line, when it is securely fastened to the reeds; the men in the boat rest on their oars, whilst those on board the *dahabyeh* propel the "Lady of the Nile" by hauling in, walking round and round the deck as they do so, leaving the line in a coil, and this, when the

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sandal approaches, is thrown into it; then the small boat goes on, as before, in advance to the reeds; and, in due time, the weary hauling-in process again commences. Able to communicate with the doctors. They suffer, as we do, indescribably from mosquitoes and large stinging flies, not unlike a horse-fly, but larger: no clothing is stout enough to afford protection from their painful attacks; and as to the donkeys, they in their agonies from the common foe attempt to throw themselves overboard.

April 16*th*.—Still towing, the crew making great efforts to reach the Bahar il Gazal. It is now a week since we left the Sobât. Petherick from that river has on previous journeys reached the lake in one day. Few birds seen; there are swarms of dragon-flies. The usual anchor at sunset.

April 17*th*.—A breeze at sunrise. Vast quantities of floating plants were carried down stream; they looked so compact that it appeared as if a green field had launched itself into the river. An hour's sail brought us to the entrance of the Bahar il Gazal, which was then free of reeds, and the stream was running with force. With much interest I looked towards the lake, which had been explored by Petherick, and listened to many an anecdote of his adventures when so engaged. This *dahabyeh* was the one he sailed in, but the *reis* was not the same.

When Petherick had been for upwards of a week in the Bahar il Gazal, and not discovering an outlet, and unable to land in consequence of the density of reeds, the *reis* one day entered the cabin, and declared his intention of turning the helm and returning to the entrance of the lake. For a short time Petherick expostulated with him; but finding that kind words were of no avail, and that

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the sailors, who were crowded together on deck, also showed signs of insubordination and approbation of the *reis's* intentions, who then proceeded on deck to give his commands, Petherick followed with a rifle in hand in time to hear the *reis* bid the mate put about; but ere he could do so, Petherick determinedly said, "If the boat's head be changed from her onward course, I 'll shoot the man at the helm." Again the *reis* issued his commands; but the click of the lock and the fixed purpose in the Consul's face brought him to his senses. The boat went on, and in a few moments the penitent *reis* demanded pardon and kissed the hands of his master.

The river now took an abrupt winding to the south-east; the banks could only be seen from the mast, as the reeds were of great height and advanced far into the river. The breeze having failed, the round-robin towing was resumed.

April 18*th*.—Still towing; hippopotami numerous; also mosquitoes. Very little distance had been accomplished before sunset.

April 19*th*.—A repetition of yesterday's weary work, some wind, but against us. The Nouaer territory on both shores. No villages seen, and it is impossible to land on account of the reeds.

Sunday, 20*th*.—A favourable breeze at sunrise, which lasted two hours.

A touching incident occurred at sunset. Seated as usual in front of our cabin on deck, our pet sailor and retriever-general lingered as he passed to take his turn at the helm.

"What is it?" said my husband.

"Consul, you are more a father to me than the one who begot me. My first earnings I owe to you, and I wish to die in your

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service. When you went to your home I went to mine at Dongola, and did as you did—I married; but, unlike you, I was obliged to leave my wife and babe behind, when I heard of your return and hastened to rejoin you. You well know the contempt that in my country is felt towards a woman that leaves her home with her husband; and as your influence is great, I pray you, if it should please God to grant us a safe return, to write a letter to the Governor of Dongola, that he may order my wife to join me at Khartoum. By obeying this command no disgrace would be attached to her; we shall then live near you, and I pray God never to leave your service."

April 21st.—The close of our generally peaceful Sabbath was a terrible one. Yesterday, an hour before the setting of the sun, the crew effected a landing on the west bank, and gaily towed, the shore being free for a mile or more. The reeds again became an impediment, and the crew returned to the "Lady of the Nile;" nearly all had reached the boat, when a cry was heard. I followed Petherick to the upper deck, to ascertain the cause. A group of men had gathered there: they were talking eagerly to Petherick and pointing to the river. The *reis* and two or three were pushing off in the felucca, and calling "*Wallad il Faki! Wallad il Faki!*" lifting the reeds as they did so. I knew at once that there our favourite sailor was in peril. No answering shout was heard, but in a few moments a wail burst from a boy, who was kneeling at the stern, a near relative of Faki; the cry was echoed by all on board; and a youth who had been with Faki, and who, like himself, had plunged into the river to gain the *dahabyeh*, threw himself on the neck of the mourner, weeping. He told that Faki, within a stroke of the boat, had been seized by a crocodile and carried under water.

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I cannot bear to dwell upon this sad episode, or the melancholy search, long continued for the poor body.

This day has been wet and cold, and we all feel very miserable. Came up with the first two boats, and found that Signor Carlo had been on board one of them (not his own boat); when searching for a box, the wind had risen and they sailed with him. He came to the "Lady of the Nile" in a very wretched plight. He had been some days on board without a change of linen, and no bedding. The Doctor's boat was far behind, in which he had sailed from Khartoum.

April 22nd.—A breeze at dawn, lasting only an hour, and towing was then resumed. A long straggling village of the Nouaers was just visible on the east shore. At noon a terrific storm burst, obliging us to make fast to the reeds for three hours, when it abated. The wind then blew from the north, and good way was made until sunset, when it failed. Birds are now rarely seen, and fears are entertained that the preserved provisions must be broken into.

April 23rd.—Showers all day; the sun not once visible. An inventory was taken of poor Faki's possessions. At Gondokoro they are to be sold for the benefit of his young son and widow, and Petherick made a provision for them in the shape of a monthly allowance, to be paid by his agent at Khartoum.

April 24th.—A wet day; heavy thunder-storms. The cold is intense.

April 25th.—Enabled to land before breakfast. The bank was covered with a variety of trees, lovely creeping plants; and in the

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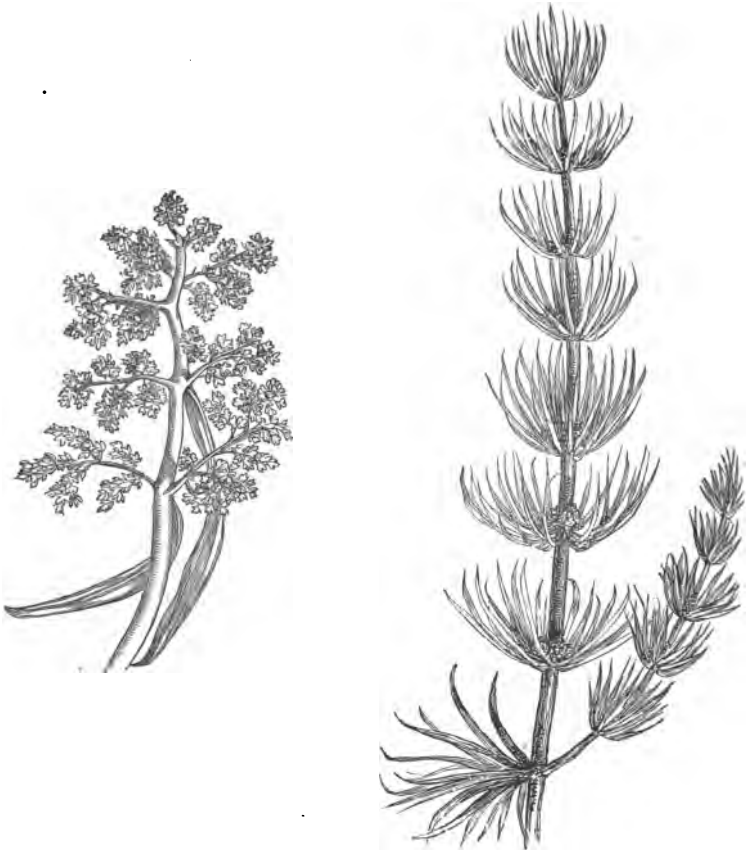
clear water waved beautiful mosses, some of which were pulled up for me to sketch. Shot doves and an ibis. The wind favourable



MOSSES, SKETCHED APRIL 25TH.

for two hours. An enormous crocodile seen, that Petherick vainly attempted to shoot.

April 26th.—Rain steadily coming down, towing disconsolately, the men dispirited. We find constant employment, and will not

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suffer our minds to dwell upon the probability of this being a long and wearying voyage. Halima and Achmed had a great fight: he had assisted himself to some of her sewing cotton, a liberty which she indignantly resented; the passionate girl nearly succeeded in throwing him overboard.

Sunday, 27th.—Towing. Some of our men visited a village of the Nouaers called Lak, to endeavour to barter with them for a bullock, but they would not.

April 28th.—A breeze in the morning; at noon towing. Passed another Nouaer village called Ityong: the natives shy, but conversed with the dragoman. They had large herds of cattle, but would not sell even a single head. They said that last year three of their chiefs had been murdered when visiting the boat of a trader.

The sun was setting when a boat from Gondokoro approached: her *reis* came on board. These river greetings are so pleasant. He gave good news of our people, all of whom were well and on the best terms with the negroes. The men from Petherick's station at the Neambara had brought down ivory to Gondokoro, had placed it in our boats, awaiting Captains Speke and Grant, and then returned.

Tuesday, 29th.—A boat coming down stream. The *reis* hailed ours to stop, and Carlo went on board of her. She was a boat belonging to the Roman Catholic missionaries from the station, Santa Croce, farther up the river. An invalid monk was on board, on his way to Khartoum: three of his companions had died since they left that place last December. We soon went on, again towing. Heavy storms during the day. Most of our men have bad

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colds and coughs; one in particular, who, having little faith in the ordinary treatment, gave himself into the barber's hands, who, with a razor, was about to cut off his tonsils, which, he said, "were of no use in the man's throat!" This was prevented by Petherick. On another occasion, one of the crew accidentally bruised his instep. He appeared one day with his foot bleeding profusely. Inquiring the cause, he replied that he had cut it with a razor in three places, as that was the best way to cure the bruise. His foot is now in a sad state and he is unable to use it.

Another sprite of a man—"Blondin" we call him—made a complaint that one of his shoulders had slipped lower down than the other, and unless the Consul could pull it up again for him, he could not work. Petherick called for a hammer and a long nail, and placing the man in proper position, prepared to raise the arm. A light dawning suddenly on Blondin, that the nail was to be employed in fastening his arm in its place, he declared he was better, and we soon saw him with the towing-line in hand.

The evening was calm and cloudless, and the new moon was visible, fine as a silver thread. A pretty custom is here observed; it brings our people nearer to us: when the crescent in the sky is seen—and those who catch the first glimpse are deemed fortunate—they all come up to kiss our hands and pray that God may grant us a happy month.

Ali had a petition to make for pardon: it was granted. A few days ago, he, when cleaning my fowling-piece, accidentally let off one of the barrels: the charge passed through the cabin side, through a tin can containing flour, breaking also some bottles that were on the same shelf, the glass cutting my arm and the flour powdering my hair. Petherick's rage was great, and it was only the gratitude he felt for a life spared that prevented him from

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thrashing "Ali the Careless;" but he put him on half-pay. Now, when Ali begged forgiveness, it was that he might be regarded once more as a faithful servant, expressing no wish for the withdrawal of the interdict placed on his wages; but Petherick called for the secretary, and gave him orders to restore Ali to his former footing on the list. The men were highly pleased, and for the first time since poor Faki's death, the *tarabooka* was beaten, and a new verse was improvised and added to the already very long one they sing in praise of the Consul Inglese.

April 30*th*.—A welcome breeze favoured us until noon. The river took a westerly winding. Passed an important village of the Nouaer, called Radyan. About the village were groups of the delaeb palm trees *(Borassus Æthiopum)*, with their golden fruit large and round; not pleasant, however, to eat.

Floating islands of herbage shooting past, some often entangling the *dahabyeh*, and the reeds from both banks extended far into the river. It was impossible to bring the boat to the shore; and as there was no firewood on board, there was no dinner. And at sunset the rain came down in torrents; but it failed to damp our spirits or to drown the mosquitoes.

May 1*st*.—A slight favourable breeze at dawn; it soon died away. Ere the sun was well up an opening in the reeds was discovered; it had evidently been cleared by the negroes for the purpose of fishing. This was taken advantage of, and a landing effected.

Petherick and Carlo went off to shoot for a breakfast, whilst I, to have two strings to the bow, threw out a fishing-line, and caught several delicately tinted fish, like mackerel. I proudly set my dainty dish before the famished hunters on their return. They

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had not seen a bird or animal. A quantity of fish were netted. We do our best to encourage the men to be careful of their provisions, and seeing that we can be "Mark Tapleys" over a dinner of beans or lentils, they are more provident of their dried meat. Foxcroft, Achmed, and Ringa angle with great perseverance; the fish they attempt to dry. Towed until sunset.

May 2nd.— Rain incessant during the night, and the cabin was deluged, everything damp. Towing all day; towards evening a short space on the east shore was free of reeds, and on it we landed to give the gazelle and goat a little run. Signor Carlo and a soldier, within fifty yards of the *dahabyeh*, were surprised by buffaloes rising from the high grass. Carlo had with him his heavy rifle, and fired, hitting a buffalo; the herd rushed off, the wounded beast separating from them. Carlo tracked a considerable distance, for the animal was bleeding; but darkness came on, and with it a storm, and the disappointed hunter was, with his companion, compelled to return.

The locality upon a former occasion had proved an eventful one for Carlo, and he told the following, subsequently inserted by my husband in the "Field," No. 563, which I am kindly permitted to reprint:

"With his elder brother Theodor, and thirty-two Arabs, in the service of the Brothers Poncet (nephews of M. Vaudet, Sardinian Proconsul for the Soudan, who, some years ago, with sixteen of his men, had been massacred by the Barris, near Gondokoro), he proceeded in the year 1859 to the Bahar il Gazal, for the purpose of hunting elephants and to barter tusks. On their arrival in the Raik territory, Carlo, with the awkward squad, was left in charge

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of the boat, whilst the cream of the party went on an excursion in quest of elephants.

"During their absence, the young adventurer, anxious to try his strength on higher game than ducks and geese, induced nine of the men to join him, of whom the *reis* (captain) of the boat alone knew how to load or fire a gun. Falling in with an old elephant's track, with more ardour than experience they followed it until nightfall, and bivouacked with as little preparation as the animal they had been following. Hunger and sore limbs induced them at break of day to retrace their steps, and a hot sun and long march did not contribute to the equanimity of their tempers, when, in the course of the afternoon, they were met by a party of negroes, who, in a manner more imperative than entreating, requested them to kill a lion who had committed sad havoc amongst their cattle.

"Of two evils they chose possibly the least, and, in lieu of an affray with the negroes, prepared to brave the lion, and, with as good a mien as the by no means easy circumstances would permit, they followed their conductors, to his lair. Waited on without detention, the first shot fired by the *reis* whizzed over him, and, quick as thought, three bounds brought the lion within a few yards of our hero, whom negroes and Arabs had as quickly deserted. Spellbound, hunter and lion, motionless, gazed at each other. The instant seemed an age, and terminated by the lion slinking off, when Carlo accelerated his pace by a dangerous shot in his hind quarters. Following him up, he put two more shots in his sides, and so thoroughly disabled him that the negroes, who had reappeared, with wild shouts and manœuvres indescribable, went in, and with their lances destroyed both the lion's life and skin, so that the tail alone remained uninjured, for a trophy.

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"Some time afterwards, on their way across the country to Akaba Shambyl, the whole party were indebted entirely to the hunters for their support; and when about half-way across the isthmus formed by the Bahar il Gazal and White River, a herd of elephants were discovered in jungle. A few shots dispersed them, and Carlo, with three men, followed the track of one, who, badly wounded, led them to an open plain. Here the elephant, a heavy tusker, chose to fight it out, and accepting the challenge, the hunters, walking boldly up, fired a volley at forty yards. The again wounded and now furious animal charged them instantly, and the party, dividing into pairs, had to run for safety. At their utmost speed, the elephant kept pace, and Carlo's companion, being nearly exhausted, abandoned his heavy rifle; a little farther, and the man, thoroughly beaten, threw himself behind the shelter of an ant-hill, and fortunately escaped. Carlo, still hotly pursued, strained every sinew to its utmost, and bounded over treacherous creeping plants, brambles, crevices, and uneven ground, that opposed his onward course. His best efforts seemed of no avail; he feared to cast a look behind, but felt that his huge pursuer was gaining on him. His breath became thick, his chest seemed closing around the lungs, and a dreaminess coming over him, he was conscious only of falling, unable to recover himself, and destitute of a thought for safety. The elephant also evidently ran his best, sometimes with his trunk stretched after his flying enemy, at others using it to pick up stones, bits of earth, and dust, to throw at him. A cloud of the latter probably prevented his seeing the fallen hunter, whom scanty herbage but barely sufficed to cover. Passing him unnoticed, the baffled animal stopped, and raised his trunk perpendicularly, to catch his scent; but fortunately the slight breeze came from a direction

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opposite to where the worn-out and senseless young man lay. Shrieking with pain and rage, the maddened and disappointed animal elevated his huge ears and strained his senses to their utmost, but in vain; and, loth to leave the spot, he lingered until driven off by several hunters hurrying after him to the relief of Carlo. A night's rest produced opposite results on our hero and the elephant: the latter was found dead, but the young hunter, full of the usual vigour of his age, was again himself.

"Pursuing their journey, and in the precincts of Akaba Shambyl, it having been an unusually dry season, the party suffered greatly from thirst, and eight of their negro porters had died from that cause. Carlo, his elder brother, and the younger Poncet, with five Arab servants, in this extremity, with a mule and a few empty skins, pushed forward to supply the exhausted party with water from the river—although but some three miles distant, yet beyond the strength of the exhausted men to reach. After refreshing themselves, and when in the act of filling the vessels, several unfriendly Nouaers, hovering suspiciously around, suddenly dashed at them, and, hurling their clubs with vexatious precision, followed up their villanous attack with lances. A discharge of buckshot brought two of the offenders for an instant to the ground and wounded several others; the punished negroes determined on a retreat, and, seeing that pursuit was not attempted, they assisted their wounded to decamp as best they could, without further injury. No time was to be lost, as doubtless the beaten negroes would return in greater numbers; therefore, with as much dispatch as might be, they that same night rejoined their drooping comrades. Relieved by the small supply of water, but probably more so by the fact—now beyond a doubt—that they were so near to the river, the weary party with renewed vigour again set forth,

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and reached its welcome bank with hearty rejoicings and congratulations.

"In the abandonment that followed, when life, but a short time since despaired of, seemed now to smile upon them calm and bright, like the rays of the joyous sun upon the unrippled current that glided stealthily away, groups of negroes in the distance warned them to be on their guard, as mischief, perhaps, might be attempted. They seemed to multiply by enchantment; and as rapidly as was the increase to their numbers, so regularly and determinedly did the undaunted savages surround them on every quarter. Hemmed in on the river's side, our party seized their arms and prepared for defence; whilst, beyond the range of their firearms, the enemy remained obstinately stationary, and seemed to threaten a siege. Night brought no change, and, driven forth by hunger, on the following day a part of them went in quest of game. The besiegers, on their approach, gave way, and took good care to keep out of the reach of harm. Under such circumstances, unprovided with grain or provisions of any kind, nourishment for the numerous party was indeed difficult to obtain, and during fifteen days (the term of this state of things) most cruel were their sufferings. A boat appointed to meet them afforded, although tardy, yet most welcome relief, and fortunate was deemed the termination of this unhappy expedition."

May 3rd.—The rain continued all night. Towing until sunset. Passed a village of the Nouaer called Gowaer.

Sunday, 4th.—No firewood, and unable to land. Still towing.

May 5th.—A repetition of yesterday's weary progress. Broke up a case for firewood, and cooked some of the dried fish. We

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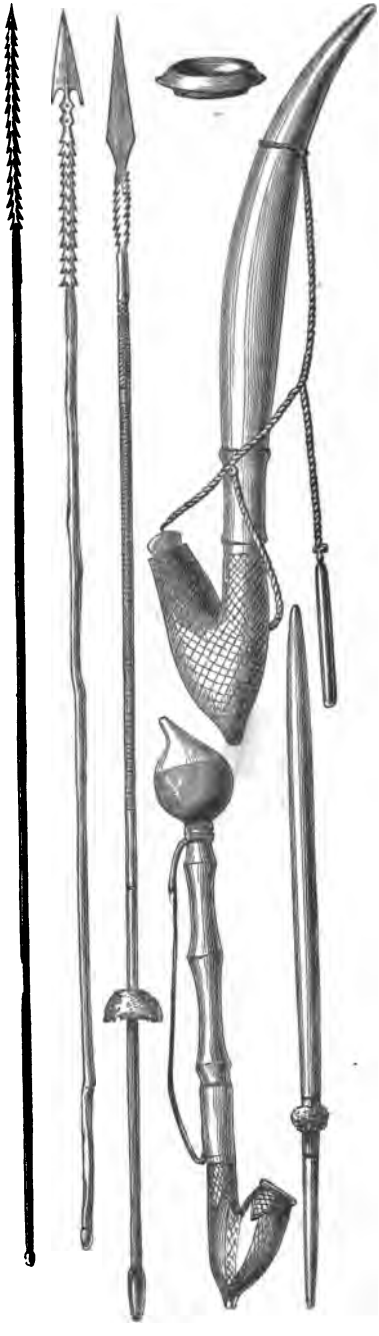
had but two sheep left from our Khartoum stock, and it was deemed prudent to keep them as long as possible. We always had with our meals, bread which had been made, at our home in the Soudan, into small cakes well baked; and now, impossible to eat unless previously soaked in water, it kept very well when not exposed to the damp atmosphere. The store of onions was fast diminishing; a loss likely to be keenly felt by our servants. The cases of dainties, such as arrowroot, sago, oatmeal, brandy, port wine, and raspberry vinegar, were only to be opened when any of us were ill. The doctors had similar cases given to them, also little luxuries in the way of preserves, sugar, and wines, which were to be carefully used. We had many tins of biscuits from Crosse and Blackwell, soups, &c.; these also were to be opened only in a case of extreme emergency.



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May 6th. — Reached at noon a long-looked-for and desired haven—two important Nouaer villages, called Aliab; it was hoped that there the larder might be replenished, as the negroes were reported to be friendly.

These villages were some distance from the west bank. The *tookuls*, numerous and far apart, solitary delaeb palms, and sycamore trees made picturesque this settlement. The space from the river to the villages was low and marshy, and the tracks of the hippopotami and buffalo rendered walking difficult; but Petherick was on shore in a moment with his gun, hoping to bag a few birds. Presently the two chiefs of their respective villages, attended by their body-guard, came down to the "Lady of the Nile:" all of them carried clubs and lances. One chief, with hair dyed red, which stood in confusion wild from his forehead, wore a blue calico robe. This he carefully tucked under his arms when he seated himself. Necklaces of beads and copper bracelets adorned him. He carried a pipe with a capacious bowl; the tube is hollowed, one and a half inches in diameter: it is crammed with thin fibres of bark, like coarse hemp, which, when thoroughly saturated with nicotine, is greedily chewed by the men and married women. As a mark of respect and friendship, the quid is passed from one to another. His face was wrinkled and his eyes were small and twinkling.

The other chief was very tall and thin, and he seemed an aged man. He wore a panther-skin in front of his body, which was suspended by the tail round his neck. His hair was also red, and he was decorated with many bead necklaces. On one arm he wore seven bright copper rings; on the other a massive ivory one, beautifully polished; but I doubted if he could easily have removed it, as it seemed to compass tightly his muscular arm. These men had four of the lower front teeth extracted, as this is considered a mark

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of caste. The suite were tall, high-shouldered, spare men: their bodies were covered with ashes. The style of dressing the hair was varied: some had it plastered with a coating of mud, elongated at the nape of the neck; others had this paste without the point; some allowed the hair in its natural state to be seen; whilst others resorted to the artifical colouring. They were all ugly, and when walking turned the foot inwards, whilst they ran with incredible swiftness. Our men, in the absence of Petherick, said that they required firewood; three of the negroes raced to the village to get some, returning rapidly with it, which they bartered for beads.

A wife of the chief of the blue robe soon arrived, accompanied by one of the wives of the old chief. Her hair was short, curling naturally, and it was unstained. She carried her clothing on her arm—a goat-skin; but when seated on deck, she fastened this in front of her; a small *rachat* of grass was worn round her loins, copper bracelets on the arms, and beads on the neck. She was young and good-looking. Her companion wore a long grass *rachat* from the loins, descending half-way to the knee. Her figure was fine and supple. Petherick was now in sight, banging away at the birds, his attendants picking them up as they fell; the negro visitors sat silently watching the success which generally followed the discharge of his gun. Ere he could reach the boat, a magnificently formed young woman stepped on board, the second wife of the chief who wore the panther-skin; she brought to her husband his pipe. Her dress was simply a straw *rachat* descending from the waist to the knees; beads hung in profusion round her neck, completely covering her bosom; many iron bracelets, brightly polished, encircled her arms, and similar adornments were worn round the ankles. Her hair was in short crisp curls, which clung closely to her well-shaped head. She tormented and made jealous her husband

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by talking and laughing with the soldiers and crew. Petherick's conference with the chief was long-continued; he had many grievances to relate. He seemed an avaricious man, being solicitous for presents. During the intervals which ensued between the conversation, vast quantities of tobacco were smoked — puff, puff for five minutes, and then a word; fully two hours were thus wasted.

It was decided that here we should await the arrival of the boats. A bullock was purchased and slaughtered; our people constructed little tents of their *ferdas* or scarfs, under which to sleep; large fires were kindled, and preparations for a *fantasie* were quickly made. I strolled out with Petherick before sunset, and on our return the scene was animated in the extreme. Ali the Careless, always the first to promote gaiety, was beating *tarabooka*, and, with a chorus to support him, was singing a very pretty air in praise of the gazelle (not my own particular gazelle, but a song of the country).

May 7th.—Last night the two wives of the old chief wished to come on board the "Lady of the Nile," saying that they had no food to eat; but the *reis* would not listen to them; therefore they remained on shore as near as possible to the *dahabyeh*. Their children were with them. At dawn the chief Shotbyl came to seek his young wives and to entreat that Petherick would judge between them. The women cried loudly and declared their intention never more to return to their home. A kind of court was held on board, and the wives were first summoned, and they most positively swore that they had not food sufficient, and that their husband was harsh and cruel. The old chief sat silent; but the second chief spoke indignantly, "It is not true; these women are bad. Look at them —do they appear starved? No, their hands are always in the dish with his; but they are weary of him, and seek a divorce. They

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also teach their children to rebel against him." Others gave testimony to the same effect; Petherick therefore decided that the women should at once return home. They refused to do so, and threw themselves on the deck, screaming and kicking; two or three of our men lifted them up and carried them on shore, when immediately they ran off in an opposite direction to their village. Their amazed children did not follow, but the old chief pursued one wife, whilst a friend ran after the other. Shotbyl soon fell, the ground was uneven; when he rose, he threw off his panther-skin, laid down his lance, and, with club only in hand, raced again after his wife, who had stood for a moment to laugh loudly at the old man's discomfiture. The younger wife was soon caught by the friends: she seemed heartily pleased to have excited so much attention.

A bullock and goats were bought—the Nouaers were exorbitant in their demands.

The mosquitoes are terrible in their attacks. At night we can have no light in the cabins, and we are compelled to sit enveloped in smoke from smouldering wood to keep them off—this remedy is painful to the eyes.

May 8th.—At daybreak a cry was heard that the "Lady of the Nile" was fast filling. The *reis* on diving discovered three leakages. All of us baled, and the cargo was flung on shore. Many packages were ruined; and the sun would not shine forth to brighten our difficulties. Saw for the first time the lotus plant.

Friday, May 9th.—Wind and rain at intervals. The negroes on shore remain near the *dahabyeh,* and are solicitous for presents.

It is Petherick's birthday, and we cannot be joyous—all things tend to depress us. The *reis* expresses his doubts as to our onward progress; wind and current are against it.

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May 10*th*.—A severe storm; quick blinding rain; no fires could be kept alight.

Sunday, 11*th*.—Again a serious leak; more damage to the stores. Game is abundant, and so we live luxuriously, and are enabled to preserve the fresh-killed meat by drying it, and salting a small portion. The boats can be seen; the sun shines again, and all are gay. My gazelle on shore, with its nurse the goat, was chased by a dog. I watched with painful anxiety the little pet as the dog neared him, but one of our men instantly fired, killing the cur. The gazelle madly raced until, nearing the *dahabyeh*, he with one amazing bound reached the deck, when, rushing to the extreme end of the cabins, the poor little thing fell exhausted; a long time elapsed ere I could coax it from its retreat.

Several women carrying wood for sale came to the boat: in their upper lip a straw some three inches in length was inserted, one end of which passed through a bead; a similar decoration was worn in lieu of an ear-ring. The older women wore a leather apron, whilst the younger had a *rachat* of straw round their loins, like a kilt. Before the sun was down, as we walked towards the village we saw with great delight the boats approaching; but the river was winding and they were still a long way off.

May 12*th*.—At a very early hour, when all but the watchmen were sleeping, two boats from Gondokoro came floating down the river. They were hailed by the *reis* to make fast, as Petherick was anxious to hear if tidings had been received of the Speke expedition. One of the boats stayed her onward course and remained close to ours; the other made fast a mile or two beyond her consort.

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When the sun was up, a young trader, A——, came on board the "Lady of the Nile." He had not heard of the travellers, Captains Speke and Grant. He said our men were well, and at Gondokoro when he left. His ivory station was beyond the cataracts of Gondokoro, some six days' journey from that place. He described the country as very beautiful and healthy. He remained on board a short time, gave me a living armadillo, and then continued his journey to Khartoum, his people making the usual *fantasie* when leaving, firing and beating drums.

Some onions having been promised to us from the boat that lay farther down the stream, our small boat was sent to fetch them. On its return, and the departure, under sail, of the boat in question, to our indignation and astonishment we learnt that she was crammed with slaves.

During the day the doctors' boat arrived. Both gentlemen were ill, and Dr. Brownell was confined to his *angerib*. He had exposed himself for many hours to the sun whilst following buffaloes (two of which he shot), and he was then suffering from a severe bilious attack. Before sunset the two other boats came up, and our party was once again united.

The donkeys were landed: one died a week ago, and they were all looking miserably thin. The horses "Arab" and "Luxor" were in splendid condition, and the old groom, Hadje Ali, was delighted because his care of them was warmly acknowledged.

The scene was gay. Large fires were lighted; tents quickly improvised, and preparations for supper on an extensive scale were commenced. Our people were joyous: at times the *tarabookas* were beaten; then came a burst of song. The liberated animals contributed largely to the Babel of confusion, and the fowls, uncaged, cackled and crowed continuously. The moon rose bright,

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the invalids declared themselves better, and for a few hours pleasure reigned supreme.

May 13*th*.—The boats were unladen, and the grain exposed to the sun. It is now evident how seriously the stores have diminished; the leakages and the rains have ruined so many things.

As more towing-lines were required, our men, accompanied by a

body of negroes, started off at an early hour to cut the leaves of the delaeb palm, returning at noon; and all are busy, first beating the leaves violently with stones until the fibre alone remains, which is then twisted into rope. We rode out, the horses seeming to enjoy the exercise as much as we did. Petherick shot some ibises. Three bullocks were slaughtered, and, cut into strips, were hung in the rigging to dry. The doctors still indisposed. The sunset glorious, giving promise of a bright to-morrow. On the river-side I culled some pretty white flowers with delicate green leaves.

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May 14*th*.—A lovely day; all hands working gaily. Everything goes well when the sun shines; when obscured and the atmosphere is heavy, these people are depressed and morose. Dr. Murie is better; but Dr. Brownell is very ill, and he will not permit his brother practitioner to prescribe for him, refusing medicine, &c. Petherick sees him much changed; but he would listen to no advice, saying that in the Brazils he had been similarly attacked, and that he cured himself.

May 15*th*.—Another beautiful day. Dr. Murie reports that Dr. Brownell is a little better. At an early hour the small boat was sent down stream to an island on which firewood could be procured, two or three soldiers accompanying the crew, and Foxcroft with his gun, hoping to bag a few birds. All took their dinners with them, as they did not expect to return until a little before sunset.

At noon a favourable wind; and as one boat was prepared to start, she did so at once. The sun had long gone down, and the felucca not having come back, we felt an uneasiness. At nine p.m. a gun was discharged apparently some distance off, then another, and another. From our *dahabyeh* a volley was fired, and lanterns were placed in the rigging. Preparations were made for the "Lady of the Nile" to float down stream to seek the missing ones. Presently the sound of their voices was borne by the wind to us, and soon she neared. Foxcroft, springing on board, shouted,

"It is all right, sir! but we have had a narrow escape from a hippopotamus. We left the island about four o'clock, and soon observed that a hippo' was following us. For a long time we were on our guard, and were prepared to pepper him; but when the sun was nearly down, and the hippo' had done us no mischief, we forgot

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him. It was getting dark, and I was sleepy; and, sitting down in the bottom of the boat, I was fast going off, when I saw the great head of a hippo', with the jaws wide open: the upper one came down on the gunwale, banging it violently and upsetting the soldier Zein, who was standing up, into the river; but he soon scrambled back again into the boat. We then all fired, and the hippo' made off; and I never care to go in the felucca any more!" Zein, a fine tall Arab, came forward, and confirmed Foxcroft's statement.

May 16*th*.—The few days' rest had refreshed our men, and they cheerfully made preparations for towing us onwards. Dr. Murie, as we were starting at an early hour, came to bid good bye, and to say that Dr. Brownell, he believed, was a little better; that he had passed a tolerable night; and that he too, Dr. Murie, felt stronger. Their boat and its consort will leave together, as one boat is obliged to tow the other; and as ropes are not quite ready, it is possible they will not start before to-morrow. Signor Carlo returned to the "Lady of the Nile:" during the indisposition of the medical gentlemen the cabin was too confined for three. He offered to brew for us a pleasant beverage from dates which we brought from Khartoum. Three or four hands-full of these are placed in a *burmah* full of water and allowed to ferment, then a little powdered ginger is added to it, and strained; it is drinkable in twenty-four hours. These *burmahs* are made of clay, moulded into form by the hand—some of them are really elegantly-shaped jars—and then baked until they become hard. No date palms were to be seen, but the delaeb palm is frequently to be met with: the fruit is lovely to look at—golden-coloured, and as large as a pine-apple; the fragrance is similar; but the flavour is insipid, and the fruit is very fibrous and stringy. The stem of this tree is slender as the date

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palm, except where it swells gradually in the middle, decreasing in the same manner as it approaches the top, whence the leaves spring. A light favourable breeze served us for two hours, then came a dead calm and great heat. The round-robin towing resumed. The papyrus was here universal.

At noon came up to the boat with the horses, and took her in tow. At sunset made fast to a bank—the first moderately high one we had seen. Fine herbage was here, so the horses were landed. We strolled about, but the space free of reeds was not more than half an acre in extent. The cactus shrub was a conspicuous object, standing at least sixteen feet in height, but it was not in flower. There were also a variety of beautiful grasses. The men lighted great fires, and as they stood or reclined on the ant-hills, the effect was picturesque: sometimes enveloped in smoke; again, when it rolled away, they showed in fine relief, waving indolently their papyrus fans—a single branch—to keep off those mosquitoes that are not suffocated by the smoke.

May 17th.—It is discovered that our consort boat, *reis* Sur Katti's, requires slight repairs, and it is probable we may remain here all the day. Went on shore at dawn with Petherick, and climbed an ant-hill. These hills are the natural watch-towers of the negroes; without that eminence they would often find it difficult to discern their strayed cattle; in a time of danger, also, a negro can from its summit warn his tribe by waving his lance in a peculiar manner. A solitary ibis was shot. I plucked from the uscher shrub many ripe and bursting pods: the flower is of a delicate peach and white hue, and has a wax-like appearance; the pod contained a mass of silky-looking fibre, and with it were seeds somewhat similar to those in the cotton-pod: when ripe, it bursts

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and scatters far and near its flimsy contents. I fancied that some use might be made of its substance, and on our return to the "Lady of the Nile," after carefully picking the seeds from the delicate fibre, I commenced to spin it, using the crude reel of the country, and out of one pod produced four yards of something like thread or wool; but the silky appearance was gone, and there was no strength in the twist.

A great disturbance had taken place on board: one of the soldiers had missed from his bag some dates, and he accused his companions of stealing them; a fight was about to come off, but the secretary proposed, that, if guiltless, each in turn should swear upon the Koran, and prove his innocence. All did so; but as the women were not called (they are always exempt) it rested with them. I entertained my own opinion that Halima was the culprit. She was very careful not to leave the cabins all day.

We expected that at this point a Nouaer and his wife would have joined us. They were to have accompanied us yesterday; but we sailed rather suddenly, and the promise to take the fugitives on board was for the time forgotten. Still the distance across country from the spot we had left was trifling. The Nouaer was in trouble. He had killed a man of his own tribe, and the relations of the murdered man constantly pursued him, to take his life. A vendetta fierce as in Corsica is held amongst these negroes. The chiefs were powerless to protect him, and they had entreated Petherick to remove him from his village. The particulars of the murder, as given by one of the chiefs to Petherick, are these: The fugitive had a little plot of ground, which he cultivated. The cattle of his neighbour constantly trespassed upon it; time after time he had driven them off his land, and he often expostulated with the owner, who only laughed at him. This brought on angry words, and then came

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angry blows, when the club of the negro, who sought Petherick's protection, dexterously thrown, killed his neighbour.

Sunday, May 18th.—We were now occasionally going before the wind, the river winding in the most eccentric way; this winding is called by the Arab navigators "*gourzet il kellab,*" ("the turning of the dogs"). At times we are sailing due north, then south, the doctors' boat appearing at times close to us, but in reality by river a long way off, and sailing in an opposite direction.

May 19th.—A warm, stifling air. Towing up to tall dense reeds, twenty feet high out of water, filled with mosquitoes. The creeping plants are various and lovely; they hang in graceful festoons among the reeds. We notice a delicately tinted buff convolvulus, and then appears a bright yellow one with leaves of the darkest green, and anon is one great favourite of the marsh-mallow hue. Many gorgeous butterflies alight on the rigging; these are speedily netted by the boy Achmed and Foxcroft. Still more convolvuli, some flowers of which I snatched from the reeds. A large white poppy (like one, but it withers while I hold it); a deep purple one too, and from a large grass island, which Ringa checks as it comes quickly floating past, he plucks a little flower like our forget-me-not. Oh! how dear it is, bringing to our hearts remembrances of home!

During the noontide heat—and it was intense—the *reis* entered our cabin, saying that three boats with the English flag were coming down the river. Can we ever forget the delight of that moment? We felt so sure that the travellers Captains Speke and Grant were on board. Up went our flags, and Petherick, forgetting his precept to the men never to waste powder, commenced the firing, those on board the approaching boats returning the salute. Though still some distance off, they were recognized as ours. Rechan came for

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orders to prepare a feast, whilst Signor Carlo and Foxcroft opened cases to bring forward wine and many little luxuries which were held in reserve for the expected travellers. The soldiers and sailors quickly arrayed themselves in holiday attire, after casting anchor in the river: the banks were inaccessible. The *tarabookas* were beaten right joyously, whilst I with Halima made gay the cabins, giving them a festal appearance, when suddenly it was remembered that we had ill tidings to communicate to Captain Grant, and our joy was subdued.

Before leaving England, a letter was entrusted to Petherick by a sister of Captain Grant, to deliver at a fitting opportunity to him. This letter contained news of the fatal accident which befell a brother of Captain Grant when tiger-hunting in India. In my care was a letter for Captain Speke from his mother, to acquaint him with the marriage of a sister of his, and a request that when it was delivered we should drink to the health of the young couple. And so our hearts were troubled how best to break the sad news and to give the good. The coming boats anchored, and the agents and the *reises* were soon on board, but not the travellers so ardently looked for. When Abd il Majid advanced to Petherick, he received from him a greeting little anticipated, as he had disobeyed instructions. His mission was to travel southwards, after reinforcing himself at Petherick's station at the Neambara or Wayo, five days' journey west of Gondokoro; from thence to continue his journeying south until he met with the Speke expedition. The boats were to remain at Gondokoro with supplies for the travellers.

Abd il Majid entreated a patient hearing. He said that upon his arrival at Gondokoro from Khartoum, in December, 1861, he disembarked, leaving the boats amply furnished with grain, &c., there to await his return, or the advent of Captain Speke. At the

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Neambara or Wayo he was seriously ill and unable to proceed. In consequence he made over his mission to the agent at that place, a trustworthy man, named Mussad. Mussad, well supported, made seventeen daily marches south to a place called Wanja, in Rakoa. A frightful famine was raging in this district, and for some days Mussad and his men subsisted only upon roots and gourds. His followers refused to proceed, and reluctantly he was compelled to return. Of the Speke expedition he had heard no tidings, but he was told that an immense sheet of water was but four days' short marches from Wanja.

Whilst Petherick on deck was taking note of this statement, I received a visit from a negress called Toto; she had lived in Petherick's service several years. As one of the bread-makers, she left Khartoum, in November, with the boats which sailed for Gondokoro. Her child was in her arms. I remarked that the little one was much changed. She said the babe was ill and cold. I soon ran up a flannel shirt for the nude infant. Whilst thus employed, tearfully looking towards me, she said, "Oh, *sitté!* (madam), Abd il Majid is a bad man. He made us all promise not to tell, but I must. There are slaves in his boat. He did not think that he would meet the Consul, and when your boats appeared in sight he concealed them all."

She said no more, but kissing my hands as I dressed her child, withdrew. Unwilling to disturb Petherick, who was deeply engaged with his agents on deck, and mistrusting my imperfect knowledge of Arabic, I called for Ringa and Halima. From being constantly near me, they better understood me; to them I explained the purport of Toto's remarks. Ringa went at once to the boat of Abd il Majid, alongside of the "Lady of the Nile." He soon returned, and, alas! to confirm Toto's assertion—*slaves were there.*

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Unable to keep even for a short time this dreadful intelligence from Petherick, I went on deck and asked him to refrain expressing his surprise; for those about us, though not understanding a word of English, are quick to read countenances. Averting my face from Abd il Majid's evil eyes, I said, "That man has brought down slaves, and they are in his boat." "Impossible! are you sure?" was Petherick's rejoinder. But a glance at my troubled face convinced him there was truth in the information I had received. He followed me into the cabin, and I told him all. He begged me to be patient, and to disarm suspicion he would continue his conference with Abd il Majid a short time longer. And so he returned on deck, and after chatting some moments more, he proposed to accompany Abd il Majid to his boat, to see in what condition she was. Anxiously I watched Petherick step on board the boat alongside, closely followed by Abd il Majid, who appeared gay and unconcerned; he was speaking of two cheetahs or panthers on board one of the other boats which he had brought, and made a proposition to visit these animals. I could hear Petherick's assent, "*Badaen*" ("by-and-bye"), and for a short time he remained on deck, examining the cordage and speaking freely to all. He then went below—oh, what a time it seemed to me that he there remained! At last he came up, Abd il Majid still with him. I saw from his face, pale with anger, that he had made a discovery; but calmly he said to the *reis*, "Take down your flag" (our dear English Union Jack). When it was within reach of Petherick, he seized it, and rolling it into a ball, flung it on board the "Lady of the Nile," crying passionately, "Never more shall it be disgraced by floating o'er this boat again."

Then calling for a pair of handcuffs, he said to the livid-looking and abject Abd il Majid, "Hold forth your hands." He did so without the least resistance, and Petherick placed upon them the fetters.

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And now from below stepped up one by one the discovered slaves (but slaves, thank God! no longer), giddy from excess of light, emerging from the dark hold, staggering as they were led to the "Lady of the Nile." With outstretched hands I received them—young girls and little children. Halima, radiant with delight, spoke words of welcome. I had only tears.

When all (some eighteen in number) were on board the "Lady of the Nile," I heard Petherick's voice sternly commanding Abd il Majid to retire to the place vacated by the unfortunates; and I fear that he gave an impetus, not gentle, to assist the unworthy agent to descend. Petherick, coming on board, said as he passed me towards the remotest cabin, "Do not speak to me just yet; this is a bitter and great trial. I must be alone." And respecting his great sorrow, I was patient.

I had now leisure to observe our unexpected visitors. Amongst them were fine, beautiful girls, from twelve to fifteen years. These girls were delicately formed, tall, slender, and supple. The head, small, was well placed on the neck, the hair in short curls, the skin black, the teeth white, and the lips, not too thick, of a brilliant red colour. These girls wore short petticoats of dark blue calico, necklaces of beads, and copper anklets—these last in lavish profusion—all the property of Petherick, which had been entrusted for legitimate barter to his agents. There was one old woman only, about thirty years of age—but in this African land they soon become decrepit and ugly; some little girls, very, very young, and a few boys. One mite of a child would not be appeased, but kept always crying for his mother.

At last this eventful day came to a close, and, wearied and depressed, repose was sought.

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May 20th.—The boats were still together; no landing could be effected. Petherick had now a difficult task to perform—to investigate who had, and who had not, joined Abd il Majid in this nefarious traffic.

It seems that Abd il Majid awaited at the Neambara the return of Mussad from his southward expedition, and then proceeded with him to Gondokoro. There he found that three Khartoum traders were on the eve of a slave and cattle *razzia*. These men asked Abd il Majid to join them. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and feeling convinced that, as the season had far advanced, there was but little possibility of meeting Petherick, and thus be discovered, he consented.

Ten only of his men accompanied Abd il Majid. The traders were the young Maltese whom we had met lower down the river, the Circassian, Kurschid Aga, and one Arab.

The villages selected to despoil were those in the immediate neighbourhood of Gondokoro. Three hundred and fifty-one of the negroes were captured, and three thousand head of cattle.

The Maltese and Kurschid Aga each received one hundred and thirty slaves and a thousand head of cattle. To the Arab fell the remainder. The spoil was divided according to the force each principal brought into the field. Abd il Majid had already disposed of some of his negroes, so Petherick rescued but eighteen from the boats.

The depositions were duly taken, many witnesses coming forward, and papers were seized as vouchers of the above transactions. These will be sent to Khartoum, where Abd il Majid is to be handed over to his Government; those relative to the Maltese to be forwarded to Cairo, whither also he will be conveyed, at the request of Petherick, for an investigation there to be made by the British authorities.

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The *reis* and secretary of Abd il Majid's boat at Khartoum will receive their dismissal from Petherick's service on account of their participation in this disgraceful affair. The *reis* made a full confession, asking pardon. He said that when the slaves were brought down to the boat, he refused to admit them; but Abd il Majid said that he alone would be responsible should the circumstance ever reach the ears of the Consul, but which was not at all likely to be the case.

There was a trifling quantity of powder only on board, so Abd il Majid coolly bartered reserve muskets to the Maltese, for the necessary powder and shot, to enable him to join the slave-hunting party, fully prepared.

During the day the doctors' boat, with its consort, was slowly advancing in the windings of the river, and we hoped that they might arrive in time to enable the doctors to dine with us at sunset, and I made preparations accordingly. At four p.m. their canoe was reported approaching, but with neither of the gentlemen in her. We instantly had a painful misgiving that all was not well with them. Fadl Allah, one of their servants, came on board and handed a note to Petherick from Dr. Murie. It conveyed the mournful intelligence of the death of Dr. Clarence Brownell—he had expired but two hours previously. The canoe was sent back to return with Murie, who was grieving deeply. Dr. Brownell's death was sudden at last: only a few hours before the end came was he aware of its approach. His complaint, at first a bilious attack, terminated in gastric fever. As the news of his death spread from boat to boat, a great gloom settled upon all therein; and the usually noisy men paid their tribute of respect to the departed by the silence they so strictly observed.

Soon after sunset the signal to start was given, and the little

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fleet of seven boats towed onwards, its mission known to every heart—a spot of ground was to be sought where poor Brownell might be laid. Reeds and water alone to be seen, and it was not until ten o'clock p.m. that land could be approached on the east shore.

We remained with the Doctor on deck until midnight. He had another painful circumstance to relate which occurred the day of our departure from the Aliab, on the 16th of May, the doctors' boat and consort having there remained, as the repairs necessary had not been completed.

Just before the "Lady of the Nile" left the Aliab, a boat belonging to a Syrian merchant at Khartoum, and on her way thither, moored near ours; she had come from Akaba Shambyl. Mutual good wishes having been exchanged, we went our way, and the homeward-bound boat, hers; but only a little way did she proceed down stream, as reported by Dr. Murie. The Nouaers whom we had left, having full confidence in Consul Petherick's party, had during the whole of our stay continued their usual avocations of fishing, and of crossing in their canoes to the east bank, swimming their cattle, whence a short march led them to a place called Gouaer, where grain was bartered for the cattle, the Nouaers returning ere sunset with the corn, the women always accompanying their husbands. Frequently we heard them singing as they returned with the highly-prized grain. On the evening of the day we left the Aliab, these people were as usual returning to their homes, when they were surprised by the men of the boat bound for Khartoum, who had remained in ambush for the return of the villagers to capture them. Unsuspectingly the Nouaers approached the river, when the Khartoumers surrounded them. The negroes fought valiantly for a time; but having only clubs and lances, they were

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soon overpowered by the firearmed Arabs. Many were shot, and the captured, amounting to fifty-three, were driven to the boat, our friend the chief of the blue robe amongst the number; but he was afterwards liberated, whilst his wives were carried off prisoners.

Were it not for the confidence which the Nouaers had in our party, the position of those who still remained at the Aliab would have been one of danger. The cargo of the two boats there was, for the most part, on the shore, and the tribe might have taken advantage of this. But no. When made acquainted with the capture of their relatives, they with one voice cried, "The Consul is just: we will follow him, and tell of our wrongs;" and so Dr. Murie wrote a note to Petherick, to acquaint him with the outrage; and a negro, attaching it to his lance, went off with it, hoping to come up with the "Lady of the Nile" where she anchored for the night.

The chief gave to Dr. Murie a small tusk of ivory, for him to present to Petherick as a token of his good faith in him.

The fugitive Nouaer and his wife, who were to have accompanied us, were then on board the doctors' boat, they having missed the "Lady of the Nile" when she left the Aliab.

May 21*st*.—At dawn, preparations were made for the burial of poor Dr. Brownell on the east shore, which was to take place at noon. The grave was dug in a deserted ant-hill, several feet high, near to the river. The grave was wide and fully four feet deep. At the bottom of this was dug a receptacle large enough only to contain the corpse.

At noon precisely the shrouded body was carried on an *angerib* to the grave, followed by Petherick, Dr. Murie, Signor Carlo, Foxcroft, and most of the soldiers and crews. The burial service

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of our Church was read by Petherick; I could hear his voice ever and again, as I sat weeping in our darkened cabin. When the body was lowered into the grave, a quantity of sticks were closely and carefully placed over the smaller aperture, so that when the earth was thrown into the large grave, it could not penetrate the small chamber which formed the coffin.

On the summit of the high mound shells were placed, also a tin plate, on which was painted the name of "Dr. Clarence Brownell." This the deceased had brought with him from the United States: it had been on his house door when there in practice of his profession. When the arrangements were completed, a volley was fired over the grave, and silently and sadly all returned to the boats.

At two o'clock one of the most severe storms we have experienced burst forth, lasting three hours. Dr. Murie removed to the large *dahabyeh* which had come down from Gondokoro, as it was necessary she should return thither, and in her the Doctor would be more comfortable.

May 22nd.—Sunshine and showers alternately. An inventory taken of poor Brownell's effects; his money, watch, and a few articles not perishable packed up to be forwarded to the American Consular Agent at Khartoum by one of the return boats. An inventory was taken of his clothes, &c., &c.; these to be sold amongst our people when a fitting opportunity presents itself, and the proceeds to be handed to the American agent, Petherick holding himself responsible for the value of the same.

One of the boats needed repairs; her yard during a storm had parted in the centre, and hung down on each side of the mast. Upon examination, it was found to have been perforated by insects: thus, whilst the outside appeared perfect, the inside was rotten.

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May 23rd.—Still at this sad place; the weather cold and wet. Petherick invited Mussaad, his agent at the Neambara, to take coffee in our cabin; he was accompanied by a fine boy, a Neam Neam, who with Ringa, also a Neam Neam, soon fraternized. This boy, Mackraka, had been entrusted to Mussaad by a Neam Neam chief, to accompany him to his station, where the boy could learn the Arabic language, so that he might hereafter be useful to his tribe as interpreter. With this chief Mussaad had entered into a solemn pledge of friendship: a vein in the arm of each having been opened, they respectively sucked the blood; thus was their compact sealed.

Mussaad said that the Neam Neams were a friendly people, and fair to deal with, bringing their ivory freely, and not, as other negro tribes, wasting days to barter a few tusks.

May 24th.—In the course of the day Sur Katti's boat, with the horses, sailed. The wind fresh and fair. Some of the negroes brought down by Abd il Majid were in her.

The Arab secretaries not having completed the reports destined for the Governor-General of the Soudan at Khartoum, accusing the Syrian merchant's men of their attack on the Nouaer on the 16th, and detailed statements of the guilt of Abd il Majid, it was necessary to detain for another day the sailing of the Khartoum-bound boats.

Petherick also wrote a voluminous despatch to Her Majesty's Government, under flying seal to Her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Alexandria.

After giving every particular that had come to his knowledge with reference to the slave trade, enclosing evidence of Arab witnesses, and expressing confidence that during the onward journey

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he should be enabled to collect and supply still more particulars, he hoped that a becoming example would be made of the accused. With regard to the state of trade and the country, I venture to give the following extract of my husband's official correspondence:

"In a word, legal commerce from Khartoum to Gondokoro is at an end—such a thing as trading with the natives is out of the question: they are prepared for flight or fight according to the density of population, and circumstances. Suspicious in a high degree, they cunningly watch the passing boats, and, when they see more than one, fear a descent on them; but on the other hand, opportunity serving, they attack and murder boats' crews." The latter circumstance took place a few months ago in the Shillook territory, when the principal and crew of a boat that was moored to the shore, conscious of no aggression, and dispensing with a guard at night, were surprised, and with their lives paid for their misplaced confidence.

Another dreadful storm.

Sunday, 25th.—Wet, cold, and wretched. A boat from Gondokoro; no tidings of the travellers. Three of our boats sailed in the afternoon for Khartoum; Abd il Majid still in irons on board one of them. The "Lady of the Nile" made a good start about the same time; also Dr. Murie's *dahabyeh*, into which Signor Carlo had removed. She carried twenty-six additional soldiers—those from Gondokoro, who were now to return, and eight of the freed negroes. The wind did not last many hours. The river again winding: we seemed to be perpetually meeting the boats that had sailed before us, but we were, of course, still following them.

May 26th.—At an early hour met the *dahabyeh* of Monsieur de

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Pryssenaire, a Belgian, and Monsieur Bartholemy, a Frenchman. They had left Khartoum a week previous to ourselves for Gondokoro, but were now returning, having failed to reach that place. They almost dishearten us, but we shall go on. They had experienced some unpleasantness in the Shyr territory, the negroes having attacked them without provocation. After an hour's conversation we proceeded. A light breeze springing up, before sunset we came up to the boats; anchored for the night in the centre of the stream. Heard with deep regret that Toto's little child was dead. A slight accident having happened to the yard of the *dahabyeh's* consort, she remained in her company; whilst the "Lady of the Nile," as the breeze was still favourable, continued her course to join Sur Katti's boat. At eight p.m., the wind having died away, anchored in the centre of the river.

At midnight roused from sleep by the *reis*, who announced that the "Lady of the Nile" was filling fast. Hurrying on deck, we found it was indeed too true: the water was almost flush with the deck; not an instant was to be lost.

Hushing the screaming women and children, I set them to work to bale with all kinds of vessels, whilst I held the lantern. The felucca was sent off with a few of the crew to discover a bit of *terra firma* where the cargo might be discharged, and soon, to our inexpressible relief, the men shouted that it was found. They quickly pulled back, and towed the "Lady of the Nile" to the desired spot. Meanwhile, I was a beacon to the mosquitoes: only partially dressed —head, hands, and arms uncovered—I suffered tortures. The oars were placed out upon the long damp grass, and on these boxes and saturated packages were thrown. I was carried on shore, and there, with Halima and one guard, remained a considerable time, until the leak was discovered and staunched.

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The moonless night was not so dark, as myriads of stars were visible—the lovely Southern Cross in front, and, looking round, the Pointers were to be seen—but not our own North Star. It was beneath the horizon, and we wished it a long good bye.

It was such a relief to be calm and quiet and apart from the turmoil on and near the "Lady of the Nile." A serene and grateful feeling filled my heart. There was a bird in a sycamore close by, whose "qua, qua!" seemed questioning my intrusion. Occasionally a hippopotamus would snort. Then there were many talkative, and I think they must have been *shrewish*, frogs, such a noisy conversation was kept up in different tones. A lantern had been placed in a tree some little distance off, and to this bats were constantly flying, and large moths were attracted, and the insects held a noisy revel; so that, by-and-bye, the place I had imagined a solitude became animated and full of sound.

In the distance the voices of the men would rise cheerily as they dragged some heavy package on shore in answer to Petherick's encouraging directions; then perpetually fell the water from the baling-pails, splashing again to its element.

In the course of two hours I was allowed to return to the boat, and then had a brief time of most refreshing repose ere morning dawned.

A rat, it was supposed, had occasioned the mishap, by scratching away the tow that had stopped a previous leak.

May 27th.—A glorious sunrise: the sky, golden and purple, gave promise of a beautiful day. The leak having been stopped, the baggage was removed back again to the "Lady of the Nile," as there was no possibility of its being dried amongst the damp long grass. The loss sustained was now evident: provisions,

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thing, even the gunpowder in tin cases, all were saturated; but
e grain, it was sad indeed to see the state that was in. I must
t dwell upon this disaster; the sun shines, and we must all to
rk whilst its bright rays last. At noon a light breeze; went on
ily before it, all of us busy drying stores and clothing.

At two p.m. a sudden storm found us totally unprepared for it.
ae sails defied our men to furl them, and flapped wildly; the
usts of wind were terrific. The scattered clothes were hastily
ollected and thrown into the cabin, and eventually we were
bliged to make fast to the reeds. In an hour the gale mode-
ated, when we again sailed, scudding before it. Observed several
egroes on the east bank, who hailed us to stop—amongst them
ecognized the old Nouaer chief of the panther-skin—and we did
o. When, unaccompanied, the old man stepped on board and
prostrated himself at Petherick's feet, he was worn and haggard,
nd for a time could not utter a word, big tears rolling down his
heeks. Petherick, ordering the old man's pipe to be filled, told
him to smoke, and then to state what had brought him so far
from his home. Ever since our departure from the Aliab on May
16th, he, with eleven men, had been following us, to acquaint
Petherick with the wrongs inflicted upon him on that day by the
men of the Syrian merchant's boat. Three days and nights he had
remained in the woods near to where he had been recognized by our
people, and a watch had been always kept that the "Lady of the
Nile" might not pass unobserved. He begged that Petherick
would tell our great Sultan (for so our Queen is called) how they
were outraged, as he believes that it is in her power to redress their
wrongs. The poor old chief had to mourn the loss of several of
his kindred amongst those kidnapped on the 16th; one of the
nearest a daughter. Presently three of his attendants came on

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board. For the first time I witnessed the spitting salutation, but this they did in their own hands, waving them at the same time towards Petherick: it is only the chief who is privileged to spit direct in the hand or face of the one he would honour. I gave Shotbyl (for so was the chief called) a string of the large pigeon-egged bead, resembling opal, and, through the interpreter, expressed my sympathy for him and his; my husband, also, taking his hand, assured him that previous to his request he had reported his hard fate to his Government, and, although it was far, far away, he had no doubt but that eventually relief would come, and punishment would overtake the guilty. His reply, through the same medium, I give: "Your words will ever sound in my ears, they are pleasant, as they console." Petherick ordered them a good supper; and at sunset they retired to the wood, to return, as they said, in the morning.

May 28th.—At dawn Shotbyl came down, and entreated Petherick to remain a little longer, as it was his wish to bring to Petherick another important chief of the Nouaers, who had also grievances to relate. The promise to remain until noon was given, and Shotbyl went off to seek his friend. We determined to give the fowls and animals a little liberty—the gazelle and his nurse—but we had our sheep only remaining, and these were sent on shore.

Wood Ali, a hunter, and the corporal of the soldiers, started immediately when this resolve was made, in search of game. We attempted a stroll, but the ground was so marshy and treacherous that we occasionally sank to our knees in a morass; and so we returned to the "Lady of the Nile" (where the drying process was being carried on), and we got our lines and commenced fishing.

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The river at this place was not wide, but it was very deep, and the current strong. We noticed that several negroes were standing on the west shore with empty baskets on their heads; and, unobserved before, a canoe, paddled by one negro, started from the reeds near to us, and crossed the river to them. Arrived at the bank, several stepped in the canoe; but by some misadventure it was upset, and the negroes scrambled back to the shore. We could hear distinctly the reproaches heaped on the unfortunate ferryman. Some of our men rowed the small boat across, and offered their services to the negroes to ferry them over: reluctantly at first, one or two only ventured, their friends, some thirty or more, looking on; but seeing that they were safely landed on the east bank, they were ready when the boat returned to avail themselves of it. By this time the canoe was righted, and the whole party came over in safety, singing gaily. They were bound for a two days' march in the interior, where their cattle, which the men were swimming over, would be bartered for grain. Most of the women gratified their curiosity by visiting me. I find that all the negroes pity me, because I have a white skin; even Halima sometimes exclaims, "Oh! if you were only black, you would be '*summach,*'" that means "nice."

At three p.m. our pot hunters had not returned, neither had Shotbyl; and another storm came on: they increase in intensity, these storms, always accompanied, now, by lightning and thunder.

At five o'clock, the rain and wind abating, we grow anxious about the missing ones; and a cannon is carried on shore, and fired at intervals of fifteen minutes, hoping that the sound may guide the two hunters back to the boat. Night came on and still they had not returned. Our fears for their safety were great—to search for them in the darkness would have been impossible. The yard was

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lowered, and on it were suspended lanterns as beacon lights. When it was raised again, prayers from all ascended for the safety of those absent ones. The doctors' boat, still in the distance with its consort, sent lights up quickly; and as firing was heard from them, we imagined they might think we were in distress, for our cannon still boomed, and we could see from their approaching light that, contrary to custom at that hour, they were towing. The felucca was dispatched to meet them, as there was a chance that the missing men might have gained these boats.

Shortly after midnight the small boat was returning, and we could hear the gay song of the men; and feeling that all was right, I left the deck, and ere my eyes were closed in sleep, the hunters were on board. They had, in pursuit of game, lost their way. When overtaken by the storm, they had made for the river, where they fell in with the doctor's *dahabyeh;* and knowing the anxiety their absence would cause, the crew willingly towed until the felucca was met.

Thursday, 29th.—A bright morning, and a light favourable breeze, so made a good start, not waiting for the chiefs who were yesterday expected.

Had sailed but half an hour, when shouting from the west bank was heard, and Shotbyl with many negroes were seen gesticulating wildly. Sail was taken in, and the felucca was sent off to the shore, Shotbyl and another chief returning in her with a few negro attendants, one bearing a small elephant's tusk, as a present to Petherick from the chief Kon-dit. This man was very tall and thin. He wore a few beads and a panther's skin, and was quite abject in his prostrations, which is not usual with the negro chiefs. He is considered powerful, and rules over a large district called Fankong. A bullock

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was on shore, also a present from him, and our men speedily slaughtered it.

Kon-dit said that there was a feud between some traders and himself. These traders have stations in different parts of the country. Kon-dit admitted that he had often harassed them, and they retaliated. He plundered the Kytch of their cattle; and the Kytch, in conjunction with the traders, plundered him. He said, "I am afraid to meet the traders. They are brown men, that go on their knees several times a day, and now and then press their heads on the ground. They are bad men, and steal our children to make slaves of them." He now wished for peace, and requested that the Consul would be a mediator for him. The promise given, Petherick was anxious to be off, as the breeze was tempting. The small boat having returned with the bullock cut up, the interview terminated, and with assurances of good faith, we again sailed after pulling the chiefs on shore.

Towing in the afternoon. As the crew were conveying the rope to the reeds, a portion of a large fish was drifting past them; they seized it and brought it on board. Blood was still flowing from it: a crocodile must have snapped it in two but a few moments before. Petherick measured it; the girth round the shoulders was two feet and a half.

Four boats sailed swiftly down stream; time only to exchange a few words, "All well?"

The new moon seen: she was due last night, but the atmosphere was too thick to observe her. A repetition of the good wishes usual on the occasion; the men had a grand supper, and their hilarity was infectious.

Friday, May 30th.—The two boats came up during the night;

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the wind had favoured them. A capital start before sunrise. Halima fell overboard whilst washing a water-bottle or *goolah:* she was swiftly carried down stream; but a sailor, plunging after her, rescued her. I was more disconcerted than the girl. A hurricane at noon; the water rose in heavy waves against the stems of our boats, and obliged us to make fast to the reeds. Torrents of rain and contrary wind during the day and night.

May 31*st.*—A dull, damp, miserable morning. The river very wide, and the reeds more dense than ever; on the east shore a magnificent row of the delaeb palms far from the bank; beyond these trees are villages of the Nouaers, on the banks of the Bahr il Giraffe. Towing all day; anchored at sunset. The men of the different boats paid each other visits; all were gay, and the *tarabookas* were beaten until midnight. Here there was a great bend in the river.

Sunday, June 1*st.*—A favourable breeze; but the river winds so provokingly that we often lose it. Two of our men ill from dysentery. At four o'clock p.m. able to land on the east shore: wood is required, and here it was in abundance, so the men cut down great loads. We walked a considerable distance through the high grass, tumbling occasionally in the hidden tracks of the hippos'. The boy Achmed is now very expert with the butterfly-net: he comes with a radiant face when successful; he is quite enthusiastic in the chase for insects, &c. We returned to the "Lady of the Nile" when the sun was going down, thoroughly tired, it is now so rare that ground can be found whereon to walk. It is pleasant to be welcomed back by your servants. Halima was there in a clean frock, a scarlet handkerchief round her head, and with smiles, I was ushered into

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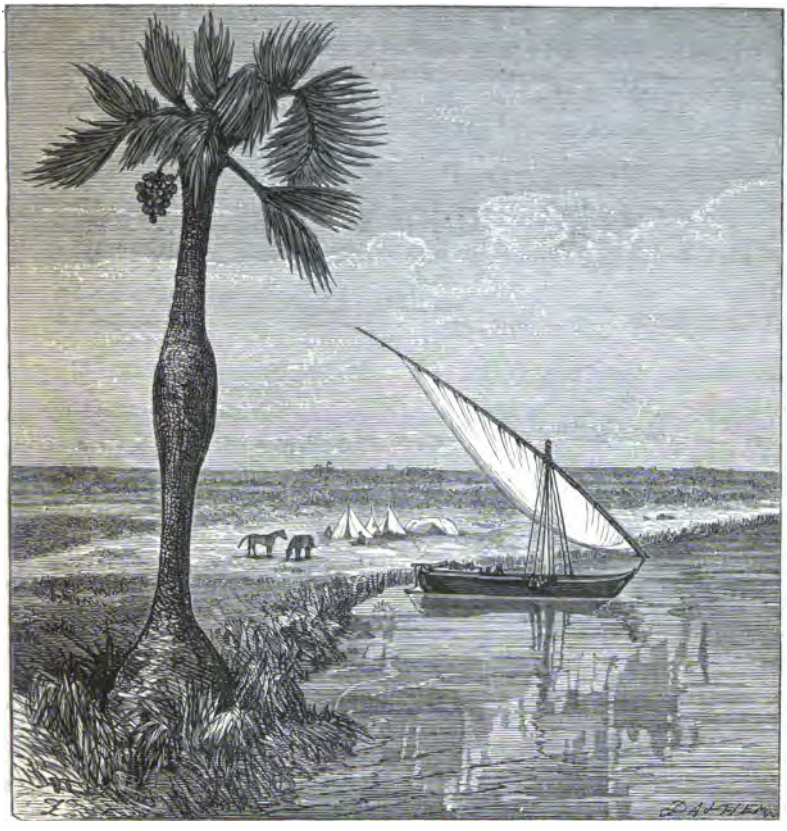

THE DELARB PALM.

the cabin, which she and Ringa had washed and made tidy. Books had been dusted, and everything looked fresh; somehow it seemed as if we had been a long time from home, and we were so glad to get back. Ringa's eyes beamed with pleasure as I thanked him for his thoughtful attention, for he might, as all the others did, have been enjoying himself on shore. The cook, too, announced that he had a dinner "*taib*," ("good")—and truly we did it justice.

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June 2nd.—Heavy mist rising from the river; cold and damp. Four boats belonging to the American Consular Agent at Khartoum, sailed down stream. One only from the Mountain (Gondokoro); no tiding from those we expect. A solitary delaeb palm is a conspicuous object this day. It is the boundary-mark between the territories of the vast Nouaer and the commencement of the Kytch tribe. At five p.m. moored near to it, when I made a sketch. Here was Sur Katti's boat. They had been awaiting our arrival two days, and had made quite a little encampment. We were soon on shore to visit the horses, who seemed in good condition, and appeared to appreciate the good fires kindled in their vicinity, as the mosquitoes, their great enemy, were thus kept in check. One of the hunters had shot a giraffe the day before, so that all had fared well. The residue of the flesh had been cut into strips to dry in the usual way. Rechan made a stew for our dinner of a portion, and we found it very palatable.

June 3rd.—The doctors' boat and consort being in sight, it was settled that we should remain until they came up, there being fine pasturage here for the donkeys. A huge crocodile was seen in the vicinity of the boats; but he gave no chance of a shot at him, as he only exhibited at times the tip of his nose; still the reptile did not swim far away, and our people were frightened from bathing. A beautiful bird, the *Balænéceps rex*, was seen by Petherick on a mound not far distant. In hot haste he started with his gun, hoping to bring it down; and not waiting to make a detour on ground known to be firm, and taking a short cut, he found himself up to his neck in a marsh. It was with some difficulty he got out, when he returned to make a change in his clothing; but fearing to lose the bird, he told Ali to stalk him, which he did in a most circuitous

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direction, returning with the *balænéceps* in the course of two hours.

At noon the doctors' *dahabyeh* and consort arrived, all well; and our invalids were visited by Dr. Murie. Thermometer shows 90° in the cabin. It was arranged that we, in company with *reis* Sur Katti's boat, should start at once, whilst the two newly arrived boats remained for the night at this encampment. It was necessary to give the donkeys in these boats some change—they looked miserable. Most of our people seem to regard these poor beasts as an encumbrance, and they care not not to treat them well, when perhaps by-and-bye their services may be invaluable: two had died. I watched the landing of the remainder, and they appeared in a wretched plight; the mosquitoes drive them almost frantic.

At five p.m. we got off with our consort; a gentle breeze made pleasant our way until nine o'clock, when a leak was evident; the water was rushing in violently. Made fast to the bank, and all helped to bale, the *reis* and the *mastamel* or mate exhausted themselves, diving under the boat, until the leak was discovered and made tight. The divers discover a serious leak by the hissing sound of the water, as it rushes through its narrow passage between the planks into the boat.

June 4th.—A severe hurricane before dawn; the "Lady of the Nile" dragged her anchor, and she went on to the reeds. At nine a.m. a thunder-storm of great intensity, again a leak; and Halima tells me confidentially that the *reis* declares the "Lady of the Nile" will never reach Gondokoro, and she also says that most of the men are becoming "*binaat*" ("girls"), because they want to give in, and return to Khartoum.

The mountaineers, for so we call the rescued negroes, delight us

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with their songs. The burden of one of their pretty melodies is this:

> "Why did you steal my cattle? I am an orphan: why did you steal my cattle? Were my father alive, you would not have dared to do so. He is no more, and I am unprotected. Give me back my cattle. I am an orphan! Oh, give me back my cattle!"

The negroes constantly make raids upon each other's cattle—frequently those of their own tribe; and when the father of a family dies, it sometimes happens that a powerful relative will plunder the children of their herds.

June 5th.—A sunny morning, but the river mist very heavy. A busy sewing day: my pupils are making great progress, and Ringa sews very creditably. Again a leak. A fine fishing-eagle shot, which was soon well stuffed by Foxcroft. At sunset dragged for shrimps, and with success: these were bottled.

June 6th.—Again a leak, and no wonder. The strain upon the boats is so intense when under canvas and driving before these heavy gales, that they creak from stem to stern. Our people are losing heart. The weather damp and cold. Sycamore and tamarind trees visible beyond the reeds on the east shore. Heavy rain at sunset.

June 7th.—A wet miserable morning; the mosquitoes unbearable. A strong wind at noon: going before it for two hours, could see the other boats near to us at times in the windings of the river. The corporal in Sur Katti's boat is ill from dysentery; we have sent him some nourishing food. Great preparations made by the Mahommedans for their festival of the *Kurbam Bieram*, which commences

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to-morrow, and lasts three days. The men shaved their heads and anointed themselves with oil to do honour to the occasion.

Sunday, June 8th.—Such a gay scene on deck this morning! The men were all dressed in what remained of their best clothes, all the colours were hoisted, and Petherick was asked if the Turkish flag might also be displayed. In addition to the Crescent and the Star, a large handsome one was hoisted, embroidered with an Arabic sentence: "In the name of the Great God, we humbly pray the grace of God through the intercession of the Prophet Mahomet." Every one came up to kiss our hands and utter good wishes. One fine old man, our *syce* or groom, from Sur Katti's boat, said with much feeling: "God grant that you may come down this river again well and happy as you now are; your actions are good, and He, the Almighty, will guard you." Slow, tedious towing all day, and showers frequent.

June 9th.—Cold and wet; the sun attempting to shine at times, but the vapoury clouds veiled him. A good deal of sickness amongst our people—ague and dysentery. The corporal in *reis* Sur Katti's boat is said to be worse: when the boat was pulled up to ours, Petherick went on board, and he does not like the appearance of the invalid at all.

This towing is very dreary work: the small boat carries our line to the reeds in advance, and we are pulled up by it, taking the line of our consort, so that when we are stationary, she in turn pulls up to us; then off goes the felucca again with our line, and so on. The canoe is worked in the same way to assist the doctors' *dahabyeh* and her consort. At midday an abominable smell penetrated the cabins; in answer to the inquiry as to its cause, we heard that the

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reis had placed under hatches a pan of burning embers, and on them a sheep's tail and the horn of a bullock—a charm, said to destroy a serpent. The *reis* was summoned, and questioned as to who had seen the serpent. He replied, "no person had seen it, but one *must* be there, as the *dahabyeh* heeled to one side so much; and a serpent was heavy from the sins of our forefathers, and could weigh down a boat." It was no use to tell him that, from the constant shifting of the cargo, and its perhaps not having been properly replaced, was sufficient reason for the *dahabyeh's* heeling; so, the bullock's horn was burnt and the sheep's tail frizzled; but, when an opportunity presents itself, Petherick will see that the cargo is properly arranged.

We have, too, devout believers in another superstition. In Sur Katti's boat is Abderachman and his two Neam Neam wives. He has a whistle made of the root of a particular tree, and this, if sounded, is said to keep off the rain. Constantly this is brought into requisition. We can often hear him piping when their boat draws near the "Lady of the Nile;" but he is careful, if a fall of rain is evident to make some excuse for not whistling; when well convinced there will be no rain, he gratifies his admiring listeners by his performance. This whistle he with great difficulty procured from a rainprophet of the Neam Neams.

June 10*th*.—A grand breeze during the last night, and good way was made. The river wide, and not a village to be seen on either shore.

June 11*th*.—Early in the morning the men were conveying the line in the felucca to the reeds, the wind having abated, when suddenly it rose, and, our sails being unfurled, away shot the "Lady

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of the Nile," passing the crew in the small boat, whom Petherick directed to come on with *reis* Sur Katti. The breeze was exhilarating in the extreme, and as the river wound, the sails were turned repeatedly, but they always filled. The compass bearings would show for a few moments due north, then to the south, changing rapidly. On we scudded until four o'clock p.m., when the wind died away. At an early hour we observed that the yard of Sur Katti's boat had snapped in twain; but we kept on our course as long as the breeze lasted, and then we were compelled to wait for the small boat to tow us onward.

June 12*th*.—Still waiting for the felucca. At two p.m. she came up, towing Sur Katti's disabled boat; all helped to repair the yard. Another serious leak,—the "Lady of the Nile" is nearly done for.

June 13th.—A bright morning; towed onwards. At seven a.m. a drove of elephants on the east shore, close to the river. Four of the hunters set forth, hoping to get a shot at them. We went on the upper deck; but, in consequence of the great height of the reeds, saw little of the sport—the men were hidden entirely; occasionally a trunk elevated, indicated the whereabouts of the elephants. Three shots in quick succession, and the herd were off, leaving one dead. The hunters followed the retreating animals until a large sheet of water intervened, when they returned. The crew of both boats went on shore to cut up the huge beast. The hunters came back in the felucca, with the tusks, which weighed forty-eight pounds. There was a grand demonstration made when a boat-load of the flesh was brought; the *tarabookas* were beaten, and the wildest delight was manifested by all. The herd was composed of females with their young. Our dinner consisted of soup and a stew

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of elephant's meat, and it was excellent. The rigging was hung with the sliced flesh to be sundried, storms permitting.

June 14*th*.—A pleasant breeze the early part of the day, and we made good progress. But at noon a sudden hurricane burst; the sails in an instant were rent, and we were obliged to make fast to the reeds, when the rain came down in torrents. The men made a covering of a large sheet of oil-cloth, and beneath its shelter they all crouched. The children and women, the gazelle and goat, we had in the cabin, with ourselves. As no fire could be lighted we made a biscuit dinner. Sur Katti's boat was in even a worse plight than ours. The poor corporal is still very ill; we sent him port wine, but fear that he is dying.

Sunday, June 15*th*.—No hope of getting on to-day. It is very fine, and the sails are spread out to dry; one is so much damaged that it is necessary to curtail it. On Sur Katti's boat a sail is altogether lost. The poor corporal is so ill that the felucca has been sent down stream to bring back Dr. Murie. Petherick went out with his gun, and shot a fine female antelope; he wounded another, but, as night was approaching, it was not tracked.

This antelope was of the kind described by Mr. Gray as a new species, the head of which Petherick supplied the British Museum with in 1859. Mr. Gray called it *Kobus Maria*, after his wife, who had so assisted him in his studies, and described it thus: Head of male, blackish-brown; lips, chin, gullet, orbits, and temple enclosing the base of the ears, whitish; the sides of the nose, brownish; the hair of the cheek, side of the lower jaw, gullet, and upper part (all that remains) of the neck, elongate, rigid; the horns elongate, rather slender, widely lyrate, with very strong transverse ridges and incurved tips.

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Head of female, brown, with the chin and gullet, base of the ears, and two small spots (one over the front, and the other behind the lower edge of the eye) whitish; the hair of the head, black, with brown tips of the lower part of the cheek; lower jaw and neck very long; hornless.

THE KOBUS MARIA

The negroes in the vicinity appear to be alarmed, and they are beating their tom-toms to summon those who are absent. Our men with the Doctor have not returned; it is now late.

June 16*th*.—The horses were landed. Rode out, hoping to discover the wounded antelope; a portion only was found, and as lions

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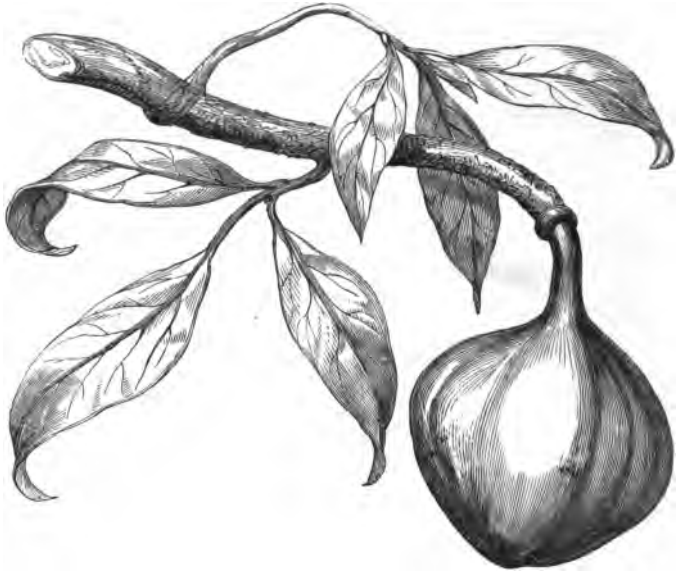
tracks were evident, we concluded they had devoured it. The Doctor arrived at noon; his *dahabyeh* had been some distance off. He gave no hopes of the recovery of the corporal. Two fine tortoises were picked up. Carlo shot an antelope. The Doctor's *dahabyeh* and consort arrived. The corporal died at sunset; all the men are wailing over the corpse. It is a sad time.



THE DAPCHAR

June 17*th*.—At sunrise the corporal's grave was dug; the spot chosen was distant from the river a quarter of a mile. A luxuriant tree (the Arabs call it *dapchar*) shadowed it. This tree bears a lemon-like fruit, which I sketched. When boiled it is eaten by the negroes.

The grave was four feet deep, and a chamber formed at the bottom was covered with sand; here the body was to be placed

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The soldiers and most of the sailors assembled: they followed the corpse, and, clothed in new calico, it was borne on an *angerib* to the grave. The mourners walked on rapidly, chanting a wild dirge. Prayers were offered up when the body was consigned to the earth. Crude bricks were made of the clay surrounding, and the small chamber being walled up, the soil was then thrown in and a high mound raised, the mourners singing all the time in praise of their dead comrade. Petherick was present at the ceremony, though generally a prejudice exists against the presence of an unbeliever: they dread the evil eye. Once at Old Cairo we were on donkeys passing through a crowded narrow street, when a funeral procession at full speed approached us. One of the hired mourners, a woman tall and gaunt, rushed towards me, holding up her hands to my face, to intercept my looking at the shrouded corpse then passing. My donkey, frightened, backed into the shop of a Mussulman, who, seated cross-legged on a divan, removed his pipe from his lips to utter curses both loud and deep against the intruders.

At noon the four boats got off; the donkeys and horses were sent on overland to the Port, as it is called, of the Gaba Shambyl, distant two or three hours' journey. A German, Herr B——, has an important station at that place: he is an ivory trader. Though the wind was favourable, the boats did not reach the Gaba Shambyl until five p.m., as the river took such great windings. The last four miles we were towed in the round-robin fashion. As we approached the station, we saw that two boats were there, belonging to Herr B——, from which the Austrian flags were floating. The encampment was on the west shore; groups of trees redeemed the flat land from its otherwise monotonous appearance. The enclosure, or *zariba*, was a large one, surrounded by a thick fence of brambles, open only towards the river; in this were the *tookuls*, some twenty-

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five or more, all well built. There were about seventy men here in the traders' employ, and as many more were in the interior, collecting tusks. There was also a second enclosure for the cattle; here our animals were placed. We were soon on shore, and revelled in a walk about the settlement. I expressed surprise that the men, who must have had plenty of leisure, did not attempt to cultivate even a few vegetables; but they receive stores of onions from Khartoum, and were satisfied. Many of the Kytch tribe came down to beg for grain, and, indeed, they appeared to need it, so lean and hungry did they look. It was a sorrow to turn a deaf ear to their piteous appeal; but we have many mouths to feed, and our stores are reduced considerably, and so we could only give to the children. The women came with heavy loads of wood to barter for grain; but the storekeeper was inexorable, and the women returned disconsolate to their village, whilst some of our men went with axes to a neighbouring wood to cut down a supply. These women wore a straw *rachat* round the loins, and a few strings of beads about the neck; whilst the men were nude. This tribe also pull out the four front teeth in the lower jaw. Our mountaineers keep their teeth intact and beautifully white; but they cut little star-like marks in the flesh in rows over the stomach and on the back, and many on the forehead, forming a band.

June 18*th*.—Went for a stroll with Petherick, and visited, a short distance from the river, a small settlement of the natives. The *tookuls* were badly built. I was invited by a negress to enter one of them, which I did by creeping through the low and narrow entrance, and found it very dark and smelling abominably. We stopped some time to watch a blacksmith at his work in the open air, with bellows of a primitive kind. Each was composed of a single

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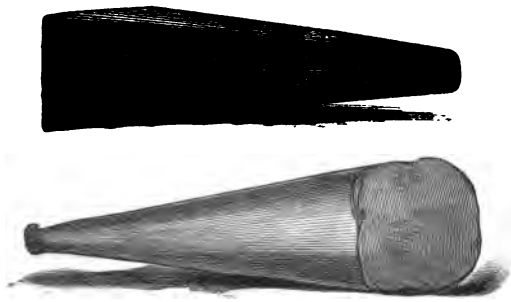
dressed sheep-skin, which emitted air through the neck by means of a clay pipe bound thereto; this conveyed air to the fire, the other end of the skin being open, each side bound to a stick; these were worked by a boy, who, sitting between them, manipulated them with his hands. The regularity of the blast was kept up by an alternate movement; that is to say, one of the skins having been drawn to its full length, the sticks held apart by the opening of the hands, it became filled with air, when the sticks being closed by com-



HAMMER AND ANVIL.

pression of the hand and forced towards the pipe, sent out the air. The handless hammer is held like we hold the pestle of a mortar, and the anvil is fixed upright in a block. The sledge-hammer is a round or oblong stone, ordinarily a piece of granite.

There were many fine trees in the vicinity, amongst them was the ebony. I broke off a branch to make a sketch of it. The fruit it bore was small and hard, resembling the sloe of the black-thorn, the thorns strong and about one inch in length. Whilst Petherick was shooting doves, some large red ants stung me severely. Heavy rain in the afternoon. The cordage of all the boats is in a wretched condition from constant immersion. A large party of our

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men have proceeded to the woods some distance off, where they hope to collect palm-leaves, which they may convert into rope.

June 19*th*.—Petherick shot an enormous baboon. The men returned at a late hour last evening, dispirited, having found no palm trees, as from their leaves we had hoped to obtain the material for a fresh supply of cordage. The boats needing slight repairs, we shall be here a few days. A storm at sunset.

June 20*th*.—Dull, damp day. Dr. Murie took a photograph of the encampment, and also one of a group of the Kytch negroes.

EBONY.

June 21*st*.—Left Gaba Shambyl at nine a.m., in company with *reis* Sur Katti's boat, towing. The weather cold and showery.

Sunday, 22*nd*.—A miserable, wet day. Weary towing. Only reeds to be seen. A storm in the afternoon.

June 23*rd*.—Drenching rain, and to add to our discomfort a legion of rats deserted the hold of the "Lady of the Nile," and took up their quarters last night in the cabins, eating the upper part

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of a pair of my boots and all the leather straps of the portmanteaux. Two canoes during the day met us with some of the Brothers Poncet's men from their station at Lolnum. They had heard from the negroes that boats were advancing, and therefore came down stream to ascertain to whom they belonged. They reached us in eight hours from their station, and they say it will take us a week to get there. The country is inundated, they inform us, to a greater extent than it has been known for years. They returned to Lolnun or Abu Kuka in the afternoon, promising to return in a day or two with a towing-line. Three of our men down with fever. The *reis* is anxious that we should return to the Gaba Shambyl, and there remain during the rainy season. A plague of large stinging flies, very beautiful to look at: the body a bright yellowish brown, the head emerald green, the wings delicately tissued, with a black spot in the centre. We hear that the horses are suffering tortures from these flies and the mosquitoes.

June 24th.—A sunny morning; not a breath of wind. Again a leak. Five men down with fever.

June 25th.—One of my little birds, a paroquet, died. Rain and leaks all day. The invalids very ill.

June 26th.—Towing to reeds all day. Heavy rain at sunset.

June 27th.—Progress very slow; another leak. A little bit of ground on the west shore, and on it walked with delight. The new moon visible.

June 28th.—Still towing: reeds on both sides far into the river.

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Mosquitoes most annoying,—I fairly cried this morning. At noon two boats of the Poncets came sailing down stream; their *reis* hailed that the canoe was coming down with the towing-rope. At four p.m. it arrived, a note also from Monsieur Poncet: he was on the eve of departure for Khartoum, but would await our arrival at his station.

Sunday, 29th.—More of our people ill—ague and fever. Petherick is much troubled, as great obstacles to our onward progress present themselves. The men have no longer energy; the leaks are so frequent, and they are tired out. They report that the grain is nearly ruined, and our biscuit is mouldy and full of insects.

June 30th.—A leakage discovered. The river winding as a labyrinth.

July 1st.—Dreary towing. Showers and mosquitoes.

July 2nd.—We slowly approach the Poncets' station, known as Lolnun, but by the Arabs called Abu Kuka. We can see the boats, from which the Sardinian colours float. Arrived at the settlement about noon, and found it miserably situated. I counted sixteen *tookuls*, water surrounding them—not a tree was visible; an enclosure for cattle, which was a perfect marsh. It was impossible to land unless one waded through stagnant water and black mud. Monsieur Poncet came on board, accompanied by a German missionary, who had arrived about the same time as ourselves at his mission station, Santa Croce, some ten miles farther up the river.

Petherick had letters entrusted to him for both gentlemen, and they were read with the delight known only to those who live, as it were, out of the world. Petherick had believed that palm trees flourished in this vicinity; from them cordage could be made to

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help us onward. But Monsieur Poncet said there were none; so that hope was dispelled. A bullock, a present from Poncet, was slaughtered for the men, who rejoiced greatly. Many left the boats to occupy the *tookuls*, large fires were lighted, and every one seemed intent upon cooking.

July 3rd.—Long before dawn we were roused by the disturbance incidental to the discovery of another leak. The boat was fortunately aground. Petherick was completely overcome: a man's silent grief is hard to witness. He did not rave, as was his wont, at the culpable negligence of the *reis* and crew, but said, "You were all drunk with meat." The boat was unladen, and when day broke the heavy loss sustained was apparent to all: nothing had escaped; books, stationery, powder, and stores of every description were alike saturated. A consultation was held, every one advising our return to Khartoum, to come back the following season—in November; but Petherick would not listen to the proposition, so anxious was he to keep his engagement with Captain Speke and the Royal Geographical Society.

It was resolved, therefore, to march to Gondokoro, *vid* the Aliab, Madar, Shyr, and the Bari territories—a most direct route, though Monsieur Poncet expressed great fear that such a proceeding would be found impracticable, in consequence of the alarming inundation then prevailing. The Kytch chief Jickwi, a tall, gaunt, hungry-looking negro, was present; and he promising the necessary porters, preparations were immediately commenced to send off loads by detachments to a hunting station of Poncet's, called Adôr, some ten miles westward. This was to be our starting-point, as at this swamp, Lolnun, there was neither *terra firma* nor fodder for horses or donkeys. It was also decided that *reis* Sur Katti's boat should

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continue her voyage to Gondokoro with the residue of stores. To enable her to do so, all the cordage was to be taken from the other boats, to be used as towing-lines, whilst the "Lady of the Nile" and the remaining boats should return to Khartoum with current and sweeps, there to be re-fitted and furnished with fresh supplies, when, in company with the *dahabyeh* "Kathleen," it is hoped they will leave Khartoum in three months, and, favoured with the north wind, will arrive at Gondokoro ere the close of the year, when we trust also to meet them. In the meantime, if Speke and Grant arrive at Gondokoro ere these boats return from Khartoum, they will find *reis* Sur Katti's boat at Gondokoro amply supplied with comforts and necessaries for their use.

July 4th.—Dr. Murie's boat and consort arrive: all well. The horses, donkeys, and sundry loads are dispatched to Adôr in charge of Mussaad, an agent. Mons. Poncet, who is very generous, sends us fresh vegetables, the produce of one tiny bit of cultivated ground which has escaped inundation. He visited us to assure Petherick of the impossibility of proceeding to Gondokoro by the route proposed. Long resident among the Kytch, he says they are not to be depended on, and unless Petherick will seize the cattle of their enemies, the Aliab, and pay the porters therewith, it will be difficult to get on. The porters who have already started received for the few miles to Adôr a pair of copper ear-rings or a bracelet, with which they had seemed content. Petherick refusing to seize cattle, but one alternative presented itself—that suggested by Poncet, of our proceeding to his station at the Rhol or Adael, fifteen days' journey due west; from thence by circuitous route to Gondokoro; Poncet at the same time assuring Petherick that the tribes through which we should pass were strictly bead and copper trading people.

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July 5th.—Monsieur Poncet sailed for Khartoum with his followers, and we had the station to ourselves. All were now actively employed with preparations for the overland journey. Packages weighing some fifty pounds or more, for the negroes to carry, were to be arranged; the tents on shore are put up and examined: the one in which we had lived so many weeks at Korosko is useless, the rats and water having rotted it, and the fragments are to be applied to caulking the "Lady of the Nile."

July 7th.—Yesterday was miserably cold and wet; to-day the same. Mussaad and one soldier returned from Adôr. He says that much water is out: one extensive sheet they forded and swam across. The donkeys had been persistently followed by hyænas.

July 10th.—A fearful storm: all work suspended.

July 11th.—Petherick wished me to accompany him on the Nile in the India-rubber punt, as Mussaad and others are sceptical as to its capabilities: they evidently wanted to leave it behind, deeming it an unnecessary load. Petherick inflated the punt, and loading it with guns to show what could be carried, we paddled across the river, thus satisfying the doubters.

July 15th.—The weary packing work still continues, bad weather also, and the smell from the stagnant water is sickening.

July 16th.—I was so ill yesterday that Dr. Murie advised our mooring in the centre of the river, away from the disagreeables of the swamp, and I soon recovered. This morning, when I went on deck, our people made a *fantasie*, as it was my birthday: the *tara-*

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bookas were beaten and my favourite songs were given in succession. Of course the usual firing on these occasions, and all the morning the *sandal* was passing to and fro with our people to kiss our hands and offer their felicitations.

At four p.m. a severe storm arose: the *dahabyeh* dragged her anchor and had to be made fast to the reeds. No dinner to-day, as the fire cannot be kept lighted.

July 20th, Sunday.—A few soldiers and negroes return from Adôr. They report a terrible occurrence which took place yesterday in that vicinity. A chief of a village was passing through a wood in advance of his followers, when a lion sprang upon him, killing him instantly. The negroes rescued the body, the lion escaping.

At midday one of the crew came to the cabin where we were busily writing our letters for home, and said, "A crocodile is not far from the *dahabyeh,* Consul: you might get a shot at him." Petherick did so: for a second the monster lashed the water with his tail, then turned over, yellow stomach upwards. Some of the men in the felucca, returning to the "Lady of the Nile," picked him up, and he was brought on board. He proved to be a monitor, not a crocodile. The ball had entered the head, smashing it. The length from head to tail by measurement was six feet eight inches. The monitor is a gigantic lizard, I am told, and perfectly harmless. No rain to-day; the thermometer in the shade 84°.

July 22nd.—Again sprung a leak and had to return to the swamp. Faring very badly, as the negroes will not part with their cattle unless at an exorbitant price. Everything sent to a *tookul* on shore, there being no safety from water on board.

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July 24th.—Two of our boats sailed for Khartoum, but with a very small amount of grain.

July 25th.—*Reis* Sur Katti's boat, very heavily laden, was ready to sail, for Gondokoro, to-day. The rescued children and invalids go with *reis* Sur Katti, the former in charge of an agent, Sheik Achmed, who is to deliver the unfortunates to their kindred. The elder girls have begged to accompany us on the march. Abderachman's wives and the mother of the dead baby have also begged to go with us, they are so anxious to show their devotion. Poor creatures! I endeavoured to dissuade them from a journey which I was sure would be perilous, but their tears and entreaties forced consent. At noon we pulled to the boat, then starting, and bade adieu to all. For some time we followed in her wake, with full and grateful hearts listening to the joy-song of those whom it had been our happiness to rescue from slavery.

July 27th.—Mussaad and a party of negroes march to Adôr, from thence to dispatch a detachment of our soldier-men, negroes, and goods to the Rhol, under the guidance of Jickwi, who again has raised the rate of hire, finding that he cannot induce Petherick to steal cattle. Our people are discontented and surly.

July 29th.—The men still gloomy, some are even threatening; they wish to return to Khartoum. We await anxiously the promised porters to enable us to leave; to our intense chagrin find that our letters, &c., have been by mistake carried to Adôr. Having several tin boxes the same in size, in one of which the papers were kept, it has been removed, and one with stores left in its place; however, when the negroes return to this place it will be sent for.

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Last night one of the *tookuls* caught fire, but it was soon extinguished.

July 30*th.*—The porters not yet arrived, and we are most uncomfortable in our dismantled cabins; groans and grumblings are alone heard from all. A negress—wife of one of the Kytch—declared herself bewitched, and screamed violently for a herb which was pronounced an effectual cure in such cases. As this was not forthcoming, she permitted Dr. Murie to administer some medicine, and then became quiet.

July 31*st.*—Our horses arrived with their grooms from Adôr.

August 1*st.*—The porters being still absent, we determined to make a start, at last, without them. The morning is brilliant, our men are consequently in better temper, so we think it as well to take advantage of that circumstance. Petherick summoned those he wished to attend us, and, mentioning the difficulties, said,

"Now, men, are you ready to follow us onwards? my wife and self go."

With one voice they said, "Where a woman can venture, are we girls, or are we men, that you should ask us?"

I had now to make my farewells to the *reis*, the warm-hearted crew, to the little girl whose acquaintance I had first made on board this boat at Berber, now much grown, and quite a companion of mine; to the boy Achmed, who was too fragile a child for the march; good bye also to the gazelle, a great pet, and to the little birds. Dr. Murie and Foxcroft were to remain at the station until the arrival of porters, to bring them on to Adôr.

At noon all was ready for the start. A gun was fired, and the

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first detachment marched, headed by one of the soldiers, bearing on a lance, a small Union Jack I had made. The women accompanied them: our bread-makers, the stout-hearted Halima, the liberated girls, and the two wives of Abderachman. When the thrilling *zachareet*, which they commenced as they moved on, was heard by me, I could not help but weep, we seemed so responsible for their well-being. Dashing away the tears, I was prepared to accompany Petherick to the shore, where stood our horses. A group of our people were assembled to offer their prayers for our welfare, and giving our last injunctions to those who were about to return to Khartoum, and with many entreaties that my pets should be cared for, and with a fervent "God be with us!" we were soon in the saddle.

In a moment or two we were splashing through a narrow channel (formerly a pathway), and with a wall of reeds on either side. At times the water was above the horses' knees, and always above the fetlocks.

In a short time we came up with our servants and soldiers. They were halting on ant-hills. I was met with bright looks, and again they *zachareeted*: it cheers me so to see the confidence the people repose in us.

At one p.m., as we approached a dense wood, a terrific storm burst, and we were soon drenched, and the lightning frightened the horses very much.

At two p.m. reached a deserted cattle-kraal on the borders of a sheet of water to be crossed. In the kraal we met Mussaad, with negroes and guard, on their way to bring us up from the river. They also had been overtaken by the storm. Mussaad had been detained at Adôr to dispatch from thence to the Rhol twenty-seven of our men, with twenty porters and sixteen laden donkeys. They were

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led by Jickwi, and had started at an early hour this morning. Questioning him respecting our box of letters, he said that several boxes of the same description had been carried on, and thought that not one was then in the store; they were of so portable a size that the negroes eagerly seized them in preference to more bulky loads. Sending on the porters, to bring up the last of our party, Mussaad remained with us. The rain abating, preparations were made to inflate the India-rubber punt to convey us across a lagoon. The women and children now arrived, all weary, but not desponding. The horses swam, and Petherick paddled the loads across. The men forded and swam, supporting the women; while we, the last to leave, took their children in the punt, the little ones screaming all the time. This water arises from the overflow of the Nile: it was vast. We heard the snort of a hippopotamus, and saw him not far from the boat, and I dreaded lest he should make a dash at us.

It was five p.m. ere all had reached the opposite shore, and then the march was resumed. The scene now became beautifully varied. Soon we were passing through a wood rich with creeping plants, climbers, and many lovely shrubs; the path winding, the trees arching so low that we on horseback had to bend close to the horse's neck to keep free of the branches. A luxuriant mimosa, with thorns from three to four inches in length, teased us much, tearing our clothes, and inflicting ugly scratches on the face—the only part unprotected. The dress I wore was practical: a short thick linsey petticoat, leather gaiters, strong boots, cloth jacket, leather gloves, and straw hat without a veil—that would soon have been torn off; round my waist was buckled a five-barrelled revolver pistol secured in a small pouch. This was the gift of Mr. Holland, of Bond Street, who with it wrote the following:

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"*March* 18*th*, 1861.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"Will you confer upon me the favour of accepting the accompanying pistol? It seems strange to offer a lady so deadly a weapon, but you are going to travel thousands of miles through country where even the buttons on your dress will appear a mine of wealth to its savage inhabitants. That you may never be called upon to use it is the sincere wish of,

"My dear Madam,

"Yours most faithfully,

"H. J. HOLLAND."

The sun set gloriously; the young moon gave but faint light, and at eight o'clock clouds obscured her, so that we were in darkness, and the wood was becoming more dense; the station was yet distant two hours' journey. Mussaad advised a halt, saying there was a cattle-kraal near, in which we could pass the night, so thither we went. Arrived at the kraal, it was enclosed by a high fence of thorns; to admit us, some were torn down, then were carefully replaced, as wild animals are numerous in the locality. Our whole party ushered in, some cattle were turned out of a shed to enable Petherick and myself to occupy their places; rugs were spread on the ground, and we determined to make the best of a bad lodging. These sheds are built generally, but not always, circular in form, and the flat roof of rafters, covered with earth, is supported by posts driven into the ground; on this the negroes repose. I noticed that our attendants soon climbed to the roof of other sheds, there to establish themselves for the night.

The scene was wild in the extreme—its only recommendation. Tall negroes covered with ashes flitted to and fro, their slumbers having been disturbed; the fires lighting up their spectral figures.

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A bowl of milk was brought to us, and gratefully drinking it, we prepared for rest.

August 2nd.—How welcome was the dawn! It had been impossible to sleep. What with the bellowing of oxen, the bleating of goats, and the irritating sting of insects, a more wretched night for our first bivouac could hardly be imagined.

In the saddle at sunrise. The negro cattle-herders, some fifty, behaved with politeness—no rude staring or intrusion of any description, and yet I must be an object strange to them.

Ringa, the Neam Neam, told us that he had on the march last night been followed by a hyæna. He was last in the rear, and was foot-sore and weary. He, however, kept the animal at bay, pointing the gun which he carried at the beast. He was afraid to fire, not well understanding the weapon, but he expresses his determination to learn. For a short distance mud was waded through, my horse "Luxor" objecting to it very strongly; but he follows well where Petherick's well-made cob "Arab" leads. A forest was entered, the sun rose grandly, forgotten was the night's discomfort, as we hailed the lovely prospect. The air was redolent of perfume from fragrant trees. Amongst them was one like our own dear hawthorn, with its pink and white bloom. Then a variety of mimosa, one bearing feathery tassels like the larch; these were alternately pink and yellow, and white and yellow. Cactus, of a height from twenty-five to thirty feet, not yet in bloom, presented a fine appearance; and there was a tall and far-branching tree with leaves of the darkest green, at the root of which sprouted the new growth—a delicate green, such as our firs present in the spring-time; lovely creepers, their graceful tendrils festooned from tree to tree; bright plumaged birds and butterflies flitted about; the trumpet bird, or, properly

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speaking, the Abyssinian hornbill, was determined to be heard; the monkeys also made a great chattering; and the insects were merrily humming. I cannot describe the delight of this morning's ride. From the long confinement to the boats, the month spent in that

THE ABYSSINIAN HORNBILL.

dismal swamp, made us more thoroughly enjoy—if it were possible—the balmy air, and all the influences of Nature's happiest mood.

At times we splashed through water, and then ran full tilt against the thorns. At half-past eight a.m. we emerged from the forest on to a fine open plain, which had during the last few years been cleared for cultivation. We here saw ripening crops of *dourra* grain. The owners of these crops possess also the cattle we had seen in the kraal. Several high stages were erected surrounding the grain; on these the young negroes perch themselves during

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the day to scare the birds from the crops, and the family usually pass the night there, keeping up large fires, by which means there is no danger of wild animals attacking them.

We soon approached Poncet's station, enclosed by a high thorn fence, in the village of Adôr. The men came out to meet us. A fine large old tent of Petherick's, his home on many previous travels, was pitched outside the *zariba* or station, and soon we were comfortably settled, our servants encamping around in smaller tents.

At five p.m. Dr. Murie, Signor Carlo, and Foxcroft marched in, all in good spirits; there remained still, at the river, some of our soldiers, and sundry loads, the negroes having refused to carry them.

Sunday, August 3rd.—A peaceful day. The women here are very good-looking, the girls nude; the mothers wear a leather apron in front, and one behind.

August 5th.—Last night a fearful storm: one of the tents was blown down; none of us escaped a wetting. The negroes appear very independent; and knowing that all the boats have left, they are exacting in their demands, and they refuse to bring up the rest of our party from the river.

August 7th.—The negroes say that they will not carry unless they receive cattle; many who had accepted copper bracelets, brought back their hire. A cold and miserable day. It is difficult to get supplied with food, as the negroes will not barter their cattle.

August 8th.—The morning being very lovely we started for a ride, determined to get rid of the troubles pressing heavily at this time upon us. For a short distance the ground was dry, being of

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a sandy soil; but we soon came to a thick muddy pathway, and then entered a forest. Lion tracks were numerous. As we proceeded we were often compelled to dismount, the branches of trees presenting obstacles not easily surmountable on horseback. Reached an extensive and well stocked cattle-kraal, the negroes of which seemed somewhat alarmed; and we observed that they commenced driving their beasts from the enclosure. A storm threatening, returned to our encampment in time to escape a drenching.

August 9th.—The negroes still refusing to bring up the remaining loads from Lolnun, our personal servants and a few soldiers volunteer to do so.

The wife of chief Jickwi, a handsome and sensible woman, frequently comes to our tent: she much deplores the negroes' obstinacy in declining to carry the baggage unless for cattle, as she says, were we to remain, the grain would soon be exhausted.

August 11th.—Mussaad paid us an early visit, to entreat that he might be allowed to marry one of the pretty mountain negresses. He said he had her consent, but that, knowing she was under our protection, he sought Petherick's permission. The girl was summoned; she came with her three young companions (all had been cruelly wronged by Abd il Majid). When questioned, she coyly said she wished to be his wife; she but once raised her lovely eyes from the ground, when I expressed surprise at the proposition that the wedding was to take place this evening, it seemed to me so sudden. However, at noon Mussaad returned, dressed imposingly, and, being good-looking, really presented a handsome appearance. He was accompanied by the secretary, the best man, and Poncet's agent. The wedding ceremony then commenced, though the

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bride, according to Mahommedan custom, was absent. Passages of the Koran were recited; Mussaad holding the hand of the bride's representative, a secretary. Then the settlements were attested, Mussaad endowing the girl with seventy roods of land he possessed near Shendy, and also a herd of cattle. He then rose to kiss our hands and receive the congratulations of all, and after coffee had been served he withdrew.

Preparations were made during the day to render the procession as imposing as possible. In the meantime the bride was in her tent undergoing the mysteries of the toilet; all the women were with her, even Halima's assistance was deemed requisite. The bridegroom sent presents to his bride, and we also, a pretty *ferda* and calico for a petticoat. Two bullocks were slaughtered; *merissa* was in abundance, and the men, gaily dressed, were evidently bent on holding a high revel.

At sunset the procession was formed, and the bride was led from the tent supported by her companions. It is the correct thing here, on such occasions, to be so overcome by timidity as to appear unable to walk. Ringa led the party, beating furiously a gong we took out with us; the women *zachareeted* gaily; the men followed, but not the bridegroom, each in turn advancing and firing over the bride's head. Three times the circuit of our tent was made and these demonstrations were continued; all then entered the *zariba*, where songs and dances were kept up until a late hour; when the bride, with great ceremony, was conducted to the *tookul* prepared for her reception.

August 12th.—A great storm raged before dawn; one of the tents blown down when the hurricane was at its height. Piercing screams were heard from people on one of the stages: the father of

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the family had died suddenly. Jickwi's wife again visited us, and entreated that we would hasten our departure; and as the negroes obstinately refused the hire offered, she begged that our men would force them to carry; and as they were in hiding, she volunteered to direct us where to find them. This very painful alternative was

resorted to, and several negroes, chiefly women, were brought into the *zariba*, where they were assured that they would be well treated, and would receive the copper and beads previously promised. They expressed themselves content, and those who for obvious reasons could not carry loads, were dismissed to their homes. This consideration gave evident satisfaction, and one negress said that her daughter should take her place. The sight of the bracelets and beads tempted these true daughters of Eve.

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August 13*th*.—Feeling unsettled, I determined to gather wild plants for our collection, there were so many pretty ones in the locality. One shrub I vastly admired, and sketched a small bit of it. It grew to quite a large bush, and bore bright purple blossoms, with yellow petals and brown tips; the leaves were of a delicate green. (See sketch.)

August 14*th*.—We had heard that the negro men would come forward as substitutes for their wives, but only in one or two instances did they. It was determined that we should make a start this day. Poncet's people have become impatient for our departure, as there is so little grain. A few bullocks had been purchased from Poncet's agent, and some of these had been well trained by Signor Carlo to carry. These beasts obey well the rein, which is passed through the nose. Preparations were speedily commenced for the march. Jickwi's brother Deradau was to act as guide. By the time the donkeys and oxen were laden, tents struck, and the loads adjusted, it was four p.m. Of necessity the march would be but short. There were but forty porters, and when these were laden, there remained on the ground still many loads. The first detachment moved on, we remaining to cut down the baggage to a smaller compass. All luxuries were dispensed with; some tea we took, no sugar, a little coffee, and a few necessaries in case of illness. I filled three small bags with clothing, abandoning the remainder. The cook, Rechan, was hard to be appeased, shorn considerably of his culinary utensils—four tin plates, the same number of knives, spoons, and forks, a teapot, kettle, coffee-can, frying-pan and stew-pot, half a dozen cups of rhinoceros horn, were all he was permitted to take. Sheets and table linen were rejected, some packed. The remainder of our baggage was deposited in a large *tookul* in the

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zariba, and one soldier and a secretary were to remain to guard it. This was to be forwarded to Gondokoro when the boats came up with the north wind. These alterations occupying a considerable time, our tent was again fixed, as the sun was then setting, and an early start is to be made to-morrow.

Dr. Murie, Signor Carlo, and Foxcroft were with us, our personal servants, and about six soldiers. A rapid firing was heard in the distance; it proved of short duration, however, but an alarm was felt that an accident of some sort, or attack, had taken place. Poncet's agent, with a face of concern, came from the *zariba*, and whispered to Petherick. My husband returned to my side, saying, "Be prepared: it is believed that the negroes are rising." He looked to his weapons, put fresh caps on my tiny revolver, and, grasping my hand, told me to stand where I then was, whilst he went to place in good position our little band of followers. It was fast growing dark, and we saw not the approach of the negroes and soldiers until they were around us. Then the cause of the alarm was revealed: a lion sprang from a thicket which was traversed, and seized a negress from the midst of her companions, bearing her off. The soldiers fired in the air, hoping to frighten the beast, but they did not see the lion till the negress had vanished. Her friends lamented loudly, and would not proceed in the darkness, so they returned to the *zariba*.

August 15th.—A bright morning; made a good start at noon, Deradau leading, a soldier, bearing the Union Jack on a lance, following; then Petherick on "Arab," I on "Luxor," then a secretary with a gun, followed by Ringa, who also was armed, and carrying in addition, suspended to his neck, the Chinese gong which is to be sounded when the loads are to be put down or taken up; a boy—a

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Neam Neam — following him, carrying a water-skin and a smal drinking-cup; the main body of our party, one by one, bringing u the rear. Dr. Murie, Carlo, and Foxcroft each rode a donkey.

The route was through a dense wood, the thorns proving a sourc of annoyance. Halted at three p.m. for an hour in a romanti glade; noticed fine tamarind and other trees. Bivouacked sunset, in a deserted cattle-kraal, in the vicinity of a hamlet calle Fargack.

August 16*th*.—After a refreshing night's rest a start was mad at 7.45. We were the last to leave, happy and hopeful. Passe through a forest, in which we were frequently compelled to dismoun and lead our horses. At ten a.m. halted in an open glade studde with splendid trees: here we breakfasted. In a little more than a hour we were again in the saddle. The ground for a short distanc was marsh, then a forest was entered, and emerging from this w came to plots of cultivated land, where the high dourra was fas ripening; wild vines also abounded. One of the porters cam towards me, smiling, with a bunch of grapes on the point of hi lance, which I, of course, gratefully accepted: they were small but very delicious. A one p.m. passed through a large village; th *tookuls*, well built, were far apart, with a garden surrounding each enclosed by a fence; outside this was the grain. There was a kraa beyond; the cattle had been moved to pasture-ground. The sun was now intensely burning, but a soft west wind afforded relief. About two p.m. the negroes, who were foot-sore, entreated a halt and as we were approaching a kraal, it was to be there: the village long and straggling, is called Quenboig. There were a few milch cows in the kraal. Petherick sent for the chief, Jong Tök, to ask him if he would sell us grain and a couple of goats. After deli-

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erating upwards of an hour, he declined, and politely desired us) "move on." This was not possible, as the rain had commenced alling. Towards evening it abated, when Petherick sallied forth ith Carlo, and, in default of other game, they bagged a couple of ozen doves, so we supped excellently.

Sunday, 17*th*.—A severe storm last night, and the shed in which ve had rested, being open at the sides, afforded no protection from he rain. We rose, therefore, wet and uncomfortable. A sentry eported that during the night a hyæna had sprung upon one of the lonkeys, tearing away its cheek and eyelid and injuring the eye: oor beast! it is in a sad condition. At seven a.m. all prepared to resume the march, when the rain came down in torrents, and we dismounted and returned to the miserable shed. Unless forced to it, these people will not travel in the rain. A cold and wretched day. The negroes most unfriendly (still the Kytch), and refused to sell even a little cup of milk, which I much wished for.

Our people discontented. To keep them good-tempered, one of the few bullocks remaining was slaughtered: this proceeding gave satisfaction. In the meantime we shiver in our open habitation, without comfort of any kind.

August 18*th*.—Last night was an uneasy one for all. Hyænas prowling about: the horses, terrified, broke loose, and the confusion in consequence was great. The sun rose bright and clear, and at half-past seven a.m. we quitted the inhospitable quarters. Passed through cultivated ground, the grain in grand condition. A wood soon entered, difficult to traverse; shrubs, wild flowers, and butterflies in profusion, and as the soil was gravel, the rain had percolated, and we were able to proceed on foot some distance. A halt at ten

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a.m.; breakfasted. At noon again on the march, our light brigade, as we called the mountaineers, having previously started. The wood was so dense that pioneers with their hatchets were summoned to cut a passage. Dr. Murie volunteered to walk; his donkey was knocking up. Signor Carlo and Foxcroft soon followed his example. At one p.m. reached a vast shallow pond, forded it, and soon found ourselves on a common of great extent, grandly studded with trees, tamarinds principally. At two p.m. overtook the light brigade—our cooks and two soldiers, their body-guard—all were resting beneath the shadow of a luxuriant tree. Pleasant greetings exchanged. We were about to dismount and take a rest, as the sun was scorching, when a shot was fired from an opposite direction to our line of march. We feared that Zein, a favourite soldier, who had, with two negroes, started an hour in advance of any of us, might have lost his way, no guide being with him. Petherick said, "The poor fellow is in some danger: let us seek him." Fatigue all forgotten, away we rode, and after half an hour's rough riding we came up to Zein and the two porters with him. He related that after leaving the pond, trusting these men, he followed whither they led; but after a time he began to fear that they were taking him in a wrong direction, so he fired in the air, hoping to attract the attention of some of our party. Ere he had time to reload the negroes were upon him, and attempted to strangle him; but Zein, a powerful fellow, threw them off: reloading his gun and pointing it at them, he compelled them to retrace their steps, he following, until met by us. We at once returned to the tree where all had congregated, partook of some refreshment, and at four p.m. again on the march, but very wearily. At five a halt, and tents fixed on the outskirts of a small village where grain was in abundance. We endeavoured to purchase some, as we were without, but the negroes would not sell

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any, nor would they allow our encamping there. The tom-toms were beaten, and soon crowds of negroes were approaching. Deradau advised our continuing the march, unless Petherick would fight them. Anxious to avoid the slightest approach to a skirmish, we went again on our way.

The sun was low down ere another halt was made, near the village of Lau. Our hungry people went supperless, and without a murmur, to rest, after a double watch had been set. The negroes surrounded us during the night.

August 19*th*.—A pleasant morning. Marched at 7.30 along a lane marked with dry fences, enclosing dourra fields and *tookuls* on either side, with their little gardens. The inhabitants, mistrustful of us, made sudden appearances (like Jack-in-the-box) from the grain-fields: heads would be jerked up for a moment, and then as rapidly disappear. At nine a.m. a halt made, still in the straggling village of Lau. Petherick believes that there are upwards of two thousand inhabitants here, the *tookuls* being placed very wide apart, with fields of dourra and sesame, an oil-producing grain, surrounding them. Leaving this cultivated portion of the soil, we reached bush, with winding paths and great pools of water. This did not last long, and we soon came to tilled and cultivated ground again. Dismounted and walked on a trodden pathway between a wall of golden dourra some twelve feet high, of which the horses, the only robbers, availed themselves.

At half-past nine a.m. halted where fine trees afforded pleasant shadow. The hard fruit of these trees the negroes convert into snuff-boxes, and call it the "Snuff-box Tree." I made a tiny sketch of the fruit whilst enjoying the shade.

I was not sorry at all to hear that one of our few bullocks had

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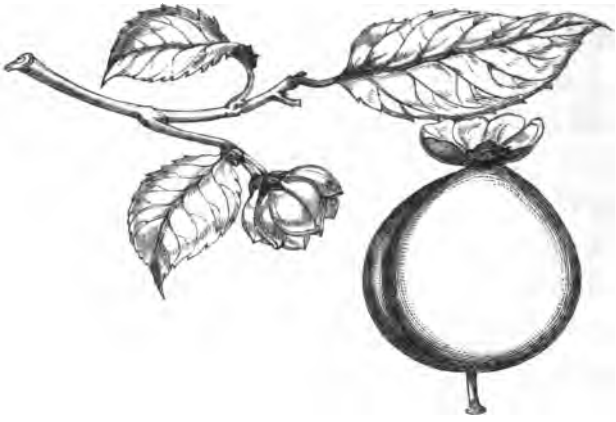
broken a leg, and therefore was doomed to be killed, as I knew that many would rejoice to fill their hungry stomachs. To allow for the roasting of the meat, cut in small pieces, on embers, no start was to be made until two a.m. The rest proved refreshing to all, and at the hour appointed, gong sounding, loads were made light



NUFF-BOX TREE.

of, and a procession of beef-eaters was quickly formed. Passed through a wood—mud and water the pathway; in half an hour came on moorland, covered with short grass. Passed a deserted cattle-kraal. At half-past three p.m. arrived at a village evidently but recently deserted, as the fires were smouldering. Negroes in the distance: sent a negro who accompanied us, and who acted as interpreter, to parley with them, and to explain that the intentions of our party were peaceful, and that they might have confidence in us. We proceeded a little way, and halted on the borders of a vast lagoon, which looked like meadow-land, so covered was it with reeds of a light green colour. The negro messenger returned somewhat disconcerted, he having been robbed of his lance and necklace for bringing us here.

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August 20th.—Messengers sent in all directions to induce the negroes to ferry us across the lagoon, but without success. They expect we will return, and refuse to supply us with grain. An encampment is formed, and we trust that when the negroes find how peaceful are our intentions, desiring only to press onward, they may come to terms. In the afternoon an easterly wind collected fast-flying clouds to the west, forming a canopy black as a pall. No rain fell; there was but little lightning and no thunder. A fearful stillness reigned. The wind suddenly chopped round from the west, and dispersed the darkness in thick columns to the eastward, where they again formed in a heavy mass above the horizon. Soon after this, another change of wind brought them as rapidly back. At sunset it rained in torrents. Our tent stood the wetting well. Most of our attendants sought refuge in the deserted *tookuls* of the hamlet. Dr. Murie had turned in; but the sentinels, and some few favourite old hands of Petherick's, were invited to our tent, where a little chat and sympathy tended to cheer them. Wód Ali, who was one of the hunters and a soldier, speaking of elephants, told the following anecdote, being one of his many experiences, which Petherick thus translated to me:

"Wód Ali, when at one of my hunting stations, at the Djour, Bahar il Gazal, roaming with his followers in all but impassable forests, found himself unexpectedly in the midst of a herd of adult male elephants in the enjoyment of a midday repose. Some shots were fired, and Wód Ali endeavouring to approach a heavy 'tusker,' to his surprise found himself closely followed by the largest elephant he had ever seen. Wód Ali rushed into a thick bush, and there ensconced himself in its centre, when he was horrified to see the animal pick up and examine his cap that he, in his endeavour to secrete himself, had lost, and had remained suspended to some of the

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long thorns that armed the branches of his hiding-place. He for some moments examined it minutely, then putting it on the ground, remained for a time stationary. The animal, more playful than wicked, again took up the cap, and placing it on the top of the bush, walked off, but followed by the delighted Ali, who, showing a want of gratitude, shot the elephant."

August 21st.—At three a.m. one of the sentinels roused us, saying that he had heard elephants in the grain near the encampment. We were soon up, and the hunters were also roused, but the night was so dark that they feared nothing could be done; but Petherick laughingly telling them that surely any one with half an eye could see an elephant, they prepared to go in pursuit, Petherick looking to their rifles. At 4.30 the men, led by Deradau, were off on the trail, the animals by this time having withdrawn in the direction of a wood. At sunrise three shots were heard, and Petherick, mounting "Arab," rode off to ascertain what success, and he permits me to copy his note taken at the time.

"Scarcely had I entered the forest, when I was met by the hunters, bearing triumphantly the tail of an elephant on high. The companion elephant—there having been but two (both males)—had escaped. When I approached the carcase it appeared enormous; one tusk was buried in the earth, though it was not a large elephant. The height to the shoulders measured eleven feet three inches; its extreme length, from the snout to tip of tail, twenty-five feet; greatest girth nineteen feet; and the circumference of the ear-flap, including its attachments, sixteen feet eight inches, the latter measuring three feet five inches. The tusks, when extracted, were five feet three inches in length, one foot eight inches of which were hollow, and weighed jointly one hundred and sixteen pounds."

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At eight a.m. portions of the elephant's flesh brought into camp amidst great rejoicings; while the negroes, who had before refused to sell us grain, now brought it in for beads, and became anxious for meat. Donkeys had been dispatched to the slaughter-ground, and were now returning laden with the flesh, and the negroes received permission to possess themselves of the remainder. One hundred or more of them quickly left but the bones of the huge beast on the ground. The chief of the village, Jemeed, came forward in the course of the day, and arranged terms with Mussaad as to the hire of canoes and negroes to convey us across the lagoon, which, he said, was a day's journey. Thirty canoes were promised to be forthcoming on the following day, for which payment was given in advance, copper bracelets principally. These men of Jemeed are properly of the Kytch tribe, but, possessing no cattle, they are not recognized as such by their wealthier kindred. The Jemeed support themselves chiefly by fishing. We commenced preparations to start the next day; Rechan, the cook, exceedingly busy making wonderful dishes of elephant-flesh. How I wish some could be preserved! but there is now too much moisture in the atmosphere to allow of its being dried.

August 22nd.—We were all ready at an early hour to leave, but neither negroes nor canoes were to be seen. The former had decamped with their boats and their hire during the night. We were, as Petherick said, "sold considerably." Deradau and another guide were sent to the principal chief of this part of the country —he was named Afär, and related by marriage to Jickwi and Deradau. They were to request Afär, who was eastward with his cattle, to expedite our progress, by inducing the negroes to bring their canoes to convey us across the lagoon.

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August 24th.—Living on elephant's flesh. The negroes will not bring grain into camp, so we fared very badly. Petherick shot some guinea-fowl this morning, so they will prove an agreeable change.

August 25th.—Deradau retured from the Gog. One day's march east of us he had seen Afär, with the whole of his available men, fighting a tribe for the right of pasturage in a plentiful district. He had lost twenty men, and as many more had been wounded; forty head of cattle had been seized: so he could not come to us, but he promised that when the fight was over he would do so; Deradau assuring him that if he aided us he should receive a bar of copper as long as his lance. Much grumbling amongst our people: they hunger for grain, and it is within their grasp; but obeying the strict injunctions of Petherick not to cut away an ear of it, they refrain from doing so. Mussaad, with a party of men, proceeded to a village at the eastern extremity of the lagoon, to endeavour to bring the negroes to reason—either to barter grain, which, if they would not, must be taken, or to remove us without delay. The negroes fled at his approach, leaving the women and children. One stripling youth alone remaining, to him Mussaad explained the purport of his visit, unless grain was brought, which would be paid for, and canoes provided to remove us, we would take up our abode in their village until the waters of the lagoon went down, and we could walk across, and that we should live on their corn-fields during our stay. Mussaad then returned with his party. In the afternoon many young girls and women came into camp, carrying baskets of grain, for which they received beads in exchange, and left highly delighted, promising more grain the next day; saying also that the canoes would be brought, they returned to the village.

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At seven p.m. a comet was seen and distances observed: from Benetnasch, in Ursa Major, 10° 3′; Ras Alhague, in Ophinci, 30° 53′; and Alphacca, in Coronæ Borealis, 25° 44′.

August 27th.—Neither negroes nor canoes forthcoming; all yesterday we had wearily waited. Mussaad, at nine a.m., accompanied by only one man, again went to the village to inquire the reason. He not having returned at two p.m., fifteen men were sent to look after him; and a few hours later, not hearing anything of either party, ten men more were dispatched, as we were growing uneasy. After sunset the whole party returned, when Mussaad came to our tent to relate his adventures. He said,

"On my arrival at Neot, I was told by a woman that her husband, the chief, was absent, in search of the fishermen who had carried off their canoes. Others remaining, she offered to conduct me to their huts, there to make my propositions to them. Accepting her offer, I soon had a large crowd gathered round me. I told them that unless canoes were brought for us, we must live on their corn-fields. This caused a great confusion between the fishermen and the agriculturists, the latter insisting that it was the duty of the former to boat us over, saying that they would not be ruined by the indolence of the fishermen. The fishermen refusing to be interfered with, a fight commenced, and when clubs were being thrown with passion and precision, I thought it prudent to retire whilst I was unmolested."

August 28th.—Finding it useless to remain, vainly hoping for the coming of the negroes, Petherick determined to strike tents and march to the village. At eleven a.m. all were in readiness; still we lingered, knowing that the negroes could observe what had been done, and that our encampment was broken up, they might even

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then bring the canoes; but there was no sign, so on we went towards the village. The water was skirted a short distance; reached a scorched plain, and then a wood was entered, the pathway narrow, and grass towering above our heads. Rain soon fell, affording relief: the air was stifling. An hour brought us to cultivated land and to the village of Neot. Negroes appeared, armed with bows and arrows and lances, to the right and left of us amidst the corn. On a high stage were seated several negroes. Mussaad, calling a halt, made his way alone to them, to endeavour to effect an understanding; as he did so, several arrows were shot at him, of which he was happily unconscious; but our men were furious, and with difficulty were induced to refrain from firing. The rain had now ceased, and the sun shone fiercely. Mussaad's conference was short, the negroes appearing indifferent,—said we might remain or go on as we pleased. The loads were now put down in an enclosure in which were five or six deserted *tookuls*. Our tent and the Doctor's were pitched outside the fence, high ripe dourra surrounding them. Several stages—used, as before stated, by the negroes whilst guarding the corn—were selected by Petherick as look-out posts for the sentinels, who went immediately to the positions assigned them.

At two p.m. one of the leading men of the village (not the chief), accompanied by several negroes, came to our tent and offered boats and every assistance if we would leave the following morning. This request was gladly acceded to, and with many assurances of good faith they departed. Shortly afterwards the rain poured down in torrents; the ground on which our tent stood was quickly deluged. Petherick, with some of the men, set to work to dig a trench to allow the water to flow off. In the midst of the confusion, and when the storm was at its height, a gun from one of the outposts

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was discharged, then another, and then another, and a soldier ran into the tent, saying that the negroes were surrounding us. Petherick, seizing a rifle, went to one of the stages, and immediately took aim, but without result, as the caps were damp. A second gun, fresh capped, was handed to him, when he fired, wounding the leader of a large body of negroes, who had stealthily advanced close to the tents. From the opposite side a flight of arrows were sent amongst us, injuring no one. Wód Yusuf picked up many and brought them to me; they were ugly weapons with several barbs. Firing from the different outposts was continued at intervals. Going from my tent to the *zariba* close by, where the women and children were, to see if they were frightened, I was suddenly startled, for at the entrance stood a negro with matted hanging locks, and lance and shield in hand. I did not withdraw, but looked at the man, my hand on the little revolver: a fear possessed me that it must be used; but, thank God! this was not so. The negro smiled and spoke in Arabic to me, and then I recognized one of our soldiers. On asking him why he thus appeared, he said he could fight better without his robe. Ringa, the Neam Neam, horribly excited, now approached to say he had killed the negro the Consul had wounded. Ringa's face beamed with such ferocious pleasure that I dreaded he might commit some excesses; so, telling him that it was his duty to guard me, all the others being absent, he at once proudly accepted the trust and remained with me. The rain continuing, the soldiers were coming constantly for fresh caps and powder. Rechan, the cook, who had been a passive spectator of the affray in another direction, was surprised and seized by negroes, who taunted him, saying, "Your arms are lies." Freeing himself (he is a very powerful fellow) and pulling the trigger of his gun, which was loaded for the chase, one negro fell

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dead to the ground; the others retreated. Dr. Murie brought in from one of the *tookuls*, which was supposed deserted, two prisoners, a woman and her little son. These Petherick determined to keep as hostages.

August 29th.—No rest for any of us during the night, another attack being expected. The grain surrounding the tents was cut down, so that we might not again be surprised. The body of a negro was found close to the guide-lines of our tent; his companions had stripped him of his weapons. At noon several negroes came to make peace, saying that a foolish youth, in the absence of the chief, and worked upon by the women, who said, "Their weapons are dumb in the rain," had instigated and led the attack, and he was the first to fall. Petherick gave his word that he would remain perfectly passive, but that their grain we should eat, until the boats were provided.

August 30th.—At an early hour a large party of the negroes approached. In the midst of them was a fine white bullock, which was presented to Petherick as a peace offering. It was then slaughtered with considerable ceremony, and the tents were sprinkled with its blood, whilst we were with water. The negroes then licked their lances with the tongue, and Mussaad and his men kissed their guns as a token of peace and good fellowship. The prisoners were given up to the chief Majoah, and, after promising boats, all withdrew.

Sunday, 31st.—The negroes bringing friendly little presents to me of delightful honey and vegetables—most acceptable—Mussaad handed to me a bag of beads, so that I am enabled to give them a

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trifle in exchange. A few canoes sent for us, and more will arrive to-morrow. Three of these will carry eight persons in each, the other three carrying only two. Strolled about the place with Petherick. Most of the *tookuls* had little gardens surrounding them; in these were cultivated beans, gourds, and yams; the latter form a root of considerable dimensions, resembling a gourd in shape and size; in addition, issuing from the leaves of this yam, sprang an edible fruit, in taste and appearance resembling a kidney potato. Tobacco here was indigenous to the soil, and in many places was cultivated. Heavy rains in the afternoon, and such a heavy atmosphere I could hardly breathe.

September 1st.—A wretched night I have passed; the roar of lions, and the firing occasionally at hyænas who come into the encampment, quite unnerve me. Rain at noon, then hot sun; the mists then rising, I can see but a few paces before me—it is all so dismal.

Tuesday, September 2nd.—Soon after sunrise the negroes arrived to say that a fleet of canoes were then on the lagoon for us. They were evidently satisfied with the good faith we had kept with them, as notwithstanding the evacuation of the huts by their owners, their possessions had been respected. With the double purpose of exhibiting confidence in the peace that had been concluded, and of procuring a substantial breakfast, my husband sallied forth into the woods, and in an hour returned with his attendant, laden with guinea-fowl. Tents are now down (nine a.m.), and I shall proceed, but feel very ill.

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FROM PETHERICK'S NOTE-BOOK.

Rode down to lagoon, saw fishermen in canoes from every quarter pulling for the little creek, where our tent had stood. Parties of negroes, carrying heavy loads on their heads, were proceeding eastwards, evidently denoting a removal. Observing a quantity of cords and cattle-pegs, I thought the movement was confined to a change of pasture for their cattle, and presently, while sitting down on an ant-hill by the side of the lagoon, the cattle, driven forth out of the wood, passed by. The sight was very pretty, though the negroes, timid at the sight of me, were half inclined to fly; but a few kind words inspired confidence, and they continued onwards, casting, at the same time, many an anxious look at my half-dozen men and myself. The cattle were very fine, tall and long horned, white and fawn the predominant colours. There were nineteen distinct herds, and, as well as we could count, each numbered one hundred and fifty head, thus making a total of nearly three thousand cattle. There were many calves, but these were not included in the estimate. Deradau, the guide, who was with me—himself a large cattle owner—believed each herd to belong to from three to four families; therefore, taking the medium, the combined herds would belong to seventy-six families, which, comprised of five individuals each, would give a population of three

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hundred and eighty souls. The fishermen I estimated as numbering about the same—a family of twenty usually possess one canoe.

September 3rd.—One of the trained bullocks, too weak to proceed, was slaughtered for the negro porters last evening. Two donkeys were reported ill, so they were given to the villagers, who, if the animals died, would eat them. At nine a.m. yesterday left Neot for the lagoon, where seventeen canoes awaited us. Speedily dispatched a portion of the luggage—the larger canoes carried ten negro loads, the smaller four. Six soldiers, to guard, embarked; they were to proceed to an island, reported by the negroes to be in the centre of the lagoon, and the boats were to return for the remainder of our party. At 3.30 p.m. this day the canoes were brought back, but a storm commencing, we could not proceed. Made preparations to bivouac for the night; the large tent having been sent forward, fixed a small one for my wife, who is feverish and ill.

September 4th.—Declaring herself able to travel, we made ready to embark, my wife and self in the punt, in which were stowed sextants, books, and firearms. The punt was attached by a cord to the canoe of a negro who was to pole us through the water, covered as it was with herbage. I assisted with the aid of a paddle; the labour was fatiguing, and the sun being directly over us made the exercise trying in the extreme. At times the reeds closed over us, then becoming scant, luxuriant lilies were disclosed, "a creamy white tipped with delicate lilac." On reeds three feet above the water many nests of the yellow linnet were attached. Magnificent golden-crested royal cranes, or *Abboo Meea*, gazed wonderingly at us. I was sorely tempted to bring one down, but refrained, as the discharge might have caused consternation amongst our divided

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party. At 2.45 passed across an open channel, with a strong current flowing N.N.W. This stream is called Haugau. Arrived at the island: as so described by the negroes, I found it to be a tongue of land stretching into the lagoon, which could have been approached from the mainland. Our men who had started with the baggage were here. Tents were soon up, and we were scarcely under canvas when a storm burst.

September 5th.—Lading seventeen canoes with nearly the whole of the baggage, and picking some of the best of our men to form a guard, they prepared to cross the lagoon, Mussaad paying the boatmen each a heavy copper bracelet, twenty genito beads (much esteemed by this tribe; it is a large bead, white ground, and spotted with divers colours), also a hand-full of ordinary dull white beads. Our men were to await us on the opposite shore, the forest of which was just visible on the south-west horizon, the boatmen promising to return for the rest of us at an early hour to-morrow. I had leisure now to observe the encampment: formerly a kraal had been here, but, with the exception of several mounds of earth raised above the level of the low marshy ground for the cattle to lie on, and the remains of a fence overgrown with luxuriant creepers, no other indication of its ever having been occupied was traceable. My poor wife is down with ague.

September 6th.—At 6.30 a.m. heard two guns in the direction of Jemeed (the hamlet we had left), and soon after seven a.m. some of our men from the Rohl, with forty porters from thence, came marching in with colours flying: right welcome were they. Five of their party (some of whom were invalided) remained at the Rohl with baggage; twenty-one, the number who had arrived, had passed

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through Atwat. The chief, Amyang, son of Ayât, after receiving a pair of bracelets and some beads, was well disposed, and promised canoes, in which our men were ferried across the lagoon. They at once proceeded to our old camping-ground at Jemeed, arriving there last evening. They complained bitterly of the treatment they had received from the negro porters who were to have conveyed them to the Rohl. All had been paid in advance. When bringing them to this spot the porters deserted; however, my brave fellows, not daunted, by dint of wading and swimming, reached the opposite shore with their twenty donkeys. After many futile attempts to hire porters in the Atwat, they managed, by instalments, in twelve days to carry the loads themselves to the Rohl. Remaining three days there to refresh themselves, they now returned, bringing us aid. Not having met with the party who left here yesterday, we have painful surmises that they also may have been dealt treacherously with. My wife's fever is high, and at times her mind wanders; leaving her in Murie's care, I rode out on "Arab," accompanied by Medineh, an old servant, on "Luxor." Bush very thick, and grass to the shoulders. Knocked over some guinea-fowl, and a pair of *Abboo Meea* or "Father of a thousand"—the golden-crested crane. I sent a ball through the right wing and chest of the first royal crane, and when he was stalking away in the water, I was obliged to send a charge of shot after him, when he fell. The second, rising after the shot, only flew a few hundred yards, and, when rising, a charge of shot winging him, brought him down; but falling on his legs, and making the best use of them, he struck off through high reeds for the open lagoon. A second barrel of buckshot had apparently no effect on him. Not wishing to injure his skin with a ball, and having no more large shot, I fired two barrels of No. 7 after him without effect. I returned to Medineh,

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and taking charge of the horses, made him strip and go after the bird, who was then knee-deep in water and wading slowly outwards. Medineh soon got up to him, when the stork showed fight with his beak and unwounded wing. Medineh kept parrying his thrusts with a stick, when, at last, he seized the bird by the beak and wing and marched him to me. Kneeling on the chest of the bird, he suffocated him, and then securing both storks with his scarf, they were placed across "Luxor," and we returned to the camp. The negro porters begged hard for the beaks to decorate their necks with: they called them *Realbeng*. Dr. Murie thus described the birds:

"Colour of head and neck, bronze-green and black; upper part of back, belly, and thighs, white; lower part of back and tail, of the same greenish-black as the head. Primary and secondary wing-feathers, white; tertiary anterior half, of same greenish-black with a partial coating of more purple-bronze colour, a rim of white running above to the phatanges. A flat yellow wattle on upper surface of beak three and a quarter inches long and two inches wide, with two small pear-shaped wattles, of the same bright colour, hanging from below; the anterior half of neck, bright scarlet; then a quarter length of black, forming a circle or belt; and nearer the head—the last quarter—again bright scarlet.

"Eyes of male and female different in colour; viz., of female: iris bright yellow with black pupil, the latter five-eighths, the former three-eighths, of an inch in diameter (marginal). Eyes of male: smaller iris yellowish-brown, and large black pupil.

"*Measurements.*—Height of body when standing, three feet four inches; to crown of head, four feet ten inches; breadth from tip to tip of wings, seven feet one inch; length of beak, one foot; point of beak to occiput, one foot four and a half inches; length of legs,

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ree feet; greater girth of body, one foot ten and a half inches; bare, heart-shaped, yellow patch on breast, four inches long, ree inches broad."

At noon my wife had a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which sted three hours, and unfortunately, the stores having been sent , no little comforts, such as arrowroot, can be given to her.

We are anxiously expecting the canoes to be brought back: this ace is a terrible marsh, and several of our people are suffering om ague.

Sunday, September 7th.—Unable to bear this suspense any nger, and the canoes not arriving, I had the punt inflated for the se of the interpreter, Cheir Allah, the only man who could not wim, and with seven soldiers, capital swimmers and partially tripped, depositing firearms and ammunition in the punt, they tarted for Atwat, where I hoped they would hear tidings of the party who left on the 5th. Failing this, they were to endeavour to procure canoes for us at any cost, wherewith to carry our tents and remaining baggage. The day wore wearily away: my wife sat up for a short time, but on the fever returning was again prostrated. At five p.m. saw five canoes approaching, worked by our men, who had left on the 5th. Half an hour afterwards the poor fellows arrived, but in what a plight!—heads bandaged, faces and arms bruised and cut, and all of a most dejected appearance. As I advanced to meet them, I cautioned every one likely to convey the bad news, which I knew I was to hear, to withhold it from my suffering wife. There had been a man to each canoe, viz., seventeen, and counting but fifteen, and missing two of my oldest servants, I asked where are Khalifa and Ahmed? The low wail which answered my question told me that they were no more. Sobs

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choked the voice of the man who was to recount their misfortunes; but recovering himself and kissing my hand, he said,

"The day we left you we were taken up and down the lagoon, disembarked twice at different points distant from the shore, and re-embarking, we were conducted to a fisherman's camp on an island in the lagoon, opposite Atwat, where we encamped the night of the 5th. The fishermen, with a vague warning that we were in bad hands, decamped ere the morning. Their doing so was accounted for by the ferrymen, who said that the people of the island proposed to rob us, but that they preventing it, the fishermen ran away. At sunrise we again embarked without suspicion, and when in deep water simultaneously they capsized us; whilst clinging to reeds, and in some instances to the canoes, the negroes savagely clubbed us. Some of us still retained our rifles, and after gaining footing on the reeds, notwithstanding the immersion, three of us discharged them, each killing a negro. This frightened the rest, and they hastily decamped, leaving five capsized canoes in our possession. Righting them, we picked up the body of Khalifa, but that of Ahmed we could not find. Recovering two more rifles and a small portion of the baggage, we have since the affray been endeavouring to find our way back to you, and not having a guide, it has been a tedious and difficult matter, but 'God is great.'"

Independent of the sad loss of life, irreparable stores and provisions are gone, photographic lenses and chemicals, a box of arsenical soap, and flaying instruments (a present to my wife from Mr. Gould), the whole of our stock of beads, three negro-loads of lead and ball, several elephant rifles and muskets, the tusks of the elephant shot on August 21st, and the whole of the men's, and a portion of the Doctor's, Carlo's, Foxcroft's, and our own clothing, are irrevocably lost. We retain no provisions worth naming; the rainy season

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is at its height, far more severe than ever experienced, and a gloom has settled on us all. My poor wife's illness increases; she is delirious, and cries so piteously for tea, which we have not to give her, that all my energy will barely suffice to stand up against so much ill fortune.

It was the exaggerated report of this mishap by the Kytch to the missionaries at Santa Croce (their station, south of Lolnun) that resulted in the communication of our deaths by the late Mrs. Tinné, then with her adventurous daughter and suite at that place, on their way to Gondokoro. We survived, but, alas! that most amiable lady, with two European attendants and Dr. Steigner, fell victims to the pernicious miasma of the following rainy season in the vicinity of Bahar il Gazal. When at a subsequent date on that lake they informed us they had reached Lolnun shortly after our departure for the interior, and had actually followed us as far as Adôr; but unfortunately we had also left that place. How different, with steam power at their command, might not our expedition have terminated had these most estimable ladies have overtaken us!

It being an exceptional privilege to repeat the report of one's own death, and with due appreciation for the good feeling which prompted it, I quote the following from No. 527 of the "Field:"

"REPORTED DEATH OF MR. PETHERICK.

"Travellers, sportsmen, naturalists, geographers, all know the name of John Petherick, a kind-hearted, plucky, powerfully built specimen of a true John Bull, who both in his private and in his official capacity as Her Majesty's Consul at Khartoum, White Nile, has rendered much good service and protection to British interests in this out-of-the-way and distant region of Upper Egypt. His

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contributions to the natural history of the rude and savage men, and of the wild beasts among which they live, are well known through the medium of the book ('Egypt, Soudan, and Central Africa') Mr. Petherick has himself published, and also through the columns of the 'Field.'

"Not many days ago the news appeared *by telegram* in the London papers, that Mr. Petherick and his wife were drowned in the White Nile. Of course we were all very grieved to hear this, and we anxiously wait further particulars.. I have, however, just received a letter from my friend Dr. Genzik, who lived for many years *next door* to Petherick at Khartoum, and held the appointment of Physician and Sanitary Inspector at that town under the Egyptian Government, and who knows the White Nile and the rude inhabitants of these districts from long practical experience.

"He writes from Prague, in Bohemia, to me thus: 'I see from the newspapers that Petherick, with all his family, wife, and servants, has been drowned on the White Nile. *I don't believe this version; he was murdered, with all his party,* either by the negroes or by his own people, and the news of his having been drowned spread by them. I know the White Nile, its visitors, its ivory and ebony borders, better than anybody else.'

"Immediately I received this, I took the liberty of submitting it to Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, as I had read a report of a meeting of the society, where Petherick's death was officially announced. I have done this in the hope that the circumstances under which our good friend met his death may be immediately fully inquired into by the authorities. If the poor fellow was really drowned, no harm can come of the inquiry; but if he, with his good lady (to whom he was married just before he bade us farewell), was knocked on the head and

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basely murdered by any of the savage vagabonds among whom he was travelling—and if the reader will look at Petherick's book he will see what style of savages they are—it is our duty as Englishmen not to sit quietly down and accept for the truth the news of his having been drowned, but to call the murderers, or those who have power over them, to strict account; and this not only because Petherick was the fine brave fellow we all knew him to be, but because he was the emissary of the British Government, as Consul at Khartoum, as well as the commander of an expedition to render assistance to Captains Grant and Speke in their arduous, dangerous, but important explorations.

"I would, therefore, pray the readers of this wide-spread journal to render any information they can relative to the death of this brave Englishman and his poor wife.

"FRANK T. BUCKLAND,
"*2nd Life Guards.*

"Regent's Park, London, Jan. 30th, 1863."

To return to our subject.

September 8th.—I have a severe touch of lumbago, which cripples me. The men famishing and discontented; short of grain, and no meat. The negroes refuse to sell either cattle or dourra. Fortunately, one of the Rhol porters, proclaiming himself a brother of the chief Afär, volunteers to induce his relatives to supply us; and Neara, for so he is called, proceeded alone on his mission. My wife at noon had a sharp attack of ague. Dispatched more of our men in the captured canoes to disembark on the other side of the lagoon, where, they say, is a deserted cattle-kraal with well-covered sheds. The canoes, propelled by one man in each, returned during the day, having landed our men in safety; they were joined by

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Cheir Allah, who crossed yesterday in the punt, he having heard of the return of our disabled men. At five p.m. Neara came back with a couple of bullocks: he says that grain will be brought in to-morrow from the surrounding villages. The men soon became gay

A FANTASIE.

as preparations were made for a substantial supper. My wife made an effort to sit up at the entrance of the tent. Her appearance was a signal for a *fantasie*. The Rhol porters sang and danced, three or four together, with arms uplifted and finger-tips meeting overhead. The highest jumper was considered the best dancer.

September 9th.—Sent all the porters and the greater part of our

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people across the water in the canoes to proceed to the Rhol, the porters to return from thence as speedily as possible for us. Small supplies of grain from Neot, and more promised.

September 10*th*.—The canoes having returned, sent Medineh and a small reinforcement to join the force *en route* to the Rhol. I am anxious to keep this place as quiet as possible during my wife's illness.

September 11*th*.—At sunrise heard four musket-shots from the other side of the lagoon, a preconcerted signal to announce the departure of our men from that place to the Rhol. Wife a little better, but very weak. In the evening Mussaad, sitting with me amidst the smoke from a smouldering wood fire to keep off the myriads of mosquitoes, related some of his adventures amongst the Neam Neam, whom he had visited from time to time. Although they invariably turned out, showing fight, Mussaad, with courage and tact, laid down his firearms, and with an interpreter advanced to them. With one exception only, he secured to himself and followers amicable receptions, the prelude being the chief and himself sucking from the arm of each other blood, which flowed from a small puncture made by a lance; lasting friendship was thus sworn.

Mussaad said that on one occasion he advanced as usual towards a community of Neam Neams whom he had not before seen; these greeted him with a flight of arrows. His men, losing patience, fired, when scores of the Neam Neams fell, but happily from fright, one or two only being wounded. The astonished aborigines fled, leaving upwards of fifty on the ground; these were taken prisoners. Mussaad with his interpreter followed the Neam Neams to a village some ten minutes' walk distant. Peace was made, *merrissa* freely

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partaken of, and the prisoners given up in exchange for elephants' tusks, brought from the bush, where they had been allowed to remain as so many worthless bones.

Mussaad now for the first time stated that, on his return from Wanja, whither he went hoping to meet the Speke expedition, he to his surprise was fallen on in the bush by the natives, when approaching Mundo, south-west of my station at Wayo. Compelled to defend himself, he fired; but the negroes, undaunted, returned again and again to the attack, and not until they had lost some half-dozen men did they withdraw. Mussaad then proceeded to their village, found to be deserted, where he determined to remain until the River Ayi, then greatly swollen, had subsided. During his stay there some of the men from the station at Wayo, having heard the firing, inflated skins, and, reposing on them, swam across to where Mussaad had stationed himself. They informed him that shortly after his departure four of their men had, according to custom, proceeded to Mundo, to purchase the weekly supply of grain, and that whilst they were in the hut of the chief, they were unexpectedly fallen upon and murdered, the interpreter, a negro boy, being the only one who escaped. Thus the attack on Mussaad from people previously friendly was explained: they feared that, if he returned, he would avenge himself. Mussaad remained in their village five days, when the chief of Mundo brought four bullocks as a peace offering, and renewed promises of friendship, pledging himself to send weekly supplies of cattle and grain to his station, which were to be sold at fixed prices. Mussaad said this promise was kept up to the date of his departure from Wayo, women chiefly bringing in the supplies.

September 12*th*.—On my return at nine a.m. from a pot-hunting

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ride, I found all our people in groups with faces of dismay; none approached me. I hastened to our tent, dreading some harm had happened to my wife; she was weeping bitterly. Extracting a promise from me that I would be patient, she told me Mussaad had been shot and was dead.

Majoub, a youth of Moorish descent, had been under Mussaad for two years, always serving him willingly. This morning he received a sharp rebuke from Mussaad (I believe undeserved), and unable to brook it, he seized a rifle he had just cleaned and loaded, and, without a word, fired, and Mussaad fell dead. Majoub no sooner beheld his prostrate victim than he attempted to shoot himself, but was prevented, and he quietly awaited my return, believing that I would shoot him. Not so; he was handcuffed, and I shall give him up to the Egyptian authorities.

Dr. Murie examined the body of poor Mussaad, and declared that death must have been instantaneous. The ball, having entered the chin, broke the jaw-bone, severed the jugular vein, and damaged the spine in its exit.

The loss of Mussaad is serious; his knowledge of the country was considerable, his courage and forbearance great; all sincerely mourn him. In a few hours he was buried in a deserted ant-hill, where his remains will be above the water-level of any ordinary inundation of the lagoon. My wife, herself grief-stricken, strove to offer consolation to the loud-sorrowing young widow. The effect of Mussaad's death on the negroes was striking. Chief Afär's brother, his mother, and several men silently left the camp, whilst our porters reluctantly remained. In the evening we noticed a negro in the lagoon, swimming towards us. It was chief Jickwi, to announce the arrival, from the Rhol, of Poncet's dragoman with

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several of his men, who were coming to our assistance. Our canoes were required to bring them across the next morning.

September 16*th.*—A cold and disagreeable day, frequent showers. My wife, feeling a little better, begged that we might leave this miserable spot the day following. For the first time since our arrival she left the tent, supported by me, to visit the grave of poor Mussaad.

September 17*th.*—My wife still earnestly desiring to resume our journey; though contrary to the advice of Dr. Murie, I consented, and, at nine a.m., tents were down, and preparations made for embarking. We had five canoes and the gutta-percha punt.

The canoes were laden with the tents, the small amount of personal baggage, and the few remaining provisions, and, in addition to the negro working the canoe, each craft carried two servants. They pushed off first, drifting with the current, the water being too deep for the pole to be of use except as a paddle. Myself and wife followed in the punt, in which I had placed sextants, books, &c., and a few rifles; I pulled across the deep clear water, with a pair of sculls, to a little creek in the Herbage, the point to be attained, which terminated in a narrow canal. Here the sculls were no longer available, so, unshipping them, I made fast our tow-line to a canoe, poled by a negro prisoner, who had been one of the foremost to capsize our men. In his boat was my wife's little servant Halima, and a soldier who, with gun in hand, watched narrowly the negro, in case he attempted to upset us. Giving Mrs. Petherick a knife to cut the tow-line, which would free the punt if the canoe should be capsized, myself with gun cocked, I was prepared to punish treachery. The negro propelled with a long cane, and to it was attached a forked piece of wood spliced to the pole by a ferule of

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horn, used for grappling the herbage when the water was too deep for the pole. Way was made at the rate of three miles an hour. We soon came up to a detachment of our men, who had been sent on with the cattle; they had successfully swum the stream Haugau, and the men and horses were now wading, but the donkeys were still swimming, and a man supported the head of each above the water.

We had navigated westward this channel, about the distance of a mile, when we got into the bend of a larger and stronger current joining the central channel. Their united waters flowed north, and formed a stream from twenty to thirty yards wide and from fifteen to eighteen feet deep.

Night had closed in when the deserted kraal, where we were to bivouac, was reached; a stagnant fetid ditch was first waded through, then marsh for a short distance. Selecting a *tookul* for ourselves, unfortunately neither wind nor water-tight, I there placed my exhausted wife, proceeded to shoot for a dinner, and speedily bagged a few ducks.

The remainder of our party did not all arrive until midnight, and in a wretched plight. The accidents had been many—one poor negro porter was drowned, two donkeys also, clothing lost, and that saved was saturated; our fold-up bedsteads with blankets had been immersed. We tore down from the *tookuls* some straw on which to repose; it was damp and mouldy. Truly our "lodging was on the cold ground."

September 18*th*.—Buchit and Poncet's men started at an early hour for the Atwat territory and villages, there to purchase food for themselves, and some for us, on arrival. The rations ran short, and of grain we were almost destitute. The promised day's rest

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was hailed with acclamations; wet garments and other saturated things were spread out to dry: the powder had not escaped without some damage, trifling however.

September 19th.—Left the kraal at 8.25 a.m., proceeded some distance in the punt; those who marched were up to the waist in water; when this became too shallow for the boat, I carried my wife to her horse "Luxor," and placed her in the saddle. Allowed the air to escape from punt, doubled it up, and gave it to a porter; I then mounted "Arab," and we went on. Rain now falling, at first gently, then heavily, continuing until our first halt, at 11.20. A long and weary march for my feeble wife, through water always, grass, sharp cutting, closing over our heads; sometimes the horses floundered in elephant tracks. A second brief halt, on ant-hills some thirty or forty feet in diameter. Our route now lay through an open forest, choked with high grass and inundated, the water clear, and the sandy bottom rendered the marching less wearying. A deliciously fragrant white water-lily was in abundance.

At 2.15 p.m. bivouacked in a deserted kraal, where we determined to pass the night. I was fortunate in bagging a large goose, and Carlo still more so, as he shot an ostrich. Fires were quickly lighted, and all rejoiced in the prospect of having, by way of a change, a good dinner: the flesh of the ostrich is delicate in flavour, and not unlike veal. The huts of the village Angwan, in the Atwat territory, were visible, but the inhabitants did not approach us. Some of our porters were sent to barter beads for grain, and returned, in three hours, with a few calabashes containing dourra. These convenient vessels are formed of dried gourds; cut in half, they represent a basin without a base, and when containing any liquid not intended for immediate use, are suspended in a net-work

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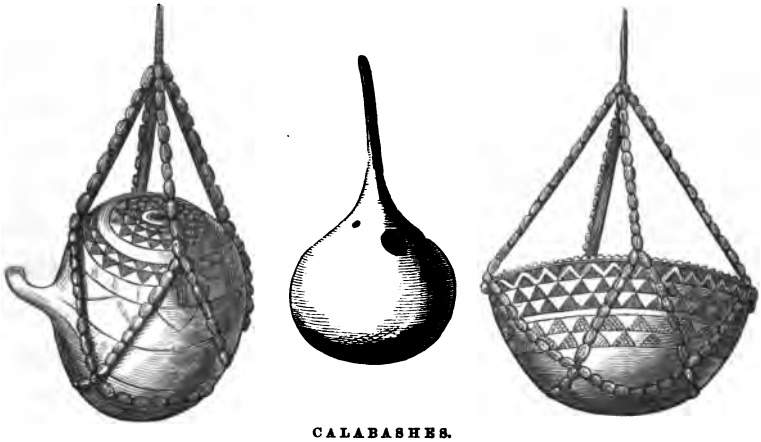
of cord, of tanned hide, or of dried grass. Those intended to be used as drinking-cups have a circular stand of plaited grass: some-



CALABASHES.

times this is dyed and has a pretty effect, the cup attached to the stand. For the purpose of conveying liquid, or even grain, to any distance, the bottle form is preferred: the pulp is extracted from the gourd through a small aperture made near the stem, and thus a neckless bottle is formed.

September 20th.—Started at 7.30 a.m., still marching through water, at times knee-deep, again but covering the foot; in half an hour passed through an inhabited swamp called Nilgil. The huts were far apart, on ground slightly elevated, a patch of dourra surrounding them; the inhabitants, a starved-looking, melancholy population, crowded on high stages, from whence they gazed upon us. Again a forest, inundated; here and there a solitary *tookul* with its mite of cultivated ground. The grass was rank and high, off which, as I rode along, I picked a quantity of shells of a pretty

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spiral form. My poor wife, exceedingly weak, followed me on her horse "Luxor," at times entreating for a halt, on two occasions granted, though she was obliged to remain in the saddle, as there was no dry land. At last reached a desirable spot, and on a mound richly covered with beautiful grass, of which our horses quickly availed themselves, we rested beneath the shade of a superb heglig, a tree resembling the olive, and bearing an edible fruit; but, in size, the tree we compared to our beech.

At this place our men, who had been sent on to the Rhol from the east bank of Haugau on the 9th inst., joined us on their return; they were coming to our assistance, and rejoiced greatly that we had crossed the lagoon in safety. Our party thus reinforced, we resumed the march, still through water and occasional patches of dry ground. As we approached and were about to pass a large kraal filled with cattle, hundreds of negroes, lances in hand, ran from thence towards us, shouting and gesticulating violently. I, with my wife, one attendant, and guide Atchwack, a chief of the Atwat who had accompanied our men from the Rhol, were far in advance of our party. Not comprehending this unusual demonstration on the part of the negroes, and quick from recent events to suspect a treacherous attack, I determined to confront the rushing throng. Bidding my wife, in case of necessity, to make use of the revolver pistol at her side; myself well armed—a pair of five-barrelled revolver pistols at the waist, a double-barrel rifle slung to the saddle, and a five-barrel revolver rifle in hand, quite ready for action—it did not escape me how intently Atchwack scrutinized my countenance. We diverged from the narrow path which led through the forest, and, making a bold front, rode towards the negroes. Atchwack ran rapidly in advance of us, and the ferocious cries of the savage horde as he halloaed to them

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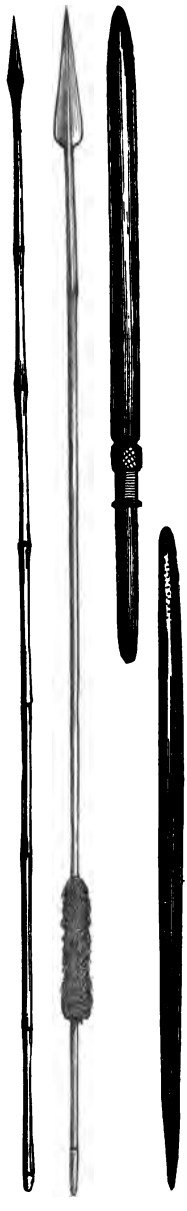
changed into a wild song; and now in the midst of them, they danced around us, brandishing wildly their lances and clubs. We pulled up to listen, smiling our approbation, and thanking Atchwack for this agreeable surprise, though I felt convinced that an attack upon us had been intended, and was frustrated only by the confidence we had displayed. Retracing our way back to the path, we were joined by the head of our party, who, proceeding in single file, had but just reached this spot, and accompanied as we were by the negroes in numbers, all armed to the teeth with lances of various kinds, clubs, and bows and arrows, they manifested great surprise at the warlike aspect of the situation.



The march was resumed, led by Atchwack. He was a well built man, slight and under ordinary height; his nose was peculiar, and seemed, in direct opposition to his colour, to deny his negro extraction, this being of a type decidedly Roman, nostrils fine, and the bridge a marked outward bend. He wore round his loins an exceedingly neatly made belt of blue beads, about one foot in breadth, which closely fitted the hips. His cap was the shape of the head, made of black sheep-skin, two rows of cowrie-shells round the brim, and a black ostrich feather in the centre; a lance his only weapon, although in battle the bow and arrow is universal, being considered of greater utility than club or lance. The negroes from

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the kraal scoured the forest for fruit, which they presented on the point of a lance to my wife. There was the fruit of the neback, not unlike a cherry. The neback is a thorny bush, and grows in a range extending to 16° and 17° north latitude. It flourishes even in a region of almost perpetual sand, and where the rainy season is but for a period of three months. The fruit, pressed into small

THE WILD VINE.

cakes, is then baked on iron plates, and in this form, in Mahommedan districts, is conveyed to Cairo, where it is much esteemed. Bunches of grapes were brought, exceedingly small, but delicious in flavour. A fruit new to me we tasted, called here *kurshaka*. Unlike the generality of wild fruit, this had more pulp than stone; it was extremely satisfying. There were fine tamarind trees in the woods, laden with fruit not yet ripe. Many plants in bloom, prominent the cotton, with its lovely blossoms; this was in a wild state, and seemed to thrive well. At 12.30 p.m. we entered the village of Jam Jam, and alighted at the neatly palisaded enclosure of the chief Bohl, who with his mother and wife welcomed us.

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We were soon comfortably encamped, and my wife, "eating bread and honey," brought to her by the "mother," a withered dame clothed in skins. I had a *chiboque* filled with native tobacco, a luxury I had been a stranger to for some time. The old lady trotted about "on hospitable thoughts intent," and soon brought eggs and a fowl she had cooked; she expressed delight when she saw how much it was appreciated. With what tender care she aided my wife, who was very weak! laving her feet, preparing many little comforts, touching her hair admiringly, which, being so soft, was something new to her. All honour to that good creature for her motherly care—never will it be forgotten. I strolled about the village, and observed that there were several lepers amongst the inhabitants, one of whom I induced to accompany me to the Doctor's tent, who pronounced him to be a veritable leper; he was not born one, but became so when a boy.

This was the first instance of lepers amongst the negroes that had come to my knowledge. In Kordofan I have occasionally met with Arabs so afflicted.

September 21st.—Marched at 8.15 a.m., Atchwack leading. The chief Bohl, a tall, good-looking negro, with his mother, cordially bade us farewell, offering their services on any future occasion. To Bohl a pair of copper bracelets were given, to his mother sundry beads, with which they expressed great satisfaction. Our march, once out of the village, lay through a flat country, slightly inundated and covered with rank grass; and though I was on horseback it reached my shoulders. A terrible walk for our followers, as the pathway was wide enough for one only, and the sharp blades of grass made ugly gashes on faces and hands. My wife, who, long before, had lost veil, gloves, and the brim of her wide

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hat, presented a sorry spectacle; but without a murmur as to her own serious discomforts, inimaginable to the full extent by her sex only, she had ever a cheering word to give our people; and I avow, that had it not been for her *pluck*, I should have been abandoned by my followers over and over again.

After half an hour's march the water diminished, and we wended our way through a dense forest, suffocated with the same rank grass, until one p.m., having made three brief halts, when we arrived at a now deserted kraal called Augur, situated on a slight eminence above the general surface. The trees in the immediate vicinity had been cleared for the construction of stages in the kraal, thus a free circulation of air was admitted, affording inexpressible relief. The march had been most trying in consequence of the density and height of the grass. The trees we had remarked *en route* were principally mimosa and a species of *Ficus*, with occasional fine cactus. We might have reached Adael, Poncet's station in the Rhol, ere sunset, but all were suffering so much from fatigue, that a halt until the following morn was determined upon.

Atchwack tells me that the kraal is now, during the rainy season, untenable from the presence of the destructive tsetse fly, called here the *mau*. I had as yet seen none, and hoped our horses would escape, but Atchwack said to-morrow's march might prove troublesome, as the fly was known to exist in the bush in advance of us. The chief, a more intelligent man than ordinary, states that the sting of the *mau*, if in the head or spine of a bullock, causes speedy death, but if in the body, the animal might linger a week or ten days; but death is inevitable unless a part of the root of a tree called *Tshol goote* is administered internally, and rubbed well into the hide; the animal might then recover. The fly occupies a certain bush, well known to the negroes: at no great distance cattle may

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graze with impunity; but if they enter the limits occupied by the fly, the consequences are fatal to numbers of the herd, if not to the whole.

From the neglected state of the kraal we were occupying, I presumed it had not been used for some time, and Atchwack said that two years ago it had been the site of an encounter with some of the Rhol, and it had not been occupied since. He then related that during the absence of many of the men who had gone to their homes at Jam Jam in quest of grain, the kraal had suddenly been attacked by the Rhol, who occupied two kraals a short distance westwards of Augur. The surprised negroes had but time to secrete their wives and children in the bush, when six men, of whom one was Atchwack, returned to the kraal, to find their cattle had been driven off. They followed the trail, and on the confines of the forest came up with the Rhol men driving the cattle, and attacked them with so much vigour that twenty of the Rhol were slain; the others, panic-stricken, fled, leaving the cattle in the hands of their owners, who returned in triumph with their herds.

Proceeding forthwith to Jam Jam, their success so elated the tribe that they determined in full force to attack their faithless neighbours. The kraals were empty, but, following the tracks, they penetrated into the heart of the Rhol territory, when they came upon the pursued, and after an obstinate encounter, with serious loss of life on both sides, the Atwat were the victors; and possessing themselves of several thousand head of cattle, they succeeded in driving them into their own country.

While on the subject of cattle and kraals, any persons who has seen one may have remarked its being continually enveloped in clouds of smoke, issuing from neatly constructed conical mounds

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of manure. I imagined that the purport of so much smoke was to drive away the myriads of flies infesting such places, to the torment of man and beast; but Atchwack, admitting that such was an advantage, said the real purpose was to convert the dung into ashes; which, spread on the usually damp ground, afforded excellent bedding for man and beast, and by rubbing it well on their own bodies, it kept them free from colds and rheumatism.

September 22nd.—Off at seven a.m., and in ten minutes were following a narrow track through a continuation of yesterday's thick forest.

Two halts of a few moments' duration, when an eager look-out was kept for the tsetse or *mau*, several specimens of which were netted; they were precisely similar to the description and sketch given by Dr. Livingstone, but perhaps a trifle smaller. When marching not a fly was seen. At eleven a.m. we emerged from the bush and traversed a few dourra and millet-fields, belonging to a small hamlet called Timalor.

The height of the corn-stalks was considerable, and the heavy unripe heads of grain waved high above us as we rode through them. Forest, high grass, and water again succeeded for the space of half an hour; and then emerging on a plain studded with bushes, underwood, and a few fine trees, the long-talked of station, Adael, was pointed out in the distance. And now, though so near the desired haven, a halt took place: my wife was exhausted; lifting her from the saddle, I carried her to repose for awhile beneath the shade of a far-spreading tree, and here we waited the stragglers of our party.

Some men of Poncet's, engaged herding their cattle, came up to us, and the news of our arrival was quickly known through the

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settlement and the adjoining village of Adael. Poncet's agent, a Dongolaui, arrived on horseback, accompanied by many Arabs, negroes, and negresses, and came to greet us. The latter eagerly sought their husbands or relatives, as the case might be, embraced them affectionately, then proceeded from one to the other of the negro porters, saluted them with a friendly *whack* of a leather apron across the shoulders. A song and dance followed, and presently forming a circle, we were made the subjects of an oration; the ladies, clasping each other's hands, danced in a ring round and round the tree, where, in the shadow, we were seated. In less than an hour the last of our wearied people came up. The fisherman from Jemeed, who had been made to carry a load, escaped with it; it consisted of a casting-net and a rug; so consequently that style of fishing is put an end to.

We re-mounted in the midst of great acclamations and an excited throng, rode to the station, and were conducted into the interior; the outer or first enclosure entered being a cattle-kraal of considerable dimensions. A stockade surrounded both enclosures; the inner *zariba* contained seventy *tookuls* or upwards; those of the agent and principals were furnished with *rakubas* or porticos; and as they permit an escape from the ever-close hut, and afford a shelter from the hot sun, are exceedingly comfortable. Some of the huts were constructed upon a wooden framework, at an elevation of five feet from the ground—an advantage, as there is no drainage, consequently the water penetrates the *tookuls* built on the ground, such as the one appropriated for our use. Whilst this was being arranged, we rested beneath a superb tamarind tree, the only tree in the *zariba*. A hut near ours was allotted to the Doctor and Carlo, Foxcroft had another, and a large one was appropriated to the servants; so our party were all pretty well

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together. There was one *rakuba* of which we might occasionally avail ourselves; on the roof of this some of our people slept.

We took possession of our *tookul,* creeping through a beehive-like portal, which was also the only aperture to admit light: some minutes elapsed ere we could discern the interior of our habitation; but gradually, as our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, two *angeribs* were descried, a large pitcher for water fixed between three lopped branches of a tree on a trunk two feet from the ground, a cord stretching from the rafters to hang our garments on, and a low framework of wood, on which to place the small amount of baggage we had. Before sunset we strolled about the *zariba,* and visited a well-kept kitchen garden. Watched with interest the return of the cattle—they tell me, in number greatly reduced. They were tended by Kytch negroes, who voluntarily give their services for their support, consisting of weekly allowances of grain and the half of the milk.

Ibrahim, the agent, says the Kytch are more to be depended upon than the Rhol men; their homes being distant, they cannot so well walk off with the cattle, a feat the Rhol would achieve with alacrity.

This station is occupied by one hundred and six armed men from Khartoum, and six elephant hunters who undertake occasional excursions to the Djour, one day's journey to the south of this. The agent Ibrahim appears a quiet well-conducted man. He has but recently returned from the Neangara, in the direction we are to proceed. The road hence, ten days' stiff march, he describes as choked with high herbage, occasional marshes intervene, water sometimes to the shoulders; and as the soil becomes mud during the rainy season, walking is impracticable. Ibrahim strongly recommends our remaining here a month, when

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the rains in all probability will have ceased, the marshy district will be drying up, and the perplexing dangerous herbage burnt by the natives. Too much time had been unavoidably lost, and my wife agreeing with me that these obstacles should be overcome at all hazard, I earnestly solicited Ibrahim to procure me the necessary porters.

September 25th.—The few days' rest had been of benefit to all, though still some of our men were invalided, suffering from colds, rheumatism, and ague. They gave Dr. Murie much trouble, not clothing themselves as well as they might. I went to the distracted Doctor's rescue, and threatened if they obeyed not his directions, they should receive a good thrashing. One man had an ugly flesh-wound on the foot; it had been torn by a thorn.

Our morning rides were strictly adhered to, and were most beneficial in keeping body and mind in a healthy state. Of course, my fowling-piece was a never-failing companion; with the exception of a few bustards, frankolins, and guinea-fowl, and these rare and wild, I neither found nor heard of more game in the immediate neighbourhood. A quarter of a mile west of this station the cornfields of the village of Adael commence, and stretch westwards about two miles to where the ground is swampy, and during this period annually under water. The grain is now ripening, and so high that the summits of the *tookuls* are alone visible. East, west, and north we are surrounded by dead water. The drainage is sluggishly carried off hence to the lagoon in a channel some fifty yards wide and from four to five feet deep, called Gôl, N.W. It is visible from the station, wending its course north by east, until it enters the lagoon. In summer it dries up and becomes a rich meadow. Still farther north-west, from four to five miles hence, my men

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inform me that there is a considerable stream within well-defined banks, winding northwards. This stream they have repeatedly crossed in the wet and dry seasons; it is not fordable, but passable only in canoes. It is called the Nam. Crocodiles and hippopotami abound in it. Three days' march west of Neangara the natives have constructed a neat wooden bridge of fabulous length, guarded with rails on either side, across the same stream, known to them as the Yalo.

The district as far westward as the Nam is called Agär, and forms part of the extensive Rhol territory. The population, of Dinka extraction, make exclusive use of that language. West of the Nam is the Rohl proper, and a narrow district, occupied by the Djour, divides it from the extensive possessions of the Dôr, traversed by me in the years 1853 to 1858, and described in my work entitled "Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa." Their arms not having been pictured in that work, I annex a few sketches thereof, consisting of spears, bows and arrows, and peculiarly carved clubs of ebony wood.

What the population might amount to is difficult to surmise. My numerous informants assert that the country is thickly inhabited, and that the negroes, on the report of danger, appear in numbers with as little warning as a swarm of bees. They are reputed by the men at the station to be treacherous and cowards in fight: they will collect in numbers, make a great noise, worry their enemy by continuous shouting, day and night; seldom attack openly, but remain in ambush, taking advantage of circumstances, and generally close under cover of the night.

They are considerable cattle holders, and cultivate grain to a greater extent than the tribes hitherto passed. Their relations with the surrounding tribes, whether of the same race or not, are

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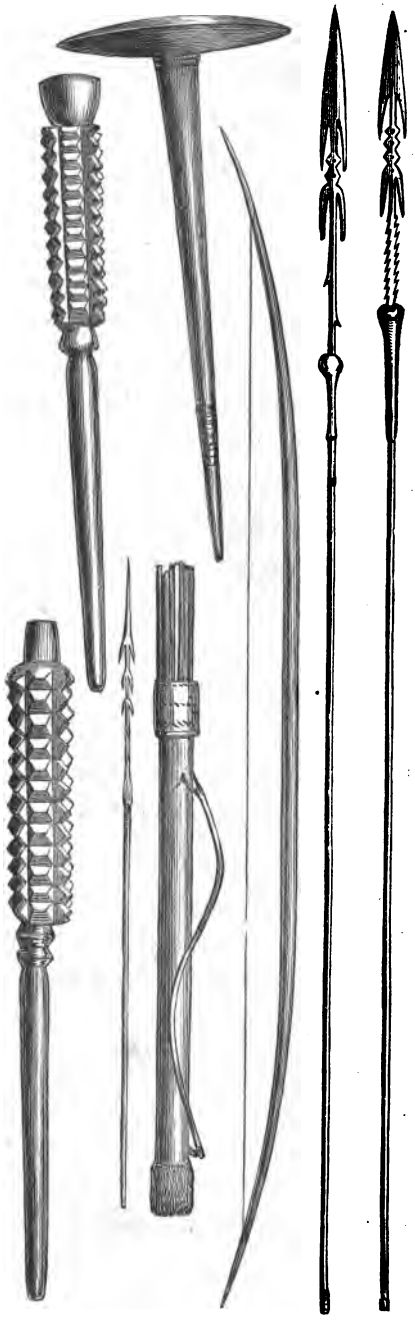
very slender, and depend on intermarriages of some of the chiefs or wealthy individuals. These so related can with impunity enter each other's territories and villages; but a stranger, under whatsoever pretence, can only do so at the peril of his life. The Rhol simply slay an intruder and refuse burial; but the Djour, their southern neighbours, detach the head of the slain, cleanse the skull, and place it on a pole in a frequented pathway on the confines of their village.



ARMS OF THE BOHL.

September 26th.—I am sorely embarrassed: the ways and means for our progress having been proposed, my plans were frustrated as much as possible by Ibrahim, the agent of the station, to whom I had delivered a letter from Poncet concerning us.

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My presentiments, gleaned *en route* from the men, at length were confirmed beyond a doubt,—that without cattle I could not move. What the intentions of Poncet and his agent at Adôr were, to mislead me by representing the Rhol as a bead-trafficking community, I could not imagine, as even the ordinary articles of consumption, such as moderate quantities of grain, honey, and tobacco, could only be obtained in exchange for a cow or calf. Had I chosen to seize cattle in order to pay the porters, I could have done so at Adôr, and thus avoided all the inconveniences and heavy losses that had befallen us by following this almost impracticable and circuitous route. What was to be done? Indebted to the amount of some sixty head of cattle for the hire of the porters who had accompanied our men, whom we met on the lagoon; Ibrahim, for an equivalent of goods or money, could not, or would not, supply me with any more cattle; neither would the negroes of the adjoining villages dispose of any of their cattle for any consideration in our power to give them. My men's demands for cattle to purchase their different requirements, put off from day to day, rendered them troublesome and turbulent. They insisted—and that was true enough—that without cattle we could neither return nor proceed, and they would consent no longer to privations whilst in possession of the means to obtain the necessaries to sustain life; and, with or without my consent, they were prepared to join Poncet's men in a *razzia*.

The storm I had dreaded now burst, and to this cattle *razzia* I was compelled to yield a reluctant assent.

In lieu of the introduction of more valuable and civilizing merchandise, such as domestic implements or cloth for wearing apparel, as articles of barter, when the value of glass beads and copper ornaments became depreciated, many of the traders disgraced themselves by descending to the level of the savages, and imitating them, in their

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lawless endeavours to enrich themselves, by plundering cattle; from this to slave-stealing was but a step, which, according to my recent experience, most of the traders have learnt to indulge in. The men in their service are better paid, as all participate in the spoils. Much profit is realized; and to many I believe that the ivory trade is but of secondary consideration.

September 29th.—My men must have been in secret preparing for this *razzia*, as at an early hour they were ready to start with Poncet's marauders. I addressed a few words to them expressing my repugnance of the work on which they were about to engage; that nothing but dire necessity induced me to permit them to lift cattle; but that if one or all of them seized any negroes, I would give them up to the authorities at Khartoum.

It was some consolation to learn that the intended victims were richly deserving of punishment.

The aid of Ibrahim and his force had, by special messenger from the agent of a Copt occupying a station in the Aliab, been requested to resist the onslaughts to which they were exposed by that tribe. Our own men and Poncet's were equally delighted at the prospect of any act of aggression and retribution on the Aliab, as *en route* we had been apprised by the Atwat, their neighbours, they had expressed disappointment at our not having chosen to traverse their territory, as they, the Aliab, would have relieved us of our possessions and put an end to our travelling. But, in truth, the animosity of the men dated from 1858, when, by treachery, they lost brothers and others of their kindred on the occasion of the massaere of a trader and his party at a station founded by Sheikho, an officer of disbanded irregular cavalry, in the service of the Viceroy in the Soudan.

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In 1857, Sheikho, as trader, accompanied by sixty men, proceeded to the Aliab, and there established himself. To facilitate his operations, he sought and obtained in marriage the daughter of the chief Akwang, and relations on both sides became so amicably established that Sheikho disarmed his men and kept no guard at night.

Quantities of tusks were purchased, and when fresh supplies of beads, &c., were received from Khartoum and deposited in Sheikho's camp, Akwang and his followers, who were daily visitors, allured by the prospect of acquiring such wealth, at night, and in cold blood murdered every one they could lay hands on. Sheikho and his wife were the first victims, and the bride's father was the assassin. The tusks and merchandise were removed and the camp fired; six men only escaped and reached the river, and being good swimmers, they in safety arrived at the not far-distant station of the priests called Santa Croce, established by the Pro-Vicar Knoblecher, where they found welcome and shelter.

The successful chief is regarded as the hero of his tribe, and his murderous hand, when in public, is supported by two or three young girls.

The departure of the men upon their lawless mission was a gala day to the villagers. Many relatives of the negroes attached to the force entered the station dancing and singing songs in their praise and the men who remained as guard, invalids, women, and children, all joined in the demonstration. The females bore green boughs in their hands, and waved them with grace as they danced.

Rain fell until noon, when it ceased.

The negresses and wives of the men occupying the station—for most of them had intermarried with the people of Adael—collected in a group, and to their song and clapping of hands danced merrily

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or hours, to celebrate the puberty of one of its inmates,—a girl pparently ten years of age. During this period the use of milk as ood is abstained from, or, if indulged in, it is believed barrenness ill inevitably be the consequence.

Up to *October 20th* proved weary, trying days. My poor wife uffered seriously from rheumatic and gastric fevers. Dr. Murie old me to prepare for the worst, and I had received, as I feared, ier last words. He and I were watching her last night, when she suddenly asked for food. Murie, who throughout her illness had been unfailing in his attentions, proceeded to get something or other. We had long been without tea, sugar, or any of the many comforts so necessary for an invalid—wine, brandy, all had been lost in the lagoon. Soon the Doctor returned with some boiled grain in a paste, sweetened with honey, into which he had put a little araki, distilled on the premises from grain. This the poor patient with difficulty swallowed, and she knew us again. For days water only had she taken—no food of any kind. The Doctor, shaking my hand, said, "The crisis has passed; she will recover."

Our little Halima fairly wept with delight: of mine own feelings I speak not. A silence most dread had been observed in the *zariba* for more than a week; but to-day my wife has sent her thanks to its inhabitants, and entreats that they will enjoy themselves as of yore. Everywhere I am greeted, and "*Il' hamd' il Allah*" "thank God!" is on every tongue.

I think I may now look after the bustards and guinea-fowl.

October 22nd.—The district is poor in game, but I brought home a small antelope yesterday. Met three native elephant hunters carrying laden spears, which I was asked to spit on for good luck. This

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THE ELEPHANT SPEAR.

spear, having either a log of ebony or a lump of clay on the end of it, is thrown by the hunter from the branch of a tree, perpendicularly on to the elephant, when taking his midday *siesta*. When in a favourable position, the spear penetrates deeply into the carcase of the animal, and he soon expires. A smile from the dear wife welcomed me back, and a pressure from the shrunken hand, too thin now to retain the little gold ring, that for the time is worn by myself.

October 23rd.—The weather is evidently breaking; some fair sunny days we have experienced, and the rain when it falls is not so heavy. I rode out, shot a guinea-fowl, and noticing a fine tree—of what description I know not, but not an *Adamsonia*—I dismounted to measure its circumference, and found it twenty-four feet.

October 30th.—While, as on the previous days, out shooting, two of our marauders returned, and announced that their companions were approaching with cattle, sufficient to defray our expenses here, and to admit our departure hence. No other casualty occurred than the loss of one man, in an elephant hunt.

A herd having been fallen in with, a straggler was shot down. Two of the men stopped to reload, but the third hunter, disregarding precautions, imprudently hurried on to be in at the death. When but a few yards from him, the infuriated beast regained his

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legs, and charged. The ground being marsh, to run was impossible, so poor Hassein threw himself into the nearest bush for protection. Before he could hide himself, the elephant grappled him with his trunk, and threw him on his back. Before his comrades could assist him, the maddened animal ran his tusk through his body. Shrieking with rage and intent upon carrying off his victim, two more shots from the terrified witnesses of this sad catastrophe put an end to his life. The unfortunate hunter, a brave and faithful servant, was carried to a deserted kraal close by, where, notwithstanding the frightful wound in his abdomen, the men declared he lived two entire days. The rest continued their journey to the Aliab.

The immense amount of water, distributed over vast tracts, was in many instances too deep to wade, and the men were compelled to make a circuitous route through the Mundari territory. At every kraal they were well received and entertained; but mindful ever of their desire of revenge upon the Aliab, cattle so craved for, and within their grasp, were respected. So on they went, often losing their way in the vast woods and marshes, perplexed sorely at times to find themselves plodding over again ground which they had trod before: the rains lasted frequently day and night. The Aliab once gained, they were not long in finding the locality of the vaunted chief.

Arriving late on a wet afternoon, too late for hostile operations, the drenched and greatly fatigued band ensconced themselves near a thick wood in the precincts of the village. Without a fire to warm (and nothing but wild fruit to nourish them), they silently passed an anxious night. The day dawned, and heavy clouds hung threatening overhead, as if Nature, frowning upon their enterprise, still held out a slight encouragement by withholding rain;

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so on, the men sallied. The lowing of the cows, impatient for their distant tethered young, and the fierce bellowing of the sires of the herd, indicated the close vicinity of the kraal.

The plain gained, and wending their way along the broken tracks, amidst high herbage and thickly studded bushes, the village appeared in sight. In front of it was the kraal, enclosed with its dry thorn fence. The party separated, and forming two compact forces, a rush was simultaneously made to the extremities of the kraal, to surround it and secure the cattle.

The barking of the dogs first apprised the owners of the approach, and the negroes at once fled, leaving the marauders, without the sacrifice of a charge of powder, masters of the kraal. The half-famished men seized at once the bowls containing porridge, hot from the fire, and calabashes full of milk, that the negroes had prepared for their breakfast. Comrades less fortunate continued the occupation (so recently abandoned by the negroes) of milking a goodly stock of cows. The cattle in good condition were roughly rated at upwards of a thousand. The word was given to untether, and the herd was driven off, without molestation, till the confines of the forest which had sheltered the men during the previous night was attained. The trees being lofty and in leaf, the light was much obscured; underwood, briars, and thick long herbage were incessant obstacles to their advance. But a few hundred yards had been gained, when flights of arrows announced an ambuscade. Disregarding the reminders of an unseen foe, the men still pushed on with the cattle, the negroes yelling indescribably, and at random shooting arrows. They were thus accompanied and harassed until the third day; the nights were passed without molestation, the marauders kindling large fires, and cooking a bullock or two, which, though without grain or salt, they ate with avidity.

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On the morning of the third day, whilst traversing more open ground, they encountered a large force of negroes drawn up in line at a distance of several hundred yards before them. A few, apparently leaders, stood on elevated ant-hills, seeming to direct the negroes, who were in hundreds. A long and well-directed rifle-shot brought down one of these negroes from the summit of an ant-hill, when with a shout the hordes of negroes fled, leaving the body of their chief remaining on the ground. This negro was no other than the murderer of Sheikho and his followers. To the loss of their ill-termed hero the panic of the negroes was attributed.

Our party, no further disturbed, continued to the Haugau, our former point of disastrous embarkation. The waters of the lagoon had increased greatly since our occupation of its banks, and the spot on which our tent had stood was inundated. Crowds of negroes assembled to witness the cattle cross the lagoon. Some few of them assisted the men, and ferried in canoes those who could not swim; but the majority of the negroes, with whom they were in league, occupied themselves by rescuing from the flood dozens and scores of cattle that ever and again the force of the current detached from the main herd. These were landed so far down stream as to be out of the power of their original captors, and the exulting negroes thus became masters of one-half of the ill-gotten booty. No further adventure worthy of note befell them during the rest of their journey, and after an absence of twenty-eight days, the marauders returned to the station.

Long-horned, of good stature, and well conditioned, the prevailing colour of the cattle was cream, a few brown, still fewer black, and two were tiger-striped, grey and brown.

November 1*st* to 8*th*.—It is appointed that our departure from

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here will take place about the 12th, and preparations to ensure such a step are actively carried on. Grain, which is *now* easily procured, is converted into flour, and meat is dried in the usual way. *Merrissa* is made, also araeki, which, partaken of somewhat too freely, riotous scenes oft follow. My wife, to prepare herself for the journey, accompanies me in the morning rides. Game is scarce, so we amuse ourselves by picking cotton, which, though wild, is luxuriant; the blossoms, both pink and yellow, grow on the same plant. The staple is fine, and is spun by our negresses into excellent thread: thus our wretched torn clothes can now be repaired. Some of our men had gained the affections of these girls, and proposing marriage, entreated my consent to the same. Desirous to know if the girls were really willing, they were summoned; and, greatly to our surprise, were accompanied by the widow of poor Mussaad; Halima, also the negress who had followed us from Khartoum, and who had proved a valuable servant, was with them. One and all expressed a wish to become wives, as each man addressed his lady-love. One pretty girl had two suitors for her hand, so she was asked to choose between them. Hiding her face on the shoulder of a companion, she pointed to Zein, a handsome fellow, whose face lighted up when thus accepted, whilst his rival's became darkly malignant. Halima was sought by the chief hunter, Wód Ali; Rechan, the cook, was accepted by the young widow; and Om Buchat, our servant, made happy her old companion, Jochar, who also had begged to accompany us when we left Khartoum. The wedding ceremony was to take place the following evening at sunset, according to Mahommedan rites. All retired rejoicing, and the brides elect, accompanied by the married women, were escorted to the *tookuls*. We were inexpressibly relieved at this unexpected turn

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in the fortunes of our people, as intimacies had been springing up which were productive of great annoyance to us.

The wedding-day was strictly a gala one; bullocks slaughtered, *zachareeting*, and constant firing; in fact, all in the *zariba* were in the highest state of excitement. Ringa, beating furiously the gong, led the brides' procession, each girl supported by two female companions, the men firing repeatedly; and it was not until a late hour that the festivities terminated and quiet was restored.

The way out of the station leads through the cattle-kraal belonging to it, consequently we had frequent opportunities of observing the habits of the Kytch negroes, numbers of whom are here settled with their families, and to whose care the cattle are entrusted. The men, like the generality of the Dinka tribe, anoint their bodies with oil, procured from the sesame and ground nut, powdering themselves with wood ashes afterwards. The women, on the contrary, shine like polished ebony, placing ashes only on the face, which gives them the appearance of wearing ugly masks. Both sexes stain the hair red, and the women perform their ablutions with the same noxious fluid. Water is rarely used, as it is said to produce barrenness. The mothers carry their babes in a trough-like piece of dried cow-hide slung over the shoulder and passing under the left arm, so both hands are at liberty. To protect the child from rain or sun, a leather apron is suspended from the mother's neck, which effectually covers the infant.

During our sojourn I have witnessed neither treachery nor evil designs on the part of the negroes towards us or the inhabitants of the station, though it is evident they mistrust each other. The Arabs never, even upon the most trivial occasion, venture outside unless armed; and the intercourse is slight, and strictly confined to business.

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A ROHL WOMAN CARRYING HER INFANT.

This station has now been established three years, during the first of which nightly harassings were made on the Arabs. At length, wearying for rest, they turned out in force on the neighbouring villages, threatening destruction, when the chiefs and elders came to an understanding, and each community slaughtered a bullock; the blood was sprinkled on all parties, and peace declared. It has not been yet openly violated; but if a stray cow or bullock is fallen in with, it no more finds its way to the kraal of the station.

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November 13*th*.—At last the preparations were declared complete, and at noon we were to proceed. Poncet's agent and fifty of his men will accompany us to the Neangara, where a fresh relay of porters may be hired, and the Kytch will be conducted back by Ibrahim.

At three p.m., the agent still unable, as he said, to start, we determined to do so; leaving the cattle under an escort of twenty negroes to follow in the morning. Our way led us through the corn-fields, from which we did not emerge until six p.m.; and, pitching our tent under a fine tree, near a village close by, we encamped for the night. One hour after our arrival, two shots at a distance indicated some of our stragglers to have lost their way in the darkness. The reports having been answered, the men—four Shaygyehs—in a fright, soon arrived. They had been threatened by a band of aborigines, under cover of the night and corn; and by their firing they scared them off. The Shaygyehs, being new hands, were a laughingstock for the older birds, and all the sympathy they received was ridicule, and an admonition for lagging behind.

November 14*th*.—Poncet's men not arriving, we started at 8.50 without them, through a few dourra and duchn or millet-fields; now and then the top of a hut appeared in sight. The path led into an open wood, gradually becoming thicker, with grass overtopping the men's heads. At a deserted kraal we made a short halt to rest the porters, and at noon arrived in a broad densely vegetated valley, containing apparently dead water, the greater part overgrown with reeds. The men crossed, wading breast-deep; and our punt having been inadvertently taken across with a few men, we awaited its return. The man accompanying the porters reported the desertion of twenty-six of their number immediately the water had been

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crossed; the high grass effectually hid them from view and prevented any attempts on the part of our men to stop them. While engaged in inflating the punt, the negro whose load it was, suddenly sprang to his legs and attempted desertion. Four of our men seized him, but, his body slippery with oil, they could retain no hold of him, and he struggled so effectually that he got off.

My wife and self rowed across in the punt. I estimated the ford at three hundred yards across, and how to proceed with the deficiency of so many porters became a serious question. All round a small plot of ground occupied by us the herbage was high and dense; a large tree afforded shade, and in front was an open sheet of water, the surface of which, near the margin, was studded with flowering water-lilies.

The name of this back-water of the Haugau is Lak. In the summer months it is reported to dry up. West of it is a village called Feirjulla.

Poncet's men with some cattle here joined us, and as the latter were to proceed, I determined to send on all the remaining porters with Ibrahim, under an escort of forty-nine men. They were to go to the next village. Poncet's agent and twenty of my men remained with us to look after the dropped luggage.

Ibrahim sent three of the leading negroes, deputed by the chiefs of as many villages, in charge of the porters, to return and beat up the fugitives, or obtain others in lieu of them. Our tent was pitched, and we determined to make ourselves as little uncomfortable as possible for the night. Unfortunately the provisions had been inadvertently taken on, so that a little bread and water was all we were fortunate enough to muster. Several loads had been thrown away by the runaway negroes, amongst them a box containing two large bottles of spirits, one nearly full of reptiles and insects.

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These jars had been lent to me by my much-lamented friend, Professor Queckett, and had been round the world with the renowned Captain Cook.

November 15*th*.—At seven a.m. one of the four men sent in search of the deserters returned with three of them and ten new porters. With them we started at eight a.m., taking with us tent and sundries, Medineh remaining with ten of our men to await the other messengers, in the hope of their bringing sufficient porters to carry the remaining loads. The path traversed led through a swamp for a short distance, then we passed over a sandy soil bearing high grass and scraggy trees; gradually the forest became thicker and nobler, with now and then an open gravelly spot on which we halted; then came the corn-fields of the last village of the Agär, called Aweel. Pursuing our way through the high dourra, we passed a few isolated barricaded huts, the stockades of which consisted of poles some twelve to fifteen feet high, enclosing spaces about fifty feet in diameter, generally containing a hut erected on a stage, another smaller one on the ground, a large wooden pestle and mortar, and a small plot cultivated with tobacco. Wending our way along a winding and intricate footway, just wide enough for a single person, in turning a corner of the path we met two women; giving them no time to fly, we learnt from them that our men and cattle bivouacked in the village, and that at an early hour they had proceeded that morning on their journey. Here was another perplexity! they had left us, contrary to orders, to follow as we best could, to the next tribe, a stiff day's march in advance, without porters and provisions. In this dilemma we took temporary posession of a small shed, constructed in an open spot under the shade of a large tree, and the men encamped around in the bush.

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After consulting with Ibrahim, a negro was sent on to a sheet of water, described as an hour's march in advance, to report if the cattle were there, or if they had been driven on to the Djour; but, after waiting several hours for his return, we concluded he had either bolted or gone on to the Djour. At three p.m. a sharp shower forced us to seek better quarters, and we retired to a stage hut in the centre of a stockade, gained by climbing a crude kind of ladder, formed of a single log of wood, with occasional stumps of branches, few and far between, for steps. The entrance to this elevated hut was oval, large enough only to admit, in a crawling position, a single individual at a time. This being the only opening, our domicile proved oppressively close; and seating ourselves as near the portals as compatible with the driving rain, we literally gasped for air. The interior was clean, the floor and sides being neatly plastered with mud, and washed with a solution containing a strong oxide of iron. On the top of the walls or sides a shelf for stowing away provisions occupied one-half of the small tenement, but not an article of furniture or crockery adorned it. Our tent was pitched within the stockade, and taking possession of it as soon as possible, dinner became desirable; but as all provision had been taken on, we were compelled to eat only of roasted ground-nuts. At sunset Medineh arrived, bringing with him a few of the old and some newly-hired porters bearing some of our traps; when, however, they discovered the cattle were in advance, they were wonderfully disconcerted at the prospect of no beef for supper, as they, also, were half famished.

November 16*th*.—It was reported guinea-fowl had been seen on the outskirts of the corn-field, and at sunrise I, with a sharp lad, Babuckar, went in search of them: we, however, contrived to lose

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our way in the maze of paths in the corn; and after an hour's wandering, without seeing any game, we passed some vacant huts. Still continuing our way, we fell in with an elderly woman, who unwillingly acted as guide, leading us apparently in a direction opposite to the one I wished to pursue. I fired in the air: my shot was responded to faintly in an opposite direction to the one pursued; my suspicions were confirmed that the hag was leading us astray. More distant shots, but faintly heard, from the same direction proved our people's anxiety, and, convinced of the woman's treachery, I accused her, when she said she was conducting us to the kraal, where, I have no doubt, she anticipated we should have been overpowered and quietly disposed of. After three hours' wandering we returned to our resting-place, where I found my wife and men most uneasy respecting our safety. Everything ready, we were soon in the saddle, and left the inhospitable quarters. An hour's march, through high grass and bush, brought us to dead water in a low marshy bottom. Those on foot waded knee-deep some two hundred yards to the opposite side; we were then in the Djour territory, and marching up a gentle ascent on hard and rocky ground, over the outcrop of a coarse red sandstone formation, so coarse that, in many places, it bore the appearance of a conglomerate. The surface, principally barren, was in places covered with short grass, occasionally partially burnt. Continuing through subsequent open bush, half an hour's march brought us in contact with a party of our men, who, with the negro we had sent forward, were returning to us with some cattle to slaughter for consumption, and assist us over our difficulties. A halt took place for nearly an hour, and fourteen of the new porters, anxious for their pay of a cow each, for their hire, squabbled and came to all but blows with each other in the selection of their cattle. At

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length, seeing they could come to no satisfactory arrangement among themselves, I deputed Poncet's agent to interfere, and to select and accord to each man one cow, and, thus deprived of choice, general content resulted. They consigned their cattle to the charge of two negroes, who had accompanied them for the purpose, and they were forthwith driven back to their new homes towards Agär.

An hour's continued march, through open bush studded occasionally with noble trees of the fig family, brought us unexpectedly to the brink of a precipice some hundred feet high, above an extensive and lovely valley, into which a steep descent, compelling us to dismount, conveyed us. The prospect from this height, to us, who had laboured so long and wearily through a flat, marshy, and most monotonous district, was enchanting and beautiful in the extreme. The broad, winding valley that presented itself before us, contains in its centre a noble and tranquil river, the Nam, flowing about north-west, and in the opposite direction it lost itself to our view by winding round a richly wooded height, which formed the background of the landscape. The river seems from two to three hundred yards wide, but mostly overgrown with green reeds; in one place only clear water is discernible. Eastwards the ground is undulating, and a thickly wooded elevation in the distance encroaches, in its southern course, on the valley before us. The guide pointed out our route in a south-easterly direction, towards several distant groups of delaeb palms which, with other fine trees, studded the verdant valley. Scrambling over and sometimes sliding down the rough declivity —the bare rock was red coarse-grain sandstone, containing about its centre a stratum of nodulated, and, probably from decomposition, friable limestone. After having reached the valley and journeying through partially wooded and stony ground, we rested half an hour

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under the welcome shade of a cluster of trees growing in the open crevices of the bare sandstone rock, which here and there contained a few welcome pools of clear water. An anticipated lunch of a goat, that our men had provided us with, was disagreeably intercepted by a threatening storm, and prior to reaching the village in front, it broke over us angrily: we got a thorough drenching. Like most tropical rains, although violent it was but temporary; and proceeding, we soon entered luxuriant clusters of canes and graceful delaeb palms, thence into corn-fields. By this time the sun again shone forth brilliantly, and drying, as it did, our wetted gear, the good spirits of our motley party again revived. The appearance of the negro porters after their wetting resembled polished ebony, and glowing in the sunshine, they also stepped out with renewed vigour, heightened probably by the prospect of approaching comfortable quarters and a temporary rest.

In open spaces some carefully-constructed trellis-work of canes, twelve feet high and fifty to sixty feet long, supported innumerable clusters of the seezam plant, with the seeds suspended downwards, in order to dry it before carrying home.

At three p.m. the settlement or village of Afwal (called after its chief) was reached. Ibrahim, Poncet's man, who had preceded us, was quartered here; so we moved farther on, and ten minutes more brought us to the huts of Afwal's brother, Magwai, where we found our advanced party. Our men encamped in the huts of the natives, vacated for them within a fence some twelve feet high. It was composed of remarkably neat wickerwork made of split canes, supported on the inside by perpendicular posts four feet apart. This trellis was arranged in a circle, and had one large entrance and eight smaller ones, the latter two feet six inches in height by two feet wide. It contained a double and

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in some cases a treble row of huts, made also of cane-work, with usual conical straw roof. In front of each hut or two, according as the proprietor had one or two wives, were neat granaries composed of a round shell of wicker-work plastered on the inside, and placed upon a firm stage five feet from the ground. The conical roof projected over the sides, and an extinguisher on a candle is a fair resemblance of them. To introduce or withdraw grain, the roof is light enough to permit its being lifted on one side and supported by a prop. In the centre of the enclosure there is a large tamarind tree, and the space between it and the huts is devoted to public business or to amusement, the latter, in the shape of dancing, being the ordinary pastime. Our tent was pitched on the outside of the enclosure near a fine old tree, the species of which baffled Murie and myself.

The aborigines collected in large numbers, and the tent created universal admiration; the Union Jack floating on its summit was pointed at with delight by young and old. A storm of questions assailed the men and myself, whether in our country all the people lived in houses like that, and whether every person carried his house with him? where did we come from? was it true we came from the sky? when were we going up again? what brought us among them? My wife, reclining on a rug in the shade, was the next object of attraction. Many of the women asked permission to come near to look at her. Her white face, long hair, and dress were each and all admired.

Fruits of different kinds, sweet potatoes (yams), and honey were brought as presents to her; and by way of exciting her appetite, to convince us the honey contained nothing injurious, the patriarch of the place, Magwai, and several bystanders, thrust their dirty fingers into it and sucked them eagerly. Some of the fruit was

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of the same kind we frequently gathered at Agär. One fruit was entirely new to us, about the size of a nectarine, and fawn-colour. It contained a large stone, with only about three-eighths of an inch of mellow fruit covering it. In flavour it was very similar to the banana, and in the Djour language was called *niooki*. Four similarly enclosed groups of huts were visible from this place. This district is called Jirri, over which our host's brother, Afwal, is chief. I am told that elephants abound here. The Djour do not hunt, but dig pitfalls, in which the wary animals but rarely fall.

November 17th.—Young Foxcroft, our bird and insect collector, came to announce that his gun had been stolen during the night. Making an investigation, it was discovered that the assassin of our much-lamented agent Mussaad had unaccountably made his escape, and doubtless, to defend himself, had taken the fowling-piece, a light single barrel one, made by Holland. Several Djours took up his trail, and in a short time they reported he had taken the path to the Agär, therefore his intention evidently was to return to the station we had left in that province. A score of our men, with two of the keenest Djour trackers, pursued him to the confines of Agär, and, after a weary and ineffectual march, returned to to us with the conviction that, handcuffed as he was, he could not escape death by either man or beast.

The aborigines speak the same language as the Djour of the Bahr il Gazal, and are part of the same tribe. This territory extends north-west in that direction, and eastwards it wedges in between the Atwat and the Aliab, but does not reach the Nile. They appear to possess more nationality than the people of the Aliab, who, in the construction and more isolated positions of their habitations, have imitated the more slovenly Dinkas, with whom they are in closer

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proximity, and by them are subjugated to a state of approximate bondage. The Djour of this place have a more intellectual appearance, and are not so jet-black as the tribes we have hitherto travelled through. In stature they also differ, being better set and not so tall. The majority of the males cover their nakedness with bits of hide, sometimes made into bags; and the females employ bunches of green leaves, but of scanty proportions. The women (in their opinion ornament, but really) distort the upper lip by the insertion of a small piece of ebony wood, the size of a sixpence. Both sexes wear amulet necklaces composed of small pieces of different roots; iron bracelets and anklets—the latter exclusive to the women—are general, and both sexes anoint their bodies with oil and a mixture of oxide of iron, giving them the appearance of Indians when in full dress. Their arms are bow and arrow, lance and club, the quiver ornamented with a large tassel of black goat's long hair. Their habits are strictly agricultural, and their utensils—hoe, adze and axe—adjoining sketches will represent. The only domestic animals are goats and fowls. In their fields they cultivate principally dourra and duchn on an extensive scale; seezam, and a strong-smelling plant, unlike mint, but pronounced a species of such by Dr. Murie; tobacco, and a variety of gourds and calabashes; and of vegetables, the bamia, yams, and sweet potato, called by them *matau*. Some of each of these were presented to us. Magwai, the chief, was generous in his hospitality, one present quickly succeeding another; thus, after fruit and vegetables, he brought a pair of fowls, and scarcely were they consigned to the cook, when he insisted on our acceptance of three goats. In return my wife gratified his five wives with donations of beads; I requested him to take his choice from our cattle, and he selected a bull. In compliance with his request, I

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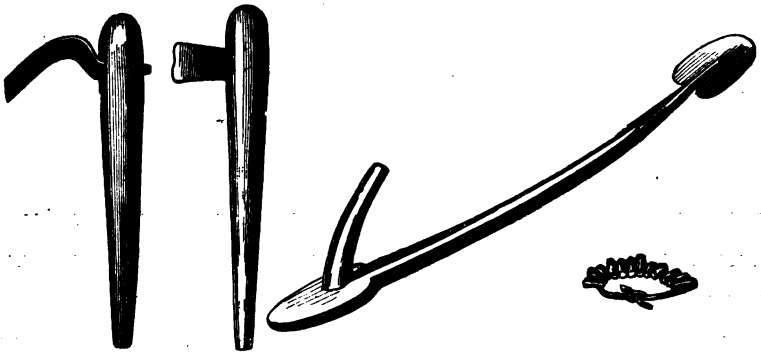
paid a visit to his huts, eight in number: they were fenced off with the cane-work before described. These were furnished with a private exit, and a passage four feet wide communicated with the settlement. Three huts were destined for culinary purposes and the grinding of corn; which here, as in the Soudan, is performed on a large slab of granite, the operator crushing the grain by friction with a stone of the same material. Thus the husks



ADZE, AXE, HOE, AND NECKLACE.

are ground with the grain and consumed with the flour; whereas the pestle and mortar used by the Dinkas separate them, and by means of a flat triangular vessel of plaited straw, slightly curved at the sides, the winnowing is cleverly effected by shaking up the flour by a succession of peculiar jerks or twitches. The pottery is excellent, and in construction and material not devoid of taste or ornament; it is confined, however, entirely to water and cooking vessels of different shapes and sizes. The only articles of furniture consist of small stools carved out of a single piece of wood, and a kind of stage, the legs driven in the ground and covered with sticks, support a litter of leaves or straw, which forms the bed.

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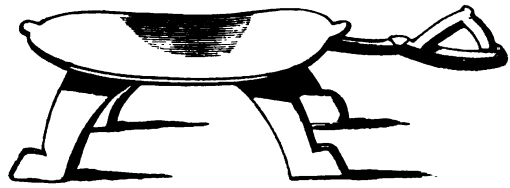
Their greatest enemies are the adjoining Dinka tribes of various denominations, whose aim is to carry off both sexes into slavery; they also have frequent quarrels and fights with different communities of the tribe to which they appertain, and slavery is also practised, but with this modification—that the victims are often ransomed for lances, arrows, or a few goats. If these means fail,



STOOL.

one or more head of cattle, according to the number of the captives, is certain to have effect; and, to procure them, pillage is necessarily resorted to on the herds of some pastoral tribe. Thus with some one or other of their neighbours they are constantly in hot water.

November 18*th*.—A part of the men preceded us with the cattle at seven a.m., and we followed an hour afterwards. My wife's horse "Luxor" having fallen ill, causing us some anxiety, she rode my grey, "Arab;" and, shouldering my fowling-piece, I, on foot, led our party. We had no sooner started than the boy Foxcroft was again in trouble: his pouch and shot-belt had been abstracted from his hut during a temporary absence. The articles not having been discovered, the negroes, who rushed in a body into the enclosure as soon as the former had vacated it, were naturally suspected. Their chief's representations failing to induce them to return the articles, I returned myself, and telling Magwai not to be uneasy, I made

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many threats unless the lost objects were produced. The fright was great, and, congregating together at the extremity of the settlement, two or three men stepped out of the crowd and promised to bring back the missing articles. The din and hubbub were incessant, and terminated in a wild shout as both the articles were produced and handed over to me.

Passing about half an acre of ground bearing the species of mint before alluded to, cultivated for the oil it produces, the path conducted us through corn-fields with ripening grain, then a forest, again corn-fields, and eventually into high grass. At nine a.m. halted three-quarters of an hour, in the first instance to refresh, and prolonged in consequence of the non-appearance of three of our men, who probably had struck into some one of the numerous pathways. A couple of shots were fired, and six men with a guide were sent in search of the missing ones: we proceeded on our way. Another halt took place in a pretty well wooded dingle, with a sheet of water at the bottom. Coffee and lunch proved welcome; and whilst waiting for our still absent men we caught a few, to us, new small dragon-flies, with dark and scalloped wings, also a butterfly of a large size, dark in colour, with a blue stripe dividing the wings into equal parts. In the course of an hour our missing ones and scouts, who, as anticipated, had struck into a wrong path, came up. The march was continued; and the water to be crossed, though but knee-deep, had a troublesome muddy bottom, proving very difficult for horses and donkeys, and two of our fatigued cattle were lost, sinking deep in the mud. Some portion of their carcases was hacked off by the porters, which they cheerfully added to their loads, rejoicing in the prospect of a hearty dinner.

Travelling in open bush, and slender herbage on the back of the same kind of dark coarse red sandstone as before described, at one

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p.m. we entered the village of Jorro. The form and interior of the settlement was similar to that at Jirri; but, in lieu of the neat cane fencing, the stockade was formed of long poles. The community are at feud with the one we had left—it is said to be of long standing. Our tent was pitched outside, and in front of it the horses were picketed. The view extended over a thickly wooded bottom on to a gently elevated background densely covered with forest. In the afternoon we wandered through the corn-fields, along a slight descent, continued through the wood, brought us to the margin of water forming a large pond, beautifully shaded and overhung with the richest foliage of every shade, from lightest to darkest green, and here and there a tree wearing autumn's garb of golden tint or reddish hue. The water was fringed round its banks with white and lilac lilies in full bloom. Paroquets screeched in their flight from tree to tree; the twitterings and caws of numerous birds; the hum of insects; with gorgeous butterflies revelling in the calm and sunny afternoon, formed a lively picture of animated nature.

November 19*th*.—In a quarter of an hour after leaving our last night's bivouac, we halted for a short time at a small stockade forming part of the community of Jorro, to obtain an interpreter to conduct us through the next tribe, still some distance in advance. Two or three more settlements were in the vicinity, so the district seems tolerably populated. The path led us through open bush with high grass; frequently boulders of red sandstone were passed, and occasionally the rock was visible, that was coarse as a conglomerate. With the exception of a few small plants, the vegetation presented nothing new. Threatened with a thunder-storm at 1.30, the Doctor's light tent was quickly pitched, and afforded us sufficient

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shelter; while the men covered themselves with hides, and made themselves as snug as circumstances would permit, the rain pouring in torrents. When it ceased, the journey was continued; we passed through the same style of country, and before sunset arrived at the village of Dugwara.

Its stockade contained a larger area than had hitherto been seen, and, invited by the splendid tree standing isolated in the centre, we availed ourselves of its shade. A double row of huts, equidistant from each other, stood in close proximity to the circular fence; in front of the huts small plots of ground, bearing green tobacco, presented a cheerful aspect. The diameter of the enclosure on measurement gave four hundred and seventeen feet, and contained one hundred and eleven huts, presumed to contain four individuals each, would give a population of four hundred and forty-four. In the neighbourhood were five similar settlements, in all estimated to give upwards of two thousand inhabitants in the district. To supply the locality with a never-failing supply of water flows the river Nam, called *Kardo* by the Djour. The soil is sandy and shallow, therefore the dourra and duchn grain is shorter in stalk than farther north, although its productiveness seems excellent.

November 20th.—The chief Dochacka made an unsuccessful attempt to procure guides for us, excusing himself from the service. We started at 7.30 a.m., conducted as heretofore by our own men. At ten a.m., after marching through thick forests, it became more open; and for the first time large grey fine-grain granite boulders, nearly as high as the trees they stood amongst, were passed. Another hour brought us to the foot of a picturesque group of rocks, heaped wildly on the top of each other to the height

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of about eighty feet. They arose abruptly out of the plain, and were crowned with beautiful trees perched fantastically on the bare stone. The roots of some that I examined pass deeply between the fissures, or, exposed to view, run perpendicularly down façades of rocks for considerable distances, then disappear between huge boulders, and ultimately, doubtless, reach the earth that nourishes these so strangely-supported trees. We lingered here one half-hour; again the march; and, after the lapse of the same space of time, another still more interesting group of rocks lay in our path. Passing between some of the isolated rocks, to our surprise a group on the right contained within its amphitheatre a village named Koorjook; the entrance to it is between two lofty perpendicular rocks twenty feet apart, and strongly barricaded with a stout wooden palisade. At its entrance a few negroes stood, apparently by no means rejoiced at our presence, and they rudely refused a drink of water. Trees flourished on the summit of the sterile eminence, and wild pigeons, in common with man, courted the protection of this fastness. A little farther on in the plain, in moderate grass, a delay of a quarter of an hour took place in searching for the path we had strayed from: a shout from the guides set us all again in motion. We passed a third nest of rocks; a slight descent over an open plain brought us to water with a muddy bottom, and overgrown with troublesome high grass. Here a cow, abandoned by the cattle-drivers in advance, was sticking in the mud: the negroes would have cut it up alive, but a pistol-shot in the brain relieved the beast from that cruel fate. A gently rising slope conducted us into a thick and well-timbered wood on gravelly soil, and about noon, in a more open country, we encamped near two small stockades in the village named Alwal. The frightened inhabitants barricaded the entrance as we approached; but soon after the

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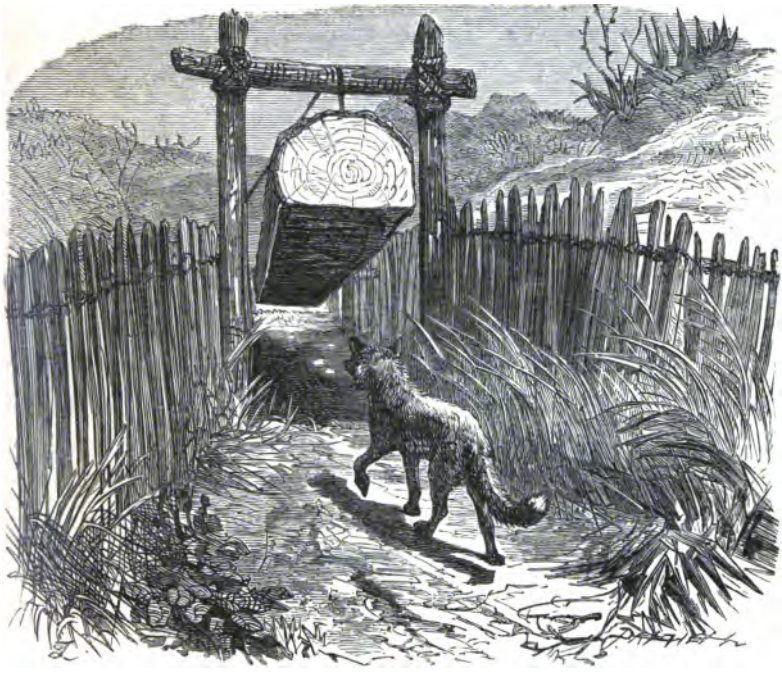

FOX TRAP.

pitching of our tent they became reconciled as they listened to the smooth language of our interpreter and received the donation of a few beads. Green grain they could supply, but little in the more useful form of flour, their crops being still unripe. The remains of the unfortunate cow afforded our porters an excellent supper. Many of our men were invalided from ague and colds, aggravated by their deficiency of warm clothing.

Strolling out in the afternoon in a fruitless search after game, I noticed two fox-traps, ingeniously constructed in the centre of a pathway. The trap was composed of a heavy log of wood, formed of the trunk of the nearest tree, raised slightly above the pathway

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at one end, to present a passage, and suspended at the other by a catch between two posts. In passing underneath between a double row of funnel-shaped railings at the entrance, and treading on a disguised lever, the animal detaches the log from its slender fastening and is instantly crushed.

Not far from this spot I remarked a partial clearing in the bush, the trees having been lopped of their branches, comprise a space of about one hundred square yards. Three conspicuous trunks of trees, with two forked branches carved in imitation of immense bull's horns, stained red, had, suspended from their points, a real pair of horns. Underneath the branches a broad ring was carved in each post, and at their base heaps of stones in a conical form indicated the graves of three Djour negroes. Atoin, a middle-aged man, was chief over the small community near which we were bivouacked, comprising, at a rough guess, I should think not more than one hundred and fifty persons. The chief, becoming communicative, informed me that east and west were several other equally small settlements, over which he also ruled.

November 21*st*.—Continuing at an early hour our march through open bush, principally formed of a species of fig tree, acacia, and flowering mimosa, after a single halt of short duration and two hours' travel, we encamped outside the stockaded village of Kirmo, the last in this direction of the Djour settlements. The wife of the late chief welcomed us, and bade us make ourselves comfortable—a sentiment easily expressed but difficult to realize, considering the scarcity of all kinds of provisions. The adjoining tribes had pilfered them of their cattle, killing their chief, Burr, and a number of men who defended their homes. They were in daily expectation of another attack. They possessed but a small quantity of grain, and

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although I offered a large price for a portion of it, it was reluctantly declined. Ordering five bullocks to be slaughtered for our followers, they, without a grumble, made the best of the meat, unaccompanied by grain or bread.

The only perceptible difference in the habits of this people was the female decoration of both upper and lower lip with conical pieces of ground spar passing through and standing out at right angles from the lips, in apparent imitation of the horn of the rhinoceros. The length was generally from one to two inches; but I have seen them five inches long. Some of the women wear this ornament in the upper lip only.

The tsetse fly exists in the woods of this locality, and is called by the natives "*merchae.*"

November 23rd.—Yesterday I was unable to move, a sharp attack of ague prostrating me. To-day at an early hour we pushed on: high grass encumbered our path for some distance; granite and red sandstone appeared alternately; the country became undulating, and pretty views occasionally presented themselves. A winding valley twice crossed contained pools of water. A deserted village was passed, with corn-fields uncultivated. A winding path conducted us through more bush; emerging therefrom, other villages partially inhabited were passed, and the natives were evidently removing to another locality. At 10.30 we arrived at the village of Lori, the chieftainship of which and the district appertained to Amôk. Grain and flour were very sparingly obtained; even dourra leaves for our horses were not to be had. The people in appearance and habits, as far as I could perceive, resembled the Djour, with the exception of language, which our former interpreter could not comprehend.

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November 25th.—A return of ague compelled us to remain in our quarters yesterday; and, although I felt uncommonly weak, the absence of all kinds of provisions induced me to make an effort to proceed, in the hope of finding better quarters at the next halting-place.

We first traversed some dilapidated corn-fields, then bush, and succeeding this, red sandstone and grey fine-grained granite of trifling elevation appeared for a short time; then high grass intervened for about three miles' distance, then more granite appeared. We descended a gentle slope, and traversed a valley bearing east and west, on the north side of which a streamlet flowing west was crossed. A halt of forty-five minutes took place at this spot, when the march was resumed. At a distance of about a mile a few low rocks of granite, containing small transparent pools of water, were passed; lilies budding and in flower graced their edges. We soon became entangled in low scrubby bush, with here and there an occasional fine tree. A descent brought us to a narrow and swift clear rivulet, winding its way westwards through a thickly wooded dingle, such a one as may be seen in many a lovely spot at home. The descent was steep, and our horses managed it well; but several elephant tracks in deep, rich, and moist soil annoyed ourselves and the cattle considerably. A short rest took place, after which the march continued through bush, then open forest, where a few tamarind trees offered such luxuriant shade that, debilitated as I was, I could not withstand taking advantage of it; so at one p.m. we halted, and there remained until 3.45, the rest afforded being most refreshing. The march was then continued, arriving at 4.20 at the no mean village of Chirmo, and in its vicinity our tent was pitched for the night. The natives, during our preparations for encampment, watched our movements from a distance, with feel-

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ings of inquisitiveness and good natured-surprise. After repeated amicable signs on our part, a few males, and shortly some of the gentler sex, coyly lessened the distance between us, but as we could not understand each other's language a ridiculous dilemma ensued.

They jabbered, and I, pointing to mouth and stomach, attempted to convey an idea of the hunger and thirst I was suffering; a more fortunate thought prompted a mock sale of a calabash, filled with the remains of the contents of the horses' nose-bags, between one party of our servants, and a lot of glass beads in the possession of another. The caricatured gesticulations that accompanied the transaction caused a general roar, the happy upshot being that we were shortly occupied in bartering with the natives for every necessary, and the luxuries of poultry, eggs, and vegetables.

November 26th.—Feeling excessively weak, although increased doses of quinine had warded off a return of ague, I postponed our departure until the afternoon, when, at 3.30, we left camp. Beyond the corn-fields two small communities were snugly settled within the precincts of the bush. A couple of miles' march brought us to a pretty brook, flowing south-east and north-west, about three feet deep. Another mile, still through bush, brought us to two strongly defended hamlets, and a little farther on we encamped outside a considerable stockaded village, named Maegar, so called after its chief. Grain and various provisions were sparingly presented for barter; but, assisted with the slaughter of four head of our cattle, men and porters were well provided for.

November 27th.—Tents were struck immediately after a substantial breakfast, and at seven a.m. we were in the saddle. Tall herbage lined the path, leading us through open bush, past two

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dilapidated settlements, also a few scattered uninhabited huts in the neighbourhood of corn-fields, constructed, I imagine, for temporary convenience during the cultivation of the ground. Granite again protruded through the sandstone, and in the course of half an hour we found ourselves wending our way amongst a number of bold granite hillocks, rising in various directions above the forest. The heat was intense, the atmosphere dry and clear, with slight puffs of wind from the eastward. The march was most trying to myself and several of the invalided men; therefore, profiting by the neighbourhood of a village and a few shady trees, we halted for the remainder of the day. The aborigines had all fled to a group of isolated rocks, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height, some six hundred yards to the westward of us. By the aid of my glasses I could make out the women, bearing baskets, doubtless containing meat and grain; so it appeared evident they had prepared themselves for a temporary absence from their huts. The men, as usual all armed, sat in groups, exposed to the sun, apparently regardless of the heat, anxiously watching our movements. Protected by the shade of a large tree, stood several men, one of whom, clothed with a large hide, I fancied might be the chief. To him I sent two negro lads in our service, to invite him and his party, by signs, to our temporary quarters on a rock sheltered from the sun by the thick foliage of a heglig tree. The lads walked boldly up to within fifty yards of the group, when the natives, apparently uneasy at the approach of our harmless messengers, warned them off, the man with the hide taking a conspicuous part, pointing onwards with outstretched arms to the direction of our route, then to his stomach, and going through a number of indescribable movements, plainly indicative of their scarcity of food and incapacity to succour us. The boys, on the

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other hand, acted well their part, keeping up a succession of signs to induce those on the height to a parley, but without effect. The indefatigable little messengers, emboldened, went to the base of the rock, where, with wild manœuvring, the savages met them. Some half-dozen, after many a stoppage, with fear depicted in their manner, followed them to our presence. My invitation to be seated was accepted by an elderly man and two others, the latter on either side and a little behind him, from which I imagined he might be the chief. The deficiency of an interpreter was awkward; but the talisman of a present of some beads acted beneficially, and the scared and troubled countenances relaxed. My wife and self, seated upon panther-skins, were objects of wonder and surprise. How eagerly and expressively they stared at us, and what searching glances they furtively cast at our attendants! I motioned them to call the people from the rock, and to take possession of their huts to go to sleep. This seemed to please them, and, after a short consultation, two of the party proceeded towards their companions, and in a short time we had the satisfaction of seeing the whole body in motion—men, as usual, bearing only their arms, and the women carrying heavy baskets and crockery—descending the steep rock, and, proceeding in long lines, they passed us to re-occupy their homes. In the meantime the old chief repeated the pantomime of their possessing nothing, which very shortly was contradicted by both men and women supplying us with dourra, flour, and water.

November 28th.—Yesterday's long rest benefited us all, and at 7.30 we were on the march. Past granite rocks and a few negro settlements west of us, beyond several hills, apparently of granite, adorned with luxuriant trees; farther on, our path led us through tangled bush and high grass, and after two or three brief halts, our

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tent was pitched at noon, to repose during the great heat of the day. The daily rains have ceased for some time, and we are fast gliding into the dry season, and the heat perceptibly increases day by day; no refreshing wind blew to counteract the sun's heat, now far in the northern equinox. At three p.m. we were wending our way through the same style of bush over a slightly undulating country, thickly strewn with boulders of coarse red sandstone. A little more than two hours' march brought us to four small stockaded villages, called Moro; the western, inhabited by the chief, we chose for our quarters, the men, as usual, encamping with the natives, and ourselves in our tent outside, and guarded by sentinels at night.

November 29th.—Leaving our quarters at 7.25, we marched with more easting, the direction having hitherto been southerly, with an occasional easting and westing. The ground passed over was similar to that of yesterday. Skirting two small villages, where the old stockades were being removed, we entered tall grass, and subsequently a finely wooded plain, where the tamarind trees were numerous, many delaeb palms, and the tree bearing fruit called *kurchaka*. A short distance from the pathway we halted in the vicinity of a village, where we hoped to barter for grain; but the aborigines were surly and refused. We here again remarked the beautiful red flowering shrub first observed at Adael: its mass of crimson flower is beautiful, though somewhat marred by the entire absence of foliage. The path, as we proceeded, became troublesome from the high, coarse grass, forming an archway to the height of a man's head or shoulders, presenting a formidable obstacle to our progress. Thick bush and high trees succeeded: the mimosa and cactus were conspicuous. Red sandstone boulders

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encumbered the pathway, and the earth was highly impregnated with oxide of iron. Descending slightly for a short distance, we crossed the nearly dried-up channel of a brook, where water was found only in a few isolated pools. Beyond we bivouacked, protected by the shade of a bold group of finely laminated gneis rocks, bearing in their crevices several welcome trees. My wife for several

FRUIT AND LEAVES OF THE KURCHAKA TREE.

days had with a great deal of energy nobly fought against increasing indisposition, doubtless brought on by the sudden changes of climate and excessive heat of the sun. She was now prostrate and quite unable to proceed, although we were but an hour's march from our temporary destination, the village of Neangara, whence Poncet's men and our porters were to return. It was hoped that a few hours' rest and a little nourishment would so far restore her as to enable

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us to proceed in the afternoon; but she could partake of nothing, and at three p.m. the unmistakable symptoms of a sharp attack of ague rendered encampment for the night unavoidable. Under the circumstances, not being aware of the presence of a village in the immediate neighbourhood, and from scarcity of food in the possession of our men, I retained a dozen only of them with us, and sent the remainder with the porters to Neangara, with instructions for a portion of them to return for us in the morning. The insufficient space between the rocks and the shallowness of the soil precluding the driving of its pegs, our tent could not be pitched; so the Doctor gave up his, which a couple of trees served to sustain, for the use of my poor suffering wife, and two small tents of Major Rhodes' design served for the Doctor and myself.

November 30th.—Ague had left its never-failing successor, great debility, behind; but on the arrival of our men, my wife's usual courage enabled her to make the necessary effort to mount and proceed. The chief's eldest son, about twenty-three years of age, preceded our men from Neangara to act as guide, and after welcoming us cordially and shaking our hands, he cheerfully led us on our way. His countenance seemed open and confiding, and the ever-ready smile which played upon it gained our confidence. The only peculiarity in his dress, if a few ornaments can be construed worthy of the denomination, consisted in a quantity of various coloured beads, the majority green and blue, strung on every tuft of hair he could devote to the purpose; and a novelty of several necklaces of goats' teeth, upon his black skin, made a conspicuous and not ill-looking bauble. Leaving our nest of rocks, that had harboured us from the sun and occasional blasts of a cutting north-east wind, we entered thick bush, from which we

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emerged in the vicinity of two or three partially barricaded hamlets. The inhabitants sallied out to see us pass, and, spoken to by our guide whilst pointing to us, their curiosity led several to follow and gratify it. Altering our course from east to south, to avoid a thick wood that had been traversed by our men in the morning, we proceeded through stunted copse, whence a pretty undulating, and for the most part wooded, country, backed in the far distance by several groups of naked hills, opened out before us. More villages were passed, some of which we traversed, and elicited from the inhabitants the same curiosity as before. These villages appertain to Neangara; and shortly afterwards, at the foot of a slight descent, the village of Neangara himself was proudly pointed out to us by his son, our temporary guide.

In our imaginations we had long familiarized ourselves with the man and the territory subject to him, it being within the precints of several districts connected by traffic with our station, now but eight days' journey distant. The ill-fated Mussaad—a most active and upright servant, whose untimely death would now more particularly be felt, and whom I have to thank for greatly extending my commerce on the most desirable footing in these parts—explored this and the other districts westwards. Half an hour's ride brought us to the long-talked-of village, where Neangara on its outskirts waited to receive and conduct us to his huts. He spoke, in addition to his own language, the Barri dialect; and the Barri lad, and the negresses whom we had rescued from slavery —the latter, the now apparently happy wives of the men in our service—were with us, so there was no lack of interpreters. Our tent, taken on yesterday afternoon, stood near the chief's dwelling on a neatly cleared open space; and the little flag on its summit

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waved a succession of frantic spasmodic welcomes. Neangara again renewed his welcome, and, joined by his half-dozen wives and children, of both sexes and of every age from infancy to manhood, shook hands, repeating the word *Ambaggi* ("friend"). This ceremony, although at first pleasing, became tedious and fatiguing to my debilitated wife, who proved a greater object of attraction and attention than myself, and who had to receive the salutations of every individual of the village; this reception lasting two hours. The only interruption to the general cordiality was when the chief inquired for poor Mussaad, and on whom the now certain intelligence of his unhappy demise—discredited when communicated to him by our men—produced an ebullition of genuine grief; tears coursed down the poor old man's cheeks, his sorrow, being participated in by the majority of persons present, touching to us to witness. No greater eulogy could have been passed upon the memory of the deceased: his conduct must have been exemplary towards them, to have thus won their esteem and affection.

Two days sufficed to rest Poncet's men and our Rohl porters, who would proceed no farther, and they left us on December 2nd, with the intention of making an excursion westwards on their way back to their station, in the hope of acquiring some elephants' tusks. Neangara endeavoured to obtain porters to enable us to proceed to our establishment; but after several attempts in the villages of his community, he could raise but half the number required, and the only reason assigned was that the men were unwilling to leave their homes.

Adam, now the head man, with half our attendants, had therefore to be dispatched to my station, formerly known by the name of Neambara, but really situated, not in that district, but near the village of Wayo, in the Moro territory, there to obtain the services

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of requisite porters, numbers of whom, from Barri tribes, were constantly retained in service at that station. The annoyance to us of this necessary loss of time was a serious one, as probably twelve days or a fortnight would elapse before their return. Contrary to expectation, rest did not reestablish my poor wife's health: the seeds of fever were too deeply seated to be readily thrown off, and she was a sufferer from excessive debilitating low and intermittent fever, greatly aggravated by the absence of everything in the shape of nutritious food or stimulants, or that for which she so much craved—tea. Though I daily sallied out to hunt for the pot, I generally returned from my rambles without having seen either track or feather.

During the rainy season the country is said to abound in herds of elephants, to the great injury to the corn-fields of the natives. Our hunters have returned unsuccessful from two or three attempts of several days' duration to find them, the elephants having, as usual during this dry season, migrated southwards. Neangara himself, a noted old elephant hunter, and his son, with a determination to try spear against rifle, accompanied them upon these excursions; and although his knowledge of the country cannot be doubted, on the last occasion he nearly deprived me of my hunters, through the lack of water. Now that the brooks have dried up, water is becoming so scarce as to necessitate the digging of wells for our daily supply. A day or two after Neangara's return, a brother of his was brought to his first wife's hut from a neighbouring village, where he also had a home with a younger spouse. Stretched out on a litter, and dangerously ill, the chief begged me to restore him; but giving the Doctor credit for knowing how to treat an invalid better than myself, I took him with me. Inquiries as to where he felt the pain were of no avail, as one and all—and

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the concourse of people was considerable — maintained the man had been bewitched. General examination, therefore, became necessary; the result of which was the discovery that the patient was suffering from inflammation of the lungs and a broken arm. The latter injury had been obtained several days ago in a drunken brawl, and, at the Doctor's request, I stated a piece of wood for the purpose of making splints, and some cotton were required, which, when obtained, would enable us to attempt a cure. Apathy and unbelief, however, predominated so strongly against reason, that they were not to be persuaded out of their favourite theory of the power of witchcraft, and the simple materials were not forthcoming. During several days the poor fellow lingered, and occasionally, apparently dying, he was, notwithstanding all our remonstrances, carried out of his hut and bathed in cold water, under exposure to cutting north-east winds. On one occasion, attracted by a greater concourse of people than usual, I went to see what inconsistency was taking place, when I found Neangara kneeling a yard or two from the fast-dying man, intent on cutting the throat of a fowl. The relatives and a crowd of people stood in a semicircle, eagerly and silently watching the ceremony, which I learnt was a medium of discovering the sorcerer. I cautiously withdrew a few paces, and, to my great satisfaction, the expiring fowl struggled directly to the sick man's side, where it died. Had it unfortunately moved towards any other individual, he would instantly have been assailed and murdered by the bystanders, unless by a miraculous flight he or she could reach an adjoining friendly tribe, to amalgamate with, for life.

The following evening closed the earthly career of the poor man, and the howling, yelling, fifing, and drumming, that succeeded his last gasp were as surprising as indiscribable. The sort of fife or

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whistle, made from a small antelope's horn, and capable of producing three to four notes, was played merrily, and some few tiny airs, resembled much our Celtic music. On the other hand, the drum or tom-tom was for a time beaten with violence; but afterwards something more fitting the occasion followed: beaten with all the might of the performer, the sound gradually diminished until scarcely audible, when a short pause would ensue, and again the same strain would be performed, varied only occasionally by a martial kind of battle sound. The grave had been commenced as soon as life had become extinct, but with daylight the labour ceased. At earliest dawn the dismal wailings, with their instru-

PIPES AND TOM-TOM.

mental accompaniments, recommenced after an intermission of two short hours, and the close vicinity to our tent of these unearthly sounds caused us, as may be imagined, much discomfort. The sun had scarcely risen, when people in long files, following each other, as geese are sometimes wont, along the narrow pathways from various directions, joined in the general wail, and at nine a.m. the concourse of both sexes numbered not far short of a thousand. The grave, within the village, and situated between our

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tent and the hut of the deceased, had now been completed. A bull had been slaughtered near it, and I gave another, the carcases of both animals lying untouched until the completion of the burial. Crowds of people surrounded the hut containing the corpse, some of whom were chanting the good qualities of the deceased: that of valour in battle was especially dwelt upon: during these parts of the recitals, the tom-tom and shrill fifes, in countless numbers, sent forth discordant music. A procession at this stage, headed by the two resident wives, to beat of drum and song, proceeded towards the grave, where the large trunk of a tree was being carved into fantastic work at one extremity. The wives were supported by women, and preceding them was a woman waving a green bough, and a number of the same sex followed, dancing sedately, but I cannot say gracefully. When near the grave, the solemnity of the proceedings took an acrobatic turn: the bereaved wives broke suddenly from their supporters, and turning a succession of admirably executed somersaults, and throwing themselves backwards, they fell exhausted. The females, led by the bearer of the green branch, danced several times slowly around the grave, chanting as they did so; whilst the men, whooping shrilly, sprang from a state of inertness into the most buoyant and graceful activity in performance of a sham fight. In groups of five or six, and many singly, no impediment of bush or stone prevented their impetuous rush to encounter the imaginary enemy. Again, when on the defensive, their activity in evading supposed arrows was admirable; and, when a chance was given, dropping quick as thought on the left knee, they drew their bows, feigning to discharge an arrow. Retreating always with their faces to, and scrutinously watching, their enemy, others coming to their relief took up the defence; whilst an occasional backward glance served to guide the retreating parties, whose

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quivers, suspended by the neck, and lying between the shoulders, were supposed to have been exhausted of arrows. The last arrow is reluctantly parted with, and when discharged, a light javelin, held with the bow in the left hand, remains to defend the warrior whilst occupied in searching to replenish his quiver with the enemy's spent arrows.

During the above proceedings, the tom-tom beaters were most indefatigable, and, for once in their lives, I can certify they worked hard. The perspiration flowed freely down their bodies, and those untarnished with a covering of ashes, adopted by intimate friends and relatives, shone brighter than the most polished ebony, whilst the derangement of the coats of mourning of the latter did not tell to their advantage, and resembled, in colour, bad imitations of the zebra.

The procession again forming, it rounded a cattle-kraal, of which the deceased was a considerable proprietor. The wives, recovered from their exertions, again repeated their extraordinary feats; but when seized by their guardians, to my no small surprise they showed fight by sparring with clenched fists, and sending in a right or left-hander with such effect at the heads of their *chaperones*, that I could not withhold my approbation of their talent. Numbers, however, appearing against them, the combatants were conducted home, where the crowd kept up their wail and chant, varied only by an occasional dance by the females.

The grave, having been finished, was not without its peculiarity: a slightly oval hole, two feet two inches wide by two feet six inches in length, had been dug five feet deep, whence, horizontally from its southern side, a vault, four feet wide by four feet six inches in length and eighteen inches in height, was excavated. Of a rather friable nature, but highly impregnated with oxide of iron and

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containing sufficient clay to make it firm, the soil stood admirably.

Regarding all the proceedings, and having encountered nothing but civility, and fancying my presence to some, if not to all, might be unpleasant, I retired to my tent about noon, scorched and parched from my morning's exposure to the heat of a fierce sun. To my agreeable relief, dispelling all ideas of intrusion that I had formed, at one p.m. a venerable grey-headed negro, with a calm and confiding smile on his countenance, came to invite me to witness the funeral, and, following him, I took up my position on the brink of the grave, from whence I could see the advancing procession.

The uncovered corpse was carried on a strong wicker frame borne on the shoulders of half a dozen men, preceded by a number of women, then came the wives of the deceased, and their attendants; a strictly silent crowd followed, the women only chanting to the accompaniment of the tom-toms. One-third of the distance had scarcely been accomplished when the active wives, tearing themselves from the grasp of their guardians, for the last time led the van, indulging in a succession of the before-mentioned somersaults, until the goal was reached. On the arrival of the corpse, the almost frantic mourners clutched it convulsively, and were with the utmost difficulty withdrawn from the body, when the poor creatures made a hard struggle to throw themselves into the grave. The dead was lowered to his last home without further demonstration or ceremony, beyond a wild rolling of the drums. The body was laid on the right side in a bent position, as if asleep, at the farthest extremity of the low vault. A ligament of bark was tied to the little finger of the left hand, and the other extremity was drawn to the surface, and there attached to a peg driven in the ground. The con-

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struction of a rough kind of basket-work occupied but a short time; and separating, as it did, the cavern at its entrance from the perpendicular hole, the earth thrown into the latter, was excluded from the former. A number of men, by means of long strips of bark and a cross-bar attached to the centre of the massive tree-trunk, dropped it in a masterly manner into the pit, and raised it into a perpendicular position; the carved end was decorated with a falcon's feather, worn on the head of the deceased during his lifetime. This monument was kept upright by a number of posts that filled up the vacancy in the pit, and the interstices were closely packed with moistened earth. Above the surface a conical mound, having the post for its centre, was raised to three feet high, and this was covered with dry thorny branches; the grave was thus completed. A procession of the intimate friends and relatives passed round it several times, the women for the most part chanting and dancing, while the sorrowing wives divested themselves of their ornaments, and threw them on the grave. The ceremony having now terminated, a general scrambling marked the dissection of the bullocks. The lance was the only instrument used; and regardless of flaying, the pieces of hide remaining attached to the flesh were exultingly carried off by the fortunate, while many of the weak, eager to obtain a share, were severely buffeted. Eight or ten persons kept guard over the grave for a week, and two large fires were kept burning night and day. Daily a goat was slaughtered for their benefit.

Even now, a fortnight after the event, the widows at early dawn and dusk frequent the spot, and wail in loud and melancholy voices, and weep bitterly for the loss of their husbands.

The first favourable opportunity after Neangara's grief had somewhat subsided, I learnt from him the reason why the left hand of

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the corpse was suspended, as before described. It was, he said, to enable the dead man to communicate with his children. Also, after much cross-questioning through the medium of an interpreter, I found this tribe had neither a belief in the existence of God, nor in punishment or reward after death; neither was any kind of religious worship or ceremony, in any form whatever, practised by them.

The customs of some of the tribes south of this with regard to the treatment of their dead are so remarkable that I cannot forbear citing them. Although not verified by myself, the circumstances may be received as reliable, the informants being my own men, who for the last three years have been in the habit of traversing twice a year the districts inhabited by the people in question; besides, a young Neam Neam, consigned to Mussaad on his last journey in these parts, for the purpose of learning the Arabic language, and now with us, corroborates the statement in connection with a tribe in friendly relations with his.

Three days' journey only south of this, adjoining Mundo, on the death of an individual they extract the intestines, heart, and lungs, and they are declared to be feasted on by the women only. Rolled up in a mat in a sitting posture, the mutilated corpse is placed on a woodcn framework some three feet from the ground in the centre of the hut. A constant fire of green wood in the first instance, to create as much smoke as possible, is placed underneath, and not until the obnoxious odours have ceased, and the body parched into a mummy by the joint effects of heat and smoke, is dry wood substituted. The hut does not cease to be inhabited by the family, and the deceased is not interred until twelve months after death. His land is cultivated as heretofore by the remaining members of the family, or, if unable, by friends; but the whole of

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the produce is converted into *merissa* for the support of the sorrow of connections and acquaintances.

The disposal of the dead by the Abarambo, the chief of whom, Minoni, is father-in-law to Ombiro, a Neam Neam chief in the district of Mackraka, still southward and westward, is far more summary. As soon as life is extinct, the body is sold to the highest bidder, in lances; and a well-conditioned corpse will realize from fifteen to twenty. The purchaser, after cutting off the quantity required for his own consumption, will retail the remainder as a butcher would a sheep; the currency consisting of iron manufactured into ornaments or arms. The only respect paid to the body of the deceased by the family consists in their not partaking of any portion thereof themselves.

On the convalescence of my wife, a gastric fever laid me up; and whilst confined to my bed, on December 15th, our men, with upwards of one hundred porters, returned from my station at Wayo—I was unable to move, and as the agent of the latter station accompanied our men, I was glad to be able to allow him to proceed to a Neam Neam chief, with whom he had left some months previously a quantity of merchandise to exchange for elephant tusks. The advent of so large a company had considerably disconcerted the chief of this place, as he assured me it would be impossible for him to provide so many people with food. Already fights had taken place between the people of this settlement and the newly-arrived porters, in quest of grain; consequently, with a view of preventing any further disturbance, and the support of my attendants in a better provisioned district, Awat, the Wayo agent, accompanied by hunters and thirty men, and the whole of our porters, set out on their journey, there, to the great relief of myself, and especially Neangara, to abide my recovery.

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The village, or rather the group of hamlets amounting to five in number, called Neangara, is but an insignificant capital for a large district, extending southwards to Mundo and eastwards to the river Ayi. Although of the Moro tribe originally, Neangara's father quarrelled with them, and beating the mother-tribe repeatedly, he established himself as chief of the district, to which he gave the name of Morokodo Madi: the latter name was appended in honour of another independent Moro tribe of that name, located to the north-east of this, that assisted Morokodo to gain his independence. The principal arms of the Moro, of whatever denomination, are the bow and arrow, upon which they principally rely, but as an accessory they carry a single small lance or javelin. With the former they are particularly adroit, killing birds on the wing and antelopes whilst running. The bow of an adult is not more than four feet six inches to five feet in length, of hard wood; and, although well tapered, is not so powerful or pliable as lance-wood: sixty yards is about the outside effective range. The arrows, made of reeds, are bare and light, and are tipped with well-made barbed iron points three inches long. In some cases rounded ebony points are used, and these in several instances were coated with a vegetable poison. The bow-strings are particularly strong, and are of twisted gut, made of cows' sinews. Both sexes are ornamented with several strings of goats' teeth around the neck, and the wrists and ankles with numerous brightly polished iron rings. Copper bracelets, obtained from the traders, are also conspicuous. The men wear as many as twelve bracelets, three-fourths of an inch in thickness, on the right arm; and those addicted to elephant hunting wear near the hand an additional bracelet, made of a bar of iron one and a half inches square; this, they maintain, gives greater penetration to the spear when it is thrown. The waists

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A MARRIED WOMAN.

are adorned with glass beads and a profusion of neatly plaited straw bands. The covering of the married women is of the most slender description, and consists of a plaited wisp of straw of the strictest economical dimensions, and is drawn up between the legs and attached to a slender waist-belt; this also sustains at the back a bunch of green leaves, about the size and shape of the tail of an ostrich, which gives the wearer a jaunty appearance. Small circular iron skull-plates, highly polished, are favourite ornaments with the men. They vary in size from two to three inches in diameter, and

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three or four are worn by each individual; slightly concave in form, they fit well to the head, the fastening being a bunch of hair protruding through a hole in the centre and knotted on the outside.

My hereto sturdy and valuable horse, "Arab," had of late greatly fallen off, and when he was no longer able to be brought to me to judge for myself of his state, I was assisted to his shed to see him. To my sorrow I found the poor horse emaciated and evidently suffering from great internal pain; mashes of dourra-bran were the only things in my power to prescribe for him; but subsequently suffering from violent convulsions, to put an end to his agonies he was shot in the brain. The Doctor, upon opening him, found diseased lungs to have been his malady. The negroes succeeded the Doctor, and in the evening my neighbours' pots contained every vestige of my once noble horse. There is not an animal or reptile, carrion not excepted, but what is eaten by this people; and the rats caught in the trap in our tent, amounting generally to three or four every evening, were eagerly waited for and monopolized by Neangara. He would sit outside, accustomed to the click of the trap, and himself announce the capture. So much did he relish them, that he would not even trust his wives with the cooking of them. On a few embers the fur coats were soon singed, and the roasting proceeded with; when done, and without any accompaniment, the chief's supper was complete. When asked if he extracted and threw away the entrails, he seemed surprised at the question, and vehemently said, "No; that is the choicest part."

The next event worthy to be noted was the celebration of a marriage, according to Mussulman and Moro rites, between one of our men, an old stager in the country, and a tall, handsome girl, a niece of the chief. The dowry, if it can be so called, given by the

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bridegroom to the bride's parents, was five cows; he also finding a bullock and a quantity of *merissa* as a groundwork for the feast in the evening. When the cows were accepted, the bride would, according to their custom, have been taken away by her husband, but the Mahommedan portion of the ceremony had, in this instance of a mixed marriage, to be performed: this latter occurred at sunset, in the presence of ourselves and people, myself having been elected as the bride's agent, as she does not appear. In addition to the cows presented to her father, a promise was made of three cows to be given to herself within a year of marriage. Horns and fifes had during the day been blown with every variety of discord by the negroes; and now an Arab dance, performed by our men to the accompaniment of song and clapping of hands, with occasional firing, occupied the evening hours. The bride was accompanied to her husband's *tookul* by six bridesmaids, followed by many of the villagers, amidst instrumental and vocal dissonance, and a scrimmage between the bridesmaids and bridegroom ensued, as the former would not permit the happy man to join his bride until he was fleeced by the promise of a cow to be given on the morrow to each of the demonstrative bridesmaids. Neangara and his people were delighted with the alliance.

January 12th, 1863.—At length so far convalescent as to be enabled to take short walks, though still supported; and anxious to continue our journey, I was delighted to hail the return of Awat and our men, in the course of the afternoon. The hunters had killed four large elephants, and Awat, with his merchandise, had purchased in the adjoining north-west Mundo territory a small lot of ivory, the whole amounting to nearly ten hundredweight. A deputation of six Neam Neam men accompanied Awat on a

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mission from their chief Dari, to present his salutations and to beg of me to pay him a visit.

These men are good-looking, well made, of ordinary stature, bright eyes, teeth clean and complete, their hair long and arranged in broad plaits reaching to the small of the back, their skin of a copper shade. They envelope their loins in a cloth of their own make from the fibres of bark, and their ornaments consist of iron rings worn round the neck, wrists, and ankles. Their arms are beautifully-worked matted shields, bows and arrows, a peculiar, curved double-edged sword, also various curious, nearly circular iron missiles, with several awkward, sharp projections, and a knife, suspended handle downwards to the waist-belt.

They are much dreaded by their neighbours, both for their courage in warfare and their habits of cannibalism. The country inhabited by them, though hilly, is fertile, and well supplied by numerous brooks with water. It is about thirty miles in length and half as broad, lying, as well as I could ascertain, south-east and north-west, and occupied by the father of the present chief. It is not more than three marches to the S.W. of Neangara. Dari, with his party, are descended from the Neam Neams, formerly visited by me from the Bahar il Gazal in 1858. Makraka, situated south-west of Dari, numbers probably a population of ten thousand souls, divided under nine chiefs, the whole of whom are subject to the chief Dari. The surrounding countries, Bago and Fegalo, to the south, lying east of Mundo, conquered by this warlike tribe, are still tributary and pay annually in grain.

On the return to Khartoum from England with my wife, my agent from the Neam Neam *viâ* the Bahar il Gazal, it will be remembered, had brought a grey and red tailed parrot *(Psittacus Timneh)* with him, and on my shooting excursions in the close

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NEAM NEAM SHIELD, KNIVES, AND MISSILES.

vicinity of Neangara, I had heard the screeching and caught casual glances of this species of bird.

My theory, thus far corroborated, of the existence of the same animals in the centre and across Africa in similar latitudes to those they are found in on or near the coast, induced me to make frequent inquiries respecting the gorilla. Hitherto I had been unsuccessful, and had neither seen nor heard of De Chaillu's master of

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the forest. The Neam Neam envoys, however, told me the bush was neither thick nor the trees high enough in the district we then were in to suit them; but that in their more hilly and nobler wooded country the animal was a constant inhabitant. If I would go with them they would show me lots, and one of them went so far as to assure me that his uncle had a tame one, to whom his premises were often confided with impunity for protection, during the absence of the family in the corn-fields, and a better guard could not be imagined. He kept off man and beast, and was tender and affectionate to the children, the family, and all their belongings of goats and fowls. He would often ramble away with the children in the fields and woods, and was in the habit of absenting himself for hours in the bush to feed off the fruit and seeds of shrubs and trees, but before nightfall invariably returned to his perch on a framework in his master's enclosure, and kept a sedulous watch during the night. As I could not deviate from my course to pay a personal visit to their country and chief, Dari, I promised to send some elephant hunters and traders to establish a station under his protection. With this project they were delighted, and declaring there would be no difficulty to induce the owner to make me a present of the gorilla, they avowed they would accompany me to my station at Wayo, whence they would guide the promised hunters to their homes. From events, however, that I could not at the time foresee, which subsequently will be explained, my connection with the country and its trade abruptly terminated, and deprived me amongst other advantages also of the possession of a tame gorilla.

January 16*th*.—Although my health was far from restored, we were so anxious to proceed that I had no difficulty in screwing my courage up to the mark, and consequently, at about nine a.m. I, for

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the first time on our journey, bestrode a donkey, and a sad falling off from my former turn-out it proved. Bridleless, I guided him with a bamboo stick, a present from the Neam Neam. On a stirrupless saddle, with the customary shaking of the legs, an occasional shout, and, when they failed, a few sharp applications of the bamboo, I managed to keep pace with my wife's spirited little horse. The first few miles, so well known to me during my morning rides, conducted us through neglected corn-fields and bush to a now dried-up water-course. The well-worn and now exposed gneis rock, and many detached stones, with occasional heaps of sand in nooks and corners, denoted the existence of a boisterous stream in the rainy season. The bank on either side was studded with lofty trees, whose trunks were lost to view in impenetrable jungle, wherefrom pretty flowering shrubs and creepers extricate themselves, to become conspicuous and lovely objects of the locality. More modest in appearance, but yielding not in beauty, is the pathway we traverse, far prettier than if planted by human hand: the dwarf convolvuli and a variety of other blue and red, to my companion, Dr. Murie, and myself, unknown flowers, line it in Nature's fascinating unstudied clusters, on either side. Beyond are a few hamlets, where in the shade of a tree we halted to breakfast. The natives supplied us willingly with water, and uttered many wishes for a safe journey and regrets for our leaving Neangara. Beyond, the undulating nature of the country, covered everywhere with bush, presented occasional views of picturesque landscape. Now and then a hamlet in a small cleared spot diversified the scenery; but the principal object of interest, and attended with some anxiety, was a dense column of smoke, impelled by a strong easterly wind towards us, and extending at right angles to our line of march as far as the eye could see. The dried herbage was on fire, and the

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crackling and impulsive rushes of the flames as they leaped upwards to devour some dense high reeds, or scanned the trunks of creeper-covered lofty trees, to consume impetuously the withered foliage, presented sights not unlike artificial fireworks, and very grand.

Our position became from minute to minute more critical, as the guide hurried us on towards the raging element. A break in the bush now explained the course adopted by our leader, as, taking advantage of it, he wheeled to the right, and for some time, at the top of our speed, we advanced parallel with the fast-approaching roaring flames. Descending rapidly a narrow pathway, conducting us across a marshy tract so densely covered with dry reeds, towering high above our heads, that, if attained by the fast-approaching flames, escape was hopeless, and doubts of the integrity of my guide (to us a new man from Neangara) coursed through my brain. I uttered a few impressive words to my wife, urging her to force her horse onward on the narrow pathway to a place of safety, and leave me in charge of the men and baggage, as also, as far as in my power lay, to command the movements of my guide. This, however, she passionately declined, declaring that if I insisted upon her doing so she would dismount; and holding in her terrified animal, I pushed forward in advance, urging her to follow. By this time hot blasts, impelled by the fury of the wind, threatened suffocation; the flames were leaping towards us. No longer able to see from the dense volumes of smoke the animals wildly galloping on, my heart gave way for a moment, when suddenly we emerged on to an open space, which had been previously burnt by the natives, and was their oasis in the midst of the flames; here they had assembled, and were startled at our appearance.

Rapidly our people came to the same haven, all safe; a few of the cattle only had been lost in the fire. The little plot of ground

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was too small for the party assembled; so all forming a circle, we stamped and beat down the burning bush for some distance around. Our sufferings were great: no water was to be procured; but our hearts were full of gratitude that all so mercifully had been spared. The negroes watched intently for any game that might seek this refuge, only to find death in another form. One of our boys caught a grey partridge emerging from the fire half suffocated, the beak and legs of which were yellow.

In less than an hour resumed the march, over the still smouldering herbage, causing many of the unshod to utter a cry of pain; but this they declared they could better bear than the intolerable thirst, which we had no means of assuaging had we longer remained on the halt. An hour's march brought us to the vicinity of two high hills, so sharply outlined that in the distance we had taken them for bare primitive rock, but approaching nearer, with the aid of glasses we discovered they were thickly covered with trees, the rock only here and there visible. Encamped in the village of Argatili, named after its chief, in the country called Aractora, subject to Neangara. The inhabitants fled on our approach. The huts were of the same description as those recently passed, but the stockade was badly formed and out of repair. At sunset Argatili, the chief, and several natives visited us, and apologizing, said he had been occupied at the fire with the male population, and in their absence, at our approach the women had fled; but that now, gaining confidence, they would return to their homes.

January 17th.—During the night heard the noise of flowing water; at an early hour in the morning left our quarters. The people had not returned to the village. After passing two or three hamlets, reached the bank of a beautiful and swift-flowing river

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called Ayi, said to contribute its waters to the Hangau, of whi lagoon I believe it to be the principal feeder. The compass cour of the current, running north where forded, was 10°; its probab breadth when at its full might be one hundred yards. Whe crossed, the depth varied from knee to waist; the sand in dry pa of bed was formed of mica, felspar, quartz, and iron; the rock of granite and whinstone. We pulled across in the punt, an breakfasted beneath the shadow of one of a magnificent series trees, covered with lovely climbers in wild profusion; luxurian canes enriched the banks; the murmuring stream gave us its pur cool and refreshing water. The Ayi divides the territory of Nean gara (Morokodo) from Moya, another revolted Moro branch. I was 10.30 a.m. ere we left. Passing through bush, pretty flowerin shrubs were collected; numerous were lofty trees surmounted b a dome of blossoms, whilst the trunks were clothed with a drape of creepers. Bearing north-north-east rose another range of woode hills, three conspicuous from their height. At noon a scattere hamlet was reached, and though intending but to remain ther during the great heat of the day, so many pleaded for a longer rest, it could not be denied.

January 18*th*.—We remained in the village of Moraro for this Sabbath day. The chief, Burmadi, is one of the most stupid fellows I ever met, and from whom it was a difficult task to obtain the slightest information respecting the habits of the people or the culture of their land. However, by exercising patience, I elicited from him that they are owners of a small breed of cattle, and that they are indefatigable bee hunters, honey being their principal luxury.

The adjoining district to the north is called "Made;" and

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lthough of another portion of the great Moro tribe, he lived at ɔud with them, and but a few days previously several of his cattle ad been stolen. As I have experienced in my former travels mong the Dor and the Dinka people, it by no means follows that eople belonging to the same tribe bear always friendly relations o each other.

I give a list of the principal seeds sown by these people, and vith the native names:

Red maize,	called	*Bacli.*
Millet,	„	*Curaeja*
Seezam,	„	*Coanyou*
Black mint,	„	*Cacnæ*
White maize,	„	*Boorendi*
White beans.	„	*Warha*
Black „	„	*Balanæ*
Sweet potatoes	„	*Mundo*
Yams,	„	*Goreli*
Grass,	„	*Yeffo*
Bamyeh,	„	*Bagolo*

My wife was made quite at home in the village; and she won the hearts of the women by receiving them, and noticing their bright little children.

January 19*th.*—At seven a.m. made a good start, and rode through the prettiest bush we had seen; skirted on our left by Saturday's chain of interesting hills, covered as they were with luxuriant trees, the naked rock but seldom showing, and even then in some places was adorned with tufts of grass. Reached a deep and narrow dried-up water course at eight, where we breakfasted; resuming our march over rocky and undulating ground, with whinstone and granite appearing alternately on the surface.

In little more than half an hour after our last rest we again

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came upon the Ayi, where such bewitching bits of river scenery presented themselves that we could not but command a halt, and revelled for an hour listening to the river's soothing ripple. Although we had, perhaps, not more than half of the volume of water before us, an island here dividing the stream, its beauty was not diminished; both sides were charmingly wooded, the foliage prolific and of many tints. A few sandbanks and many small rocks and islands, rich to excess in vegetation, disputed the passage of the stream; but the most remarkable object to us was a group of lovely wild date-palms flourishing on a few rocks in the centre of the river. Scarcely a mile farther on our way a bar of granite crossed the stream, causing it to leap some five or six feet to regain its bed. An island at this point, as well as both sides the river, bore several beautiful clusters of date-palms, one towering delaeb holding its richly crowned head high above the shrubs and trees that ornamented the view. Amongst the shrubs was one bearing a large snow-white flower, and one covered with blossom strikingly like our hawthorn, and with perfume to bear out the comparison. High trees decked out with creepers, flowering beautifully, and sending down their tendrils like network to the ground, varied the enchanting vegetation of the locality.

We bivouacked near a small village called Mizwa, in the Cootundubba territory, of which Batawa is the chief, not far distant from the southern extremity of the hilly chain. This village, unlike those recently passed, was not stockaded. The inhabitants had fled, and unable to procure porters in exchange for those from the last village, we determined to remain for the night.

January 20th.—My wife and self experienced an attack of ague during the night, but hoping to fight off a return, though weak,

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we commenced the march at seven a.m. Stubble-fields were first entered, then rocky and undulating country; several small villages were passed, and away to the north appeared a range of rugged hills. The trees were rich in autumnal tints; the rocks, granite, red conglomerate sandstone, and whinstone. At eight a.m a halt, and breakfasted beneath superb tamarind trees. Fine delaeb palms were in the vicinity. In forty minutes we were again *en route*, and made for a range of hills called "Tira," crossing as we did so the beds of several dried-up streams. Reached a hamlet in the course of an hour, where we made a brief rest; then passed through shrubby bush, interspersed with fine old trees. Altering our course to south-west, crossed a dried-up bed of stream, ascended a height, dragged on a short distance, when my wife, unable to proceed, we were compelled to halt, and in a wood; for though a village was near, the ague had laid so firm a grasp on my poor wife that she could no longer remain in her saddle. The bulk of our people pushed on to the village with the baggage. The Tira range of hills, which I sketched from our encampment, bore north and south, and were due east of us, distant about three miles; the highest peak I estimated at one thousand feet above the level.

January 21st.—At seven a.m. we left with a few followers for the village of Andiboora, whither our men had gone yesterday. We soon emerged from the wood, and entered an open valley, with here and there fine trees. Radi, the chief, advanced to greet us. He was decorated with a couple of flatly carved hippopotami tusks suspended on each side of his forehead by a band, and slightly in advance of his face, giving him the appearance of a man grinning through a horse collar; a necklace of cows' teeth and a ring of

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ORNAMENTS, ANDIBOORA.

iron were also worn; from his right shoulder a bullock's hide was slung, insignia of authority.

Both sexes wear absurd ornaments: the women a cone of spar in each lip, that in the under one six inches in length, and three-quarters of an inch in diameter at the base, its weight drawing down the lip and displaying the teeth in a revolting manner.

The natives of the district are subject to a peculiar malady which produces knob-like protuberances on different parts of the body,

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but more especially on the knees. These swellings are as large as a cocoa-nut, and are formed of solid flesh. Dr. Murie operated upon a native who suffered from one of these on his breast, and successfully removed the unsightly excrescence.

There were some large and beautiful trees in the neighbourhood, bearing white flowers in clusters, much resembling the *hydrangea*, and a perfume reminding one of the jasmine, the petals emitting a milk-like juice, as does the whole plant. After leaving Andiboora, villages were passed, dried-up water-courses traversed, in which granite, quartz, and red conglomerate were apparent. At our next halting-place, near the village of Niniba, in the district of Sarra, under the chief Grarcefo, a trifling affray with the natives took place, which might have been attended with disastrous results. Some of our men, in search of water near a neighbouring hamlet, were suddenly surrounded by the negroes, who opposed our onward progress, saying we had no right to pass through their territory. Their numbers rapidly increasing, our men became hemmed in, and, to effect a retreat, a few fired in the air; when the negroes, terrified at the sound of the strange weapons, fled, but not without throwing their lances, one of which wounded a porter in the head. During the night they returned and somewhat harassed us; but as I had posted additional sentinels, who were on the alert, morning dawned without any further harm than the loss of rest.

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FROM

MRS. PETHERICK'S NOTE-BOOK.

January 22nd.—Starting as usual at an early hour, a lovely undulating country was entered. Charming views presented themselves. Many villages were passed, and the inhabitants appeared friendly. The heat was intense; our spirits were somewhat depressed in consequence of the sleepless anxious nights we had spent, consequently the march was fatiguing; for some time no words had been spoken. In advance a few paces of Petherick, I was sleepily sitting in the saddle, when he startled me, crying, "Make haste to the tree on your left!" Whilst making for the spot indicated, I turned my head to look at him, a strange tone in his voice causing me uneasiness, when to my dismay I saw him reeling to and fro on the donkey. Jumping from my horse and running to him, I, aided by our water-bearer, somewhat broke his otherwise heavy fall to the ground. We dragged him to the tree before-named, the shadow of which was welcome. Supporting his head as he lay extended on the ground, I heard our fast-arriving attendants cry, "He is dead!" Passionately appealing to those who only looked on, I induced them to empty a skin of water over his head, and to lave his hands with the same. The Doctor was

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the last to arrive, he being at the end of our column, numbering some two hundred. Petherick was still unconscious, but where he had fallen the Doctor ordered that the tent should be put up. The small open space was barely sufficient for ourselves and immediate personal servants, so the bulk of our followers continued their march to the nearest village: the chief, called Wermeri, on their arrival, speedily set forth to our aid, bringing with him fowls and vegetables. A long time elapsed ere Petherick returned to consciousness. After a sharp attack of ague, followed by perspiration, the sufferer was relieved, and able to proceed at five p.m. to the village close by, called Jamba, in Mari, where we were cordially welcomed and hospitably treated. The women were very kind to me, during the stay of two days we were compelled to make, as Petherick experienced violent and frequent returns of fever.

On *Sunday the 25th* we resumed the march at 7.15 a.m., full of hope that ere sunset our own station would be reached. Many villages were passed; the country was lovely, well wooded and undulating.

We had travelled nearly an hour, when the bed of a dried-up stream, well shadowed, induced us to halt twenty minutes.

Again through beautiful country; and in less than an hour reached another river-bed, in which were deep pools of clear cold water, refreshing draughts from which we availed ourselves of.

Again a start, when in half an hour came to a flowing stream, making music over rocks: we could not choose but stop to listen to the murmuring ripples. Loads were thrown down, and a rush was made by all to plunge into the water. Here it was determined to remain during the heat of the day, and my handmaidens soon found a cosy nook to which I was conducted, there to revel in the

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life-giving element. Reluctantly we left, but with renewed vigour; a rapid march of forty minutes was made, the men in high spirits, whilst the women *zachareeted* gaily. The briefest possible halt on the banks of a rivulet flowing in a westerly direction, when at a good pace we proceeded for upwards of an hour and a half, until our station —miscalled the Neambara, but in reality Wayo, in the Moro territory —was seen. Ere it could be reached, the Bibio, a river of considerable breadth was forded; this done, giving a loose rein to "Luxor," encouraged by Petherick, who could not on his donkey proceed in advance, I gained the summit, where stood in numbers the men of our station, and those from a neighbouring one, who had assembled to give us a hearty, noisy, firing, and even a musical, welcome. Petherick was soon surrounded, and with some difficulty way was made for our passage to the station, distant but a few hundred yards. Arrived there, we were conducted to the quarters prepared with much care for us. A lofty and well-ventilated *tookul* had been hastily erected; it contained one spacious chamber and two small ones. There was a neat *tookul* for Dr. Murie; Foxcroft had a similar one. There were convenient out-buildings. All these new erections were enclosed by a fence, so that, though isolated from the station, they still formed a part of it. The men must have worked well to have made these additions, as they were only acquainted with our probable advent when the porters were summoned from hence to bring us on.

The following morning we sallied forth to the river forded the preceding evening. It is known as the Bibio, flowing northerly; it is of considerable breath, and its channel rocky. Magnificent trees in full bloom adorned the banks. We were entranced with the beauty of the country, and would willingly have remained months in the locality, but "Onwards!" was the cry.

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The agents received orders to expedite the march to Gondokoro, and in seventeen days, after experiencing the usual tardiness in procuring porters, preparations were declared complete.

Petherick in the meantime rapidly gained strength, and daily went out shooting and fishing; and in the Ayi, another lovely river, into which the Bibio flows at a point not more than a mile from our pretty station, he one day killed five hippopotami.

"At the junction, the bed of the Bibio," to quote from my husband, "is one hundred and twenty feet wide, and is confined between steep banks from ten to fifteen feet high. At this time (end of January) the flow of water in it was but trifling, and formed a little stream only eighteen feet wide, and from ankle to ten inches deep; therefore the head of its waters could not be far distant. On the other hand, the Ayi was still a lovely river; its rapid stream flowed over and between picturesque rocks and amongst the most charming of scenery. Those who know the best wooded portions of the Wye can form a good idea of what, with a richer vegetation, the Ayi appeared to us. We had followed it out of the chaos of reeds that vainly impeded the contributions of its waters to the White Nile near Fayak; had crossed the lagoon at Hangau and Jemeed (of which it was the most important feeder), and again, when within its natural limits near Moraro, some forty-five miles north of this point Wayo, we had re-crossed to its eastern bank on our way hither, and had witnessed numerous of its tiny tributaries.

"As no description of the appearance of a stream will convey anything like the reality of the body of water conveyed down it, I made a careful measurement, and found that at that date of the dry season its volume of water was five hundred and sixty-four cubic feet per second. The entire width of its bed was three hundred and fifty-seven feet, ninety-one of it even now dry, and the water-

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level was two feet below its apparent height. When flooded in the rainy season, and allowing for even no additional rate of current, the volume of water at that period may be modestly assumed at two thousand five hundred cubic feet per second.

"The inference from this great falling-off in the volume of water appears to me that the Ayi, like, in my opinion, the Nile and all African waters, owe their entire supply of water direct from the drainage of the rain-fall, and it must consequently follow that the water-shed between it and the lakes cannot be much more than one hundred miles distant.

"The nature of the country traversed south by Mussaad is hilly and mountainous up to his farthest point, where he learnt, at a distance of about forty miles south, the existence of the lake that, two years afterwards, was visited and named by Sir Samuel Baker the Albert Nyanza.

"The sister stream of the Ayi (the Yalo), about thirty miles to the west, I had observed to flow into the Nile at Aliab, and had subsequently caught views of it at Jirri and Dugwarra. The discharge of water by it, if not more, cannot be less than that of the Ayi, and its head—as also that of the Djour, still farther west, and flowing into the Bahar il Gazal—must also be confined to the southern highlands.

"In my communications to the Royal Geographical Society and British Association in 1860, I signified the existence of a large sheet of water, reported to flow west, and existing, according to what I could glean, ten days' journey farther south than my last point amongst the Neam Neam at Mundo in 1858.

"The water-shed, then, in these, by Mussaad, beautifully described highlands, abounding in its valleys with plantains and date-palms, must in form represent something like the letter T, with the base

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THE COLOBUS GUEREZA.

directed south; because, at the same time that the head waters of these western Nile tributaries flow north, the southern fall is directed to the east and west."

During our frequent visits to the beautifully wooded river-banks, Petherick upon several occasions shot some really handsome monkeys. For a scientific description I must refer the reader to the admirable work of Dr. Rüppell on the fauna of Abyssinia, who names it "*Colobus guereza,*" and describes it as a distinct species,

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consequent on its having no thumb on the fore-feet. The measurements of an adult male are two feet six inches from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, and the latter member of exactly the same length, exclusive of a tuft of beautiful long hair at the end, which in itself is three inches long. The height from the sole of the foot to the top of the shoulder is one foot eight inches. The face and ears of the animal may be termed a dirty black, while, commencing from the top of the forehead, the back of the head, neck, and the whole of the back are jet-black. The breast, belly, extremities, and tail (all but the tip) partake of the same colour. The coat is neither short nor long, but very glossy. The colour of the chin, under-jaw, cheeks, and the lower part of the neck up to the ears, forming a stripe between the top of the head and forehead, is pure white. Commencing from the shoulders, extending along the sides and over the loins, is a beautiful thick fringe of long white hair, and as fine in appearance as floss silk. The tip of the tail is also tufted white. The animal seems to court the neighbourhood of water, and is met with in small families of from ten to twenty; is not vicious, but rather shy, and does not make the usual chattering noise so frequent among other monkey tribes. But for the very long tail, he much resembles a setter dog; in his movements he is most active, and we have seen him make surprising bounds from tree to tree or from branches elevated at some thirty or forty feet to the ground without apparent inconvenience. His food consists of wild fruits and seeds. The male is somewhat larger in size than the female, his coat more glossy, and his silver fringe more ornamental. Several females were accompanied by a young one about the size of a full-grown kitten. One of these we were most anxious to obtain alive; but in spite of Petherick's attempts to shoot a female and catch the young one, they proved so exceedingly shy

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that they invariably frustrated his purpose. Hotly pursued, the young ones sprang on the backs of their mothers, and held on so tightly that in their greatest bounds they neither seemed to impede the progress of their parent nor fall from their places of refuge. In flying, unlike the baboon, which runs on the ground, they seek the greatest thickets and trust entirely to the trees for safety. The natives informed Petherick that they also invariably slept upon the trees, and, in answer to his offers for a young one, told him that it was useless attempting to secure one at night, as they were not to be surprised.

A few days after our arrival at the station, eight or ten young negresses, all gala dressed, came into the enclosure and danced and sang before us. After many evasive answers had been given to inquiries as to the position these girls held in the establishment, we ascertained that they were living as wives with the same number of our men, and that a few were mothers. Summoning the agent, he admitted that the girls had been captured, and in some instances not unwillingly; there were children in the *zariba*, who also had been kidnapped. Petherick insisted that all should be restored to their villages; but the girls, with only one exception, objected to this, saying they were happier as they were; and so it was proposed that the men should marry them. To this no objection being raised, preparations for that ceremony to take place the next evening were commenced.

The children, in charge of an agent and accompanied by the chief of the village, set forth to be restored to their homes; those who had been captured near Gondokoro were to accompany us. In less than a week the agent returned, having faithfully made over the little ones to their parents.

The second Sunday after our arrival we heard a great outcry, and

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on inquiry ascertained that a negress had been hung to a tree between our station and that of a trader named Khurshid Aga. Dr. Murie, at Petherick's request, went to see if he could be of any assistance, but found her dead. The unfortunate woman had been regarded as a witch, and she was accused of causing by enchantment the death of a wife of the chief's. The negroes of the village entered Khurshid's station, and dragged the negress, who was one of the bread-makers, to her execution.

We daily visited one or both rivers. I on "Luxor" one morning were nearly lost in quicksand on the borders of the Ayi.

Petherick shot several pigeons, bustards, and ducks; the latter were very numerous. Our people were able to supply me with needles, thread, and calico; so I occupied myself in patching our tattered garments. We had lost nearly the whole of our clothing. I was put to great inconvenience for a hat, the broad brim of mine having been torn away by the thorns, and though the crown was kept on my head by means of a turban, my face was terribly exposed and pained me much. Gloves I had been long without, so my hands were now proof against the fierce rays of the sun; but when first they were unprotected, the blisters were numerous and almost unbearable.

We were now all fast gaining strength, in consequence of living more regularly. We had a variety of food—fresh vegetables and plenty of very pleasant *merissa*, of a light colour, slightly acid in flvour, and not thick. I received several *burmahs* (earthern pots) containing honey. This eaten mixed with milk is delicious. One of our men of the station begged my acceptance of a highly polished bullock's horn, to which a lid had been neatly attached, and which contained red pepper-pods. Some very beautiful small doves, with tails nearly a foot long, were also given to me.

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The usual delay and disappointment was experienced in the hiring of porters to accompany us to Gondokoro, so many of these people have been allured thither by fair promises of other traders, never to return, having been sold by their unprincipled hirers into slavery. To our dismay, Petherick heard that it was the intention of Khurshid Aga's agent to follow in our wake with his captured negroes, women and children; many of the former we had caught glimpses of, with that terrible fork of wood half circling the throat.

At last, on *February 12th*, we were once more *en route*, not, however, leaving Wayo until five p.m. Like most first starts, it was a short one, as soon after sunset we encamped in a cattle-kraal on the east bank of the Bibio; this was crossed at a ford estimated at upwards of a hundred feet wide. The flowing water was in width some forty feet, the depth insignificantly shallow.

February 13th.—A wretched night had been passed; all retired grumbling to snatch repose. The finely-made wafer-like bread and other food had inadvertently been left behind; but ere our start this day, at 7.30 a.m., was effected, an apology for breakfast was forthcoming.

The country was flat and uninteresting; the villages the same. Some glistening quartz pebbles attracted my attention, but our attendants did not care to encumber themselves with specimens. A few lofty trees were conspicuous in a thin wood; availing ourselves of the shade, we rested forty minutes. A slight ascent soon commenced, and when the summit was reached an extensive view of the country was presented; we lingered to enjoy the prospect, our people leaving us in the rear. Two sugar-loaf hills in the

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midst of a low range were likely to be our beacons for some time; they were situated east of our line of march.

At noon encamped at the side of a brook near the village of Neala, in the Mari district. The water of the rivulet being clear and refreshing, we left not this charming retreat until 3.30 p.m.

The route was through country diversified with wood, villages, and stubble-fields from which the harvest had been gleaned. A short halt in the midst of granite rocks, for all to drink of the cool water contained in its recesses. Proceeded a short distance, when another pretty stream flowing north-east into the Bibio, called the Gayer, was but glanced at—no halt allowed; rising ground again encountered, and finally we encamped in the village of Mari, the chief of the district, named Waja, giving us welcome.

February 14*th*.—At 6.30 a.m. we started, passing through open bush and country undulating, lovely convolvuli many-coloured and in full flower, and odorous shrubs in bloom.

After marching an hour and a half, we breakfasted on the east bank of a brook flowing into the Bibio; this tributary was called Bidori. Some gorgeous butterflies, new to us, were here netted.

A little touching scene was here enacted. The young girl who cared not to be married to the man with whom she had lived, came to us accompanied by him. In her arms she carried an infant son—his child. She said, "I am near my village; living there are my husband and first-born child, from whom I was carried away. I wish to return to them, but my heart is torn: this little one clings to my breast for its food, how can I leave him?—but he belongs to Abdallah." Deeply moved, I said to Abdallah, "Let her go, with the little one." Kissing his child, he assented, and the woman, whose tears of gratitude rained down her cheeks,

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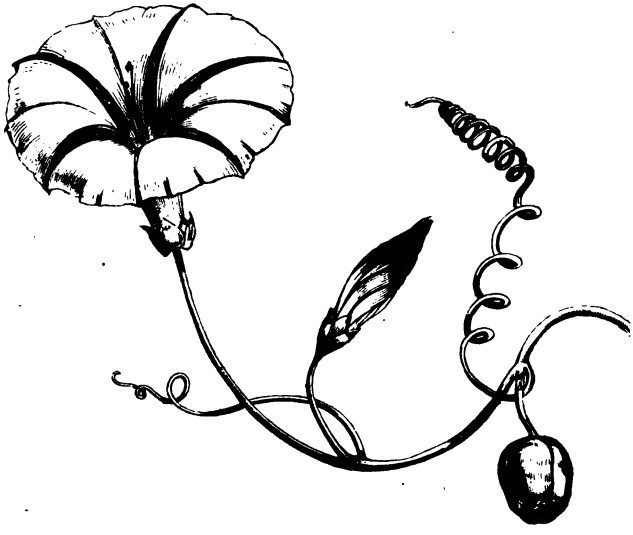
livested herself of the ornaments he had enriched her with, and laced them at his feet. He with passionate love embraced her or the last time, gave up his child, returned the baubles, and tripped himself of a *ferda,* which he tenderly folded round her, nd she departed.



CONVOLVULUS.

The boy who had served the ill-fated Mussaad belonged also to the village of this woman. He, with trifling gifts such as our impoverished position alone enabled us to offer him, some time previously had bidden us farewell. Judge then our surprise at the return of the boy accompanied by his uncle—a chief—and attendants, who carried a tusk of ivory, which they entreated Petherick to accept as a token of their gratitude.

The route resumed, we approached a range of hills running

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N.N.W. to S.S.E. At noon a water-pool was reached, where we rested during the great heat of the day. Trees bearing magnificent scarlet blossoms, without foliage, were conspicuous; also the trees which the Arabs call *Cooke*, with its two-feet-in-length seed-pods. These are eaten greedily by elephants and monkeys. Our way now wound up a pathless ravine most difficult of ascent, and many were the bleeding feet I saw, cut by the fragments of scattered stones. In little more than an hour we crossed a wild mountain stream, and then encamped, almost too weary to enjoy the grand beauty of the prospect surrounding us. Murie was delighted, as the scenery reminded him of the Trossachs.

February 15*th*.—We suffered much from the cold during the night, at an altitude we were unaccustomed to; and at six a.m. gladly resumed the march, descending a narrow gorge of just width sufficent to permit a donkey laden only on the top of his back, not at the sides, to pass; the defile was rugged in the extreme, and dangerous, for in parts huge granite boulders encumbered the path. But a plain was entered, thickly covered with low bush, and we went on our way, soon to meet a happy surprise. Advancing towards us a long line of men appeared, marching in single file, who shouted and fired, alarming me for a moment; but they proved to be a party of our men, who had recently arrived at Gondokoro from Khartoum, and, fearing some evil had befallen us, were then coming in search. How wild and extravagant were the greetings! To me it seemed as if they had believed they never more were to have seen us. It will be remembered that when our disabled boats left Aboo Kuka, or Lolnun, for Khartoum, they were there to be replenished with stores, and at the close of the year to proceed to Gondokoro. Prior to the departure of the boats,

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for Khartoum, one, heavily laden, had gone on to Gondokoro, there to await the arrival of the Speke and Grant expedition from Zanzibar. The last-mentioned boat had, therefore, been some months at Gondokoro, and now the renewed supplies in the refitted boats were also there; but Speke and Grant had not arrived, and we, in consequence of our disastrous journey, were still three or four days' march from that place.

The men had with them letters for us from the far-off home. With yearning anxious hearts to read the tidings, we made for the nearest tree affording shade, a tamarind, ever to be remembered; and there dismounting, not trusting ourselves to utter a word, letters from the beloved ones were first opened. Ah! how many changes in the home circle since we had left it! Two hours passed rapidly away and the letters were not all read, then the march recommenced, and the men who had met us retraced their steps to Gondokoro. How much they had to tell! The "Lady of the Nile," that poor old boat, went down as she reached Khartoum: we had not abandoned her too soon.

They spoke also of European ladies who had been to Gondokoro in a steam-ship; and they imitated the action of the paddle, and puffing off of steam: the vessel was a novel sight to them.

Our *dahabyeh*, the "Kathleen," was also at Gondokoro, and we rejoiced; for if Speke should arrive there ere we did, this boat and the others were placed with all their comforts at his disposal. We also received from the men a letter from Mr. Baker, who had been staying some months at our home at Khartoum, and had left that place about the same time our renewed expedition sailed for Gondokoro. The winds had favoured them, and the voyage was of short duration. Mr. Baker thus writes:

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"GONDOKORO,
"*February 9th*, 1863.

"MY DEAR PETHERICK,

"I am much disappointed at not meeting you here, and ever allowing for the usual exaggeration of reports, I am anxious to hear of the health of your party. Your *fakeel* with a strong party goes to meet you. We arrived here with three boats on the 2nd.

* * * * * * * *

"I have much to say to you that I cannot write. There are serious intrigues against you in Khartoum. Upon your arrest of Amabile, an accusation was sent to the Consul-General, including the official declarations of two Consulates, charging you with some former participation in slavery. Of course the seals of numerous natives ornamented this document. I passed six months of *ennui* in that horrible den Khartoum. Thanks to you for a roof in the airy room adjoining your store. There I had the only pleasure of reading your newspapers and looking to meeting you in these latitudes.

* * * * * * * *

"After the miserable White Nile voyage, Gondokoro is a charming country: good firm ground is a blessing after the swampy regions left behind us. The Dutch ladies with the steamer have gone to the Bahar il Gazal, with the intention of reaching Mundo and going to the Equator. They have a large force with them. There should be a public house built on the Equator, where travellers could stop for a glass of beer: it is becoming a fashionable tour. I fear Mrs. Petherick must have had a trying journey during the rains: when I saw Abu Kuka I could picture the misery of a rainy season in that frightful country. I shall be very anxious to hear of you. This letter is

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accompanied by a few others I brought from Khartoum. Pray give my kindest regards to Mrs. Petherick; although I have never had the pleasure of making her acquaintance personally, I have been full of anxiety on her account. I cannot tell you our disappointment upon arrival at Gondokoro at hearing that you were still astray.

"S. W. BAKER."

Our march after this was of short duration, and we rested for the night on the slope of a hill near Manio. The chief, called Bubauglae, came to thank us for restoring to their parents the children stolen from his district. Bubauglae's head-dress was becoming. A wreath of cock's feathers, mingled with those of a red bird, encircled his head; his necklace was of finely-twisted iron; and on his arms he wore brightly polished bands made of the same metal. His origin was Barri—this language he spoke. At the foot of the hill where we encamped was the dried-up channel of a water-course, and scattered around a few villages were visible.

February 16*th*.—After another night intensely cold to us, we were off at 6.15. A grassy plain was first traversed, and then a perceptible decline in the line of our route brought us to lower ground, where the plains had been devestated by fire. A march of an hour and a quarter brought us to the river Queeny, which was crossed. The bed, now nearly dry, was of considerable breadth. It is said to flow into Ayi, in the Neangara territory, at a point farther north than that crossed by us. Halted for breakfast and to replenish the water-skins. On again starting, traversed a dense forest, and at its confines rested half an hour; we then emerged

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into a fine open flat country. The heat was intense, from the change of the welcome shade of the forest to the burning glare of the plains. Came upon pools of water, where we gladly rested until three p.m. The march resumed brought us again to wood, through which we passed, until an open space was reached, where we encamped for the night.

February 17th.—Off at 5.50 a.m., and passed through a long continuation of wood; then table-land was reached thickly studded with giant cacti (*Euphorbia candelabrum*); the appearance of these enlivened the monotonous march. A slight descent led to a welcome spring, near which a brief halt was made. A rugged hill of no great height was never lost sight of: it became so irritating to me, as we seemed to make no progress. The ruins of a village were passed: it had been destroyed by fire. The cultivated ground around bore promise of abundance; but the proprietors were no longer there to tend it. Our old familiar friend, the pretty mimosa, now became frequent; and Petherick went into raptures over magnificent specimens of quartz in masses of red conglomerate. At noon halted in the bed of a dried-up stream, called the Goorli, which when full must have been pretty with its serpentine windings. In an adjacent partly dried-up stream called Baboa, a few pools of water were discovered; these were speedily surrounded by worshippers. The sand bed of the Goorli was traversed a short distance, when we diverged into open bush. Deep fissures in the sun-baked ground rendered marching difficult; so also did the abundant thin dry grass—with vitality just sufficient to prove sharp-cutting to feet unprotected. A group of hills called Maya were visible, bearing 45°. We encamped at sunset; fires were kept

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up during the night, as hundreds of negroes, not trusting us, were ambushed in the wood.

February 18*th*.—Even at six a.m., when we started, the heat was intense. Marched an hour or more through scanty wood, which evidently had recently been traversed by elephants. Arrived at a partially dried water-course, named the Rooda; its breadth twenty-five or thirty feet. It is said to empty itself in the Nile near Mount Loda, a day's journey north of Gondokoro. With water-skins replenished, procured by dint of digging in the sandy bed of the river, the march was resumed through a narrow path, dry grass on both sides almost suffocating us; yet here we were compelled to halt, so thoroughly beaten were we. At last, gaining courage, we proceeded, when happily a vast plain was entered; groups of fine trees adorned it. In forty-five minutes came to the channel of a winding stream; in it were a few pools of water, barely sufficient for our thirsty party. We rested, shadowed by trees, until 3.30, when the journey was continued, still through dense wood. Made one brief halt, and at sunset encamped in the forest.

February 19*th*.—Started at six a.m.; in one hour emerged from the forest and reached a brook, nearly dry, named Bahooda, which enters the Nile below Gondokoro. The country, slightly undulating, was beautiful; amongst its groups of varied trees the graceful tamarind, with its health-sustaining fruit, was conspicuous. In the distance rugged hills were visible, and in our line of march passed huge rocks of granite. Another hour brought us to Ungushoot, a Bari village. It was prettily fenced with cacti, then in flower.

To its chief, called Lungazo, who gave us welcome, Petherick

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was indebted, he having conducted our people to the interior when they first formed the station at Wayo. Lungazo had formerly bartered ivory with the traders at Gondokoro; but in an affray with them two of his sons had been killed, and so Lungazo held no more dealings with them.

After resting nearly an hour, we proceeded. A small range of hills, called Goonifi, bore 171°, and a rugged hill, Koorook, 136°. The country continued captivating: huts detached, with their well-kept gardens, were frequently seen, and a high conical hill, the Nyrhen, appeared. In an hour a dry water-course was reached—Nimione its name. By digging in its bed water was procured. This stream is reported to fall into the Nile northwards of Gondokoro. During the noontide heat we rested. Two of the mountain girls here bade us adieu, also a youth. Some of their relatives came to offer us a few trifling presents and their thanks.

En route at 3.40, and marched one hour and quarter, when we encamped at Doora, the village of our interpreter, Aboo Groon. The poor fellow was in despair: but recently his father died, leaving a large stock of cattle, and only the day before yesterday an unprincipled trader's gang had walked off with his cattle; they also killed two negroes who fought for their property, and bore away eight young women. Aboo Groon was accompanied by his uncle, a fine old man, and by two friends whose wives had been stolen. They implored the protection of the Consul, and he with many expressions of sympathy promised his assistance, and advised their accompanying us to Gondokoro, which they said they would do.

February 20th.—At 6.15 left Doora; with us marched the uncle of Aboo Groon and his two companions, with them a number of

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the villagers. In little more than half an hour came to the River Loori, partially dry; the pools of water in it were from ten to twelve feet in depth. The country around was level; fine trees and low underwood relieved its otherwise barren appearance. Skirting a large sheet of water were pelicans and wild fowl. Shortly afterwards we arrived at the village of Lokingnajji, and here we halted. Gondokoro and the boats were visible, but my eyes could hardly discern them, so full of tears were they.

Petherick wrote a note to Mr. Baker, asking him to give an order for two or three of our boats to be sent to the ferry to convey us across the Nile to Gondokoro. Zambae, the chief of the village, attached the letter to his lance, and quickly ran off to execute his errand.

From this place a beautiful prospect presented itself: the mountain Belinga and a fine range of hills were on the opposite side of the noble river, and Mount Kerach, thickly covered with trees, rose on our right. The negroes, rich in cattle, drove their herds into *zaribas* (cactus fenced), there to be milked, and afterwards were let out to pasture again. At three p.m. Zambae returned, accompanied by several of our people from the boats, which awaited us, not at the ferry, however, but a mile or two lower down the river, and nearly opposite the position we had taken up. From the men we heard that Captains Speke and Grant had arrived but four days previously at Gondokoro.

How great was our joy they were safe, and had accomplished their grand mission!

Eager to greet them, we pushed on, and in less than an hour were on board our *dahabyeh* the "Kathleen." We had not seen her since she sailed from Korosko on September 4th, 1861. The servants approached to kiss our hands and offer felicitations, their

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eyes full of surprise as they looked upon me, and a murmur of "*Miskeen*" ("poor thing!") I heard. I knew not how great was the change in my appearance until I approached a mirror; it then was evident, startling even myself: "A woman clothed in unwomanly rags," skin red-browned, face worn and haggard, hair scorched crisp, and clad in a scanty dress of gaudy calico, purchased from one of the soldiers; this was the object reflected. How comfortable and home-like the cabins looked, with couches, tables, &c.! Luggage of the travellers, Speke and Grant, writing and drawing materials were scattered about, as they had but just left the "Kathleen" for a stroll, when the summons was received that the "Kathleen" was to be dispatched to meet us. As we approached Gondokoro, the Catholic Mission-house (unfortunately now abandoned) was looked upon with intense interest: it was well situated on an eminence, some fine sycamore trees made picturesque the high pointed straw *tookuls* nestled around them, and a flotilla of boats, with flags of many nations, enlivened the usually deserted bright, glorious river. Arrived at the bank, and the *dahabyeh* moored, Captains Speke and Grant, accompanied by Mr. Baker, stepped on board. How much there was to relate, but how far out in their calculations both Captain Speke and Petherick had been as to the date of their probable meeting! Mr. Baker invited us to dine on board his *dahabyeh*; Speke and Grant were also his guests. Pleasant, indeed, was it to sit once more at a comfortably appointed table, and refreshing was the tea served—so long untasted by us. I had not then the heart to break to Captain Grant the sad tidings we had for him, but the following morning I gave him the letters entrusted by his relatives to our care.

It is evident Petherick is in ill favour here; the traders and their men are enraged in consequence of his efforts to put down the

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ARRIVAL AT GONDOKORO. P. 312.

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traffic in slaves. The acquittal of Amabile, the Maltese, whom, it may be remembered, Petherick accused of participation in that trade—has weakened the authority of H.B.M. Consul, and brought upon him hatred and contempt. Vengeance is vowed against Petherick, and they have sworn to shoot him. I was sadly troubled; and, in addition to cares pressing heavily, a little cabin-boy of the "Kathleen" was shot when on board. A group of disorderly servants and other men, with menaces and shocking imprecations, kept up a discharge of musketry with ball cartridge, in the direction of our boat, from the shore. I was quite unnerved.

February 23rd.—The travellers and Mr. Baker dined with us last evening; but, from the conversation which ensued, a painful presentiment oppressed me that it was the intention of Mr. Baker to supplant Petherick's expedition for the relief of the captains.

March 27th.—My fears proved not groundless: Mr. Baker did offer his boats, stores, &c., to Speke, which were accepted in preference to Petherick's, and in his boats Speke and Grant sailed.

At this time, 1869, arranging our journal for the press. I am conscious of the meagre account of our all-important meeting with the travellers—more of it in due course. For the time I can do no better than give Dr. Murie's letter to my brother-in-law, Mr. McQuie, written at Gondokoro, and subsequently, on our return to England, given to us with other correspondence.

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"GONDOKORO,
"WHITE NILE,
"19*th March*, 1863.

"Mr. Mc QUIE,

"DEAR SIR,

"The present state of Mrs. Petherick's health has made me write you a few lines relative to matters here. In the first place she herself, from causes which I will afterwards mention, has been reduced to a great state of weakness, and at times there is a tendency to wanderings of the mind: she tells me she sent some letters home by Captain Speke, but is quite confused who they were to. Her intention seems to have been to forward, by this boat, her journal for publication in Blackwood, but that I know she has been unable to finish, so be not surprised at its non-arrival, or any letters to friends, for the present at least.

"I am very sorry to have to inform you that Mr. Petherick's affairs are in anything but a flourishing condition. After nearly a year's journey, from Khartoum to this place (which ordinarily is made in a couple to three months), with losses, disasters, and difficulties daily befalling us, we arrived only to learn that, from the Consul's activity in reporting and seizing those connected with the slave trade, he had drawn upon him the hatred and vengeance of all the Arab traders and soldiers; but who, it seems, were really instigated by the intrigues of the Europeans of Khartoum, chiefly low rascally Frenchmen and Italians.

"So great has the *furor* become against him that his life is not safe, his own and the other Arab soldiers, when drunk, coming and firing their guns close to the boat, showing, as they say, their defiance of him: at any moment a false shot may carry him off.

"A great part of the men, nay, all but five, mutinied and refused to proceed, so we are left without power to do anything.

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"The consequence of all this worry and excitement has been to bring on a severe dysentery on Mrs. Petherick, which slowly recovering from, but still weak, has produced a nervous excitability, which on any further rows with the men causes the blood to flow to her head, and hence that confused state for the time —really nothing more or less than weakness—which a little calm and quiet will throw off. Mr. Petherick is indeed very much changed since I met him first at Korosko; the misfortunes and losses have reduced him very much; bilious fever more than once weakened him so that he required aid in walking. What I fear is that after all his outlay, and the losses and suffering he has undergone, that he will get but little credit for it from those at home, Captain Speke having come right on, and almost refusing aid.

"The British Government giving strict orders to the Consul, at the same time giving no support, has placed him in a critical position. Khartoum is a hotbed of enemies, so that no Arab soldier will enter his service: this being the case, Mr. Petherick is all but ruined, and I see nothing before him but to return to Europe, which do not be surprised to hear of from themselves soon. In a short time Mr. Petherick intends proceeding to Khartoum, from whence, no doubt, letters will be sent you containing a more full account of matters. I regret it was not in my power to keep my promise regarding the photographs—that, like our projects, turning out unsuccessfully. You will give my apology to the Misses Mc Quie, hoping I have not given them too severe a disappointment.

"My best wishes to Mrs. Mc Quie and all the children.

"Believing me,

"Yours truly,

"(Signed) JAMES MURIE, M.D."

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I have been very ill. Dr. Murie requested permission to return to Europe; our men have mutinied; thus are we deserted. We were to have gone in search of the unexplored lake, but the men would not accompany us, so we now are to return to Khartoum, visiting the Sobât ere we do so.

March 28th.—The few preparations in Petherick's power to make were completed, and at two p.m. the "Kathleen" left Gondokoro. Wind failing, the crew at the sweeps pulled us from that shore where lay our wrecked hopes.

One boat, a *nugger*, was the consort: she carried "Luxor" (now almost a skeleton); he, too, had shared ill fortune, and had been neglected. Of our once large force, three soldiers now formed our guard; and of sailors there was the smallest possible complement consistent with safety. Foxcroft, poor boy! sadly feeble and shaken, accompanied us, also a little negress, the only one rescued from Abd il Majid whom we had been unable to restore to her relatives; and though on two or three opportunities she had been sent to distant villages which she had named, where probably some of her kindred might be, none were found: one village had been partially destroyed, and the inhabitants had fled. I took the forlorn one under my protection. She was a tiny child, not more, apparently, than seven years of age, pretty and intelligent. I clothed her, and gave her the fanciful name of Zitella. Cook Rechan and his wife, the widow of poor Mussaad, also went with us. A few other servants and a dozen soldiers sailed in the *nugger*. To Ringa, our faithful Neam Neam attendant, we bade adieu a day or two previously. He wished to return to our station at Wayo, and from thence to escort the wives of Abderachman, his kinsman, to their home amongst the Neam Neam.

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My work-baskets had been replenished, and I was enabled to give Ringa a store from the same: he had learnt to sew well. To his care I consigned sundry comforts for Halima, my former handmaiden, now the wife of Wód Ali, our chief elephant hunter: she, with her husband, remained at Wayo. The monotonous river journey had now fairly commenced: some days the wind helped our onward progress, but the sweeps were generally in requisition. Short of grain; different villages were visited with the hope of procuring it. Sometimes a small quantity the men were able to get, but more frequently they returned empty-handed. The negroes were all friendly, coming fearlessly to the boats. Hippopotami abounded. Petherick occasionally shot wild fowl, whilst Foxcroft was indefatigable with his fishing lines. The mornings were intensely cold and damp, at mid-day the heat oppressive, and at sunset the mosquitoes were merciless in their ravages.

April 7th.—Arrived at a port in the Shyr, where we were enabled to barter for grain, baskets, and mats, which had been purchased from the Barri. A breeze springing up, we proceeded to another settlement of the Shyr, where it was said a bullock might be bought. The natives crowded round: their skin was stained with red clay in a remarkable manner, some affecting stripes like the zebra. The chief, who spoke Arabic, was instrumental, after some considerable delay, in persuading the owner of goats to sell two at an exorbitant price. The larder thus replenished, we went on our way.

April 10th.—A terrific storm: it lasted four hours, brought us to anchor in the centre of the river, and till sunrise the following morning we made but little way, rowing—the wind, still strong, being against us.

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Sunday, 12*th*.—Storms and rain, swamps on both sides. The shore could not be reached, and our stock of firewood was exhausted. At seven p.m. arrived at a small hamlet of the Kytch, and there remained for the night. Wood was procured, so we went not supperless to bed. At four p.m. reached Aboo Kuka, the place we had left last year on that disastrous journey. The wretched settlement was, if possible, worse than before. The old chief, Jickwi, came on board and expressed his joy at seeing us again, whilst he lamented our changed appearance, and we did his; he was evidently very ill and nearly starved.

In reverting to the capsizing of our canoes on the lagoon, he told us that amongst various objects found by the negroes after the subsiding of the inundation were four elephant rifles. These were esteemed the most valued of their booty. The stocks were knocked off, and the heavy barrels, destined to be converted into lances, were taken to a smith's forge for the purpose. The barrels, loaded with heavy charges of powder and buckshot, were no sooner acted upon by the fire than an explosion took place, and seven of the unfortunate bystanders were killed; several others were more or less wounded, and Jickwi hoped our resentment for the murder of our men would now rest content.

"Yes," was the reply, "provided they did not tamper with the bottles, or the acids they contained might exact more victims."

April 14*th*.—At dawn left Aboo Kuka, and by dint of vigorous rowing reached the Gaba Shambyl at sunset. Herr Binder's men at this station said how generally it was believed that we had been murdered.

A detention is evident here, as the *nugger* requires caulking. Her

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reis has this moment informed us that my poor "Luxor" died two days ago. I am so grieved!

Did not leave Gaba Shambyl until four p.m. *April 17th*, and for some days experienced rough weather, much rain, and adverse north winds. On the 20th arrived at our old quarters amongst the Nouaer, where we must await the *nugger*, having lost sight of her two days. Our old acquaintance, the chief of the blue robe, now *minus* that garment, came to greet us. His people had been sadly used, and carried into slavery. The following morning Petherick started on a pot-hunting expedition, which proved eminently successful, geese and ibis being bagged.

On the *22nd* Shotbyl, the chief, our old friend, paid a visit. He too was much changed: in an affray a lance had been hurled at him, and had penetrated from the back through his chest. The wounds, back and front, were plainly visible.

Whilst we are awaiting the arrival of the *nugger*, our consort boat, Shotbyl, a man of intelligence, tells many interesting customs of his tribe, the Nouaer; Petherick translates them as follows:

"The Nouaer tribes are greatly divided, each community having its independent chief. They frequently war on each other for the sake of cattle; no prisoners are made, but men's lives taken without scruple, whilst the women and children are ever respected. If threatened by enemies not of their tribes, feuds between themselves are suspended temporarily, and they fight in common against the invaders. Shotbyl can raise nine hundred fighting men. They carry a bow turned like a shepherd's crook at both ends, a club, and large lance; the club is thrown at an enemy, but the lance is never parted with.

"No taxes or impost of any kind is paid to a chief; but should

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his crops fail, or cattle be captured or die of murrain, the community tax themselves to replace them. War or peace is declared by the chief, who leads: the former is frequently occasioned by quarrels of individuals whose cause is espoused by their respective clans.

"Jurisdiction is performed by the chief; and a subject who has rendered himself obnoxious is neither imprisoned nor beaten, but is simply fined so many head of cattle, according to his offence. If an old offender and poor, he is expelled the community, or put to death by the chief's order, but without publicity.

"A man may have as many wives as he pleases; the opulent indulge in fifty or more, each wife having a separate hut. Cattle only is taken by the bride's parents as dowry. The marriage festivities continue two or three days, when all concerned give themselves up to feasting and rejoicing. The bride in the evening is led to her new home, which is built for her, and returns each morning to her parents to take part in the dancing and gaieties. When about to give birth to a child, she again returns to her parents to be nursed by her mother. Should she be unhappy and unable to live with her husband, she goes to her parents or her nearest relative; and in case her husband refuses to support her, she is given in marriage to another; but if she has children by him, they are invariably, at the age of three, sent to the first husband to be maintained by him; should he refuse to do this, which is seldom the case, then the rightful father can claim his child.

"Public burial-grounds there are none, the dead being buried in the immediate vicinity of the huts they inhabited. This practice arises from fear of exhumation, as it is believed that human flesh or hair is poison, and liable to be made use of by ill-designing people.

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"The graves are deep, and the bodies are placed prostrate; a slight covering is placed about the ears and loins. On the interment of the father of a family, his pipe, tobacco, and bowl in which his meals were served, are placed upon his grave, and there undisturbed they remain. The burial of a chief is attended by the whole community; quantities of bullocks, sheep, and goats are slaughtered upon the occasion. A person dying of small pox is thrown into the river. Men killed in battle are left on the field, but the wounded are carried off. The Nouaer believe in no after life, nor in God, neither in good nor evil spirits. They believe that the spirits of the deceased visit them, and dreams are their converse. Thus the fear of the dead prevents them robbing orphans."

During this recital, the *nugger* came up: she had experienced a disaster—however, soon remedied. Making over a portion of the contents of his game-bag, the crew lacking provisions, Petherick ordered sail to be made to the favourable breeze that was springing up, and the boats were quickly under way. Steadily we glided on without a stoppage until sunset on April 23rd, when the wind failed. In a few hours it rose with great force, but from the north. A lull at noon on the 24th, then a light steady breeze wafted us near to the entrance of the Bahar il Gazal. Anchored here, as Petherick wished to remain a day or two to take observations.

April 27th.—Petherick and myself had worked very hard, taking observations, ascertaining the width of river, and rate of current, depth, &c.; and it appeared that the volume of water in the bed of the White River, prior to its junction with the Bahar il Gazal, amounted to eight thousand two hundred and eighty cubic feet per second. The contributions of the Bahar il Gazal, by measurements

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above and below the point of junction, was found to be three thousand and forty-two cubic feet per second.

The lunar observations were particularly trying, as, despite the attempts of our servants to ward them off, myriads of mosquitoes persistently attacked our faces and hands.

At noon the *nugger* entered the Bahar il Gazal, and in an hour the "Kathleen" followed. It was Petherick's intention to proceed to Port Rek, near the island of Kyt, where he hoped to meet his men from our station amongst the Djour, and he also trusted to be of some service to the adventurous Dutch ladies who were travelling in those parts.

May 3rd.—To give an account of our slow proceedings for days in this positive ditch I abstain; the dearth of provisions, want of firewood, the discontent of the men, all combined to render the "procession" a melancholy one. An extract from the daily journal will suffice.

"This day, three p.m., *May 3rd.*—The smallest possible passage, through which the boat is dragged; some of the men using freely the knife and hatchet to cut away the ambage, sweeping the decks, whilst others are overboard at the side of the *dahabyeh*, pushing her on; in the meanwhile from the decks no water can be seen, but apparently a vast meadow of rank high grass. Timing the tedious progress, we find one hundred yards is made in an hour and a half; this is the average."

May 4th.—Still slowly dragging along, the port of the Rek was plainly visible. The *reis* of our *nugger* came overland to the "Kathleen." He had anchored at the port, but advised our not doing the same, as the port was at present crowded by boats of

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ISLE OF KYT, THE BAHAR IL GAZAL. P. 322.

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every description. Accompanying him was the *vakeel* of the Dutch ladies.

The "Kathleen" proceeded a short distance to a pool diverging from the narrow channel, where it was deemed best she should remain for a time.

Fraught with danger is this pool: enormous crocodiles frequent it. Last year, the brother of our *reis* was seized by one whilst bathing, and destroyed. A few weeks ago, whilst crossing a shallow, a negro, driving some cows and a calf, the latter was carried off; and the following morning, the negro, having occasion to revisit the spot, this time with a brother, when, to his horror, the youth was seized, and, despite the efforts of the former, and the effect of several javelins that were hurled at him, the crocodile retained his hold, and drawing the lad into deep water, no more was seen of him.

The following morning the Baron von Heuglin (a personal friend of Petherick's) paid us an early visit. Von Heuglin and Dr. Steudner, both gentlemen well known to the scientific world, had requested permission to accompany the expedition of the ladies. They, on March 23rd, left the *mishra*, acting as pioneers in search of suitable encamping ground, where the ladies might remain during the rainy season.

On April 2nd they crossed the River Djour, and the same evening reached a village named Wau, where Dr. Steudner sickened, and where, on the 10th, he died, attended assiduously by his friend Von Heuglin. With reference to the locality, my husband remarks:

"The aspect and conditions of the Bahar il Gazal, to what I represented it in my work, 'Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa,' when I navigated it from the years 1853 to 1858, were so surprising, that had I not beheld the change myself, no description could have

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realized it in my imagination. At that time, although abounding in islands of rank reeds, the navigable passages between them were from forty to sixty yards wide, and from two to three fathoms deep. In the centre, and continuing towards its southern extremity, was a vast area of clear water, in which I had cruised for days before I could find a passage through the shore-disguising reeds to effect a landing. Now, as described, these channels represented nothing more, with the exception of two or three large pools, than execrable stagnant ditches, containing just water enough wherewith, with the aid of axe and poles, to propel our boats along them. Now in the possession of astronomical instruments and the knowledge of using them, I was enabled to fix my points, and therefore I am enabled to correct my dead reckoning of former years. The position of the island of Kyt is thereby reduced in a direct line of thirty miles, as the crow flies, due west from the White River, in lieu of sixty miles as subsequently laid down in the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," by Mr. Arrowsmith, in 1865.

"In accordance therewith, I cannot but, on the other hand, avail myself of this opportunity to acknowledge the justice of that gentleman's foresight in curtailing the length of my former overland route to the Neam Neam, at Mundo, to 3° 40′ north, in lieu of, as I had erroneously imagined it, by unchecked dead reckoning, to reach to the equator.

"Notwithstanding the dried-up state of this lake, representing as it did a pestiferous swamp, it still was the vehicle for conveying three thousand and forty-two cubic feet of water per second to add to the volume of the White Nile; what it would have contributed during the flooded state of former years I must, of course, leave to conjecture.

"Colonel Rigby, when Consul at Zanzibar, and other authorities

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have reported, like myself, famine to exist in different tropical districts. This calamity, as realized by Mussaad, was occasioned by a state of warfare; but, as a rule, I know that during the length and breadth of the Soudan it is caused by periodical shortcomings of rain, so that whole districts are famished, and the peoples are driven to migrate, or support themselves upon grass-seeds and fruits, that require less moisture to bring them to maturity than the grain crops, upon which the populations principally depend for support.

"We all know that in the tropics the rainfall is very different to what it is in this country or any part of Europe. The land rain, or well-sustained continued days, and even weeks, of rain experienced in Europe, is unknown in the tropics, where, on the contrary, the torrents that fall may be reckoned by hours, and but exceptionally by entire days of duration. They are generally, I may almost say invariably, the outburst of heavy storms of thunder and lightning; and throughout the tropics it is well known their frequency is uncertain, and of much oftener recurrence in one district than another; hence, whilst the one is flooded, the other may be so parched as to preclude the growth of grain.

"The White Nile, and the district we were returning from, has been reported, during the memory of man, never to have been so flooded, and to account for the low state of the Bahar il Gazal, I am naturally led to conjecture, that its supply of water from its western tributaries, by unprecedented drouth and perhaps increased evaporation, owing to a necessarily increased amount of heat, may have been thus unusually curtailed.

"Would this example not lead to the inference that other lakes—for instance, the Nyanzas—may occasionally prove to be subject to the same influences, and be found, in lieu of containing the enor-

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mous volumes of water as described by Captain Speke and Sir Samuel Baker, also, if not to dwindle into morasses, perhaps be confined within much narrower limits than they have been represented when visited?"

At noon we embarked in the *sandal* to visit the ladies who were at the *mishra* or port. This was reached in about an hour; so winding was the channel and choked with the ambage and rushes that the progress was from necessity slow. Warmly were we welcomed by the beautiful Miss Tinné, who introduced us to her mother, truly a noble dame. With tact and delicacy the ladies gleaned from me that I was ignorant of our having been mourned for as dead. Though Mr. Baker mentioned there were vague reports to that effect, he had treated them lightly; but now Madame Tinné showed extracts from newspapers asserting that we were no more. Oh, how I wept! well knowing the pain such tidings must have inflicted upon those who loved us.

May 10*th*.—Pleasant little visits were daily exchanged between the ladies at the Rek and ourselves. They were impatiently expecting the return of the steamer and a *dahabyeh* from Khartoum, whither the Baron d'Ablaing had proceeded, to hire more soldiers and to replenish the supplies. This evening they arrived. Baron d'Ablaing informed us of the death of H.H. Said Pasha.

Our men from a station in the interior at the Djour joined us yesterday, bringing with them ivory.

On the 17*th* we bade adieu to the ladies, who disembarked preparatory to their start for the interior, which was to be attempted early the following morning.

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Like others in this land, the greatest difficulty was experienced by them in getting porters to carry their loads: it was arranged that those who had brought in our ivory were to assist; but even with this addition there were no porters to remove the baggage of Baron d'Ablaing.

May 18*th*.—A fearful storm and rain last night; the "Kathleen" sprang a leak. We were full of anxiety on account of the ladies. At dawn I received a letter from Madame Tinné: they had suffered much, but would proceed. Petherick started to see if he could, in any way, be of assistance, and remained until they left. Madame Tinné was carried in a chair neatly constructed; Von Heuglin was too ill to be moved, and the Baron d'Ablaing awaited porters.

May 23*rd*.—Petherick had been constant in his attendance upon Von Heuglin, who continued seriously ill; the Baron d'Ablaing was likewise unremitting in his kindnesses to the sufferer; but the news received from the ladies last evening was of a nature so alarming, that he was compelled to advance, though still without porters, hoping to render assistance. Grain was scarce with the party, and the soldiers had mutinied. Miss Tinné, always heroic, made them lay down their arms; but the excitement, fatigue, and exposure to rain had induced fever, and she was prostrated. But very little progress had been made by the fair travellers, so, in all probability, the Baron would quickly rejoin his countrywomen.

END OF VOL. I.

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PETHERICK'S OBSERVATIONS.

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MR. CONSUL PETHERICK'S

COMPUTED BY EDWIN DUNKIN,

From the Journal of the Royal

Separate Results

Station.	Month and Day.	Star or Planet observed with the Moon.	Resulting Longitude E.	
			Moon E.	Moon W.
	1862.		° ′ ″	° ′ ″
KHARTOUM	Feb. 19	Jupiter	32 46 15	
	23	Jupiter	32 36 30	
	Mar. 5	Aldebaran	.....	31 50 45
	7	Jupiter	.....	32 11 0
	8	Jupiter	.....	32 18 45
	13	Jupiter	.....	32 43 30
LOLNUN, OR ABU KUKA ...	July 7	Jupiter	30 24 15	
	8	Jupiter	30 53 30	
	16	Sun	.....	31 13 0
	16	Sun	.....	30 45 45
ADAEL	Sept. 30	Mars	.....	30 6 0
	Oct. 4	Mars	.....	30 18 0
	4	Mars	.....	29 51 45
	5	Antares	29 33 30	
	10	Mars	29 10 45	
	11	Mars	29 24 45	
	12	Sun	.....	30 42 30
	14	Sun	.....	30 52 15
	15	Sun	.....	30 47 0
	Nov. 10	Regulus	.....	30 30 0
		Mars	30 6 30	
		Regulus	.....	30 13 30
		Mars	30 29 0	
		Regulus	.....	30 35 0
		Aldebaran	29 37 45	
		Regulus	.....	30 47 45
		Aldebaran	30 12 0	
NEANGARA	Dec. 1	Sun	29 32 30	
	2	Aldebaran		
		Altair?	.....	30 41 45
		Aldebaran		
		Altair?	.....	30 33 45
		Aldebaran		
		Altair?	.....	30 19 45
		Fomalhaut	29 52 0	
		Aldebaran	.....	30 4 15
		Fomalhaut	29 42 45	
		Aldebaran	.....	30 5 0

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OBSERVATIONS,

Esq., GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

Geographical Society of London for 1865.

for Longitude.

Station.	Month and Day.	Planet or Star observed with the Moon.	Resulting Longitude E. Moon E.	Moon W.
			° ′ ″	° ′ ″
NEANGARA	Dec. 2	Fomalhaut	29 40 15	
		Aldebaran	.....	30 27 45
	3	Pollux	.....	30 22 0
		Mars	29 42 45	
		Pollux	.....	30 35 15
		Mars	29 55 0	
		Pollux	.....	30 4 0
		Mars	29 52 15	
	13	Sun	.....	31 2 0
	1863.			
	Jan. 3	Mars	29 20 45	
		Regulus	.....	30 18 30
		Mars	29 34 15	
		Regulus	.....	30 59 0
		Mars	29 32 45	
		Regulus	.....	30 23 0
		Mars	29 52 0	
	12	Sun	.....	30 56 0
	13	Sun	.....	30 57 30
WAYO	Feb. 1	Regulus	.....	30 30 15
		Mars	30 24 45	
		Regulus	.....	30 25 0
		Mars	30 31 0	
		Regulus	.....	30 28 30
		Mars	30 18 30	
GONDOKORO.....	Mar. 25	Venus	31 58 0	
		Regulus	.....	32 26 45
MOUTH OF BAHAR IL GAZAL	Apr. 24	Venus	30 4 30	
		Jupiter	.....	30 1 0
		Venus	29 25 45	
		Jupiter	.....	30 21 30
	25	Venus	30 53 0	
		Jupiter	.....	30 31 30
		Venus	30 33 15	
		Jupiter	.....	30 39 30
ISLAND OF KYT	Mar. 8	Sun	.....	29 47 45

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FINAL RESULT OF MR. CONSUL PETHERICK'S OBSERVATIONS.

Date.	Name of Place.	Approximate Position.		Reading of Thermometer B.P.	Temperature.	Height.		
		Latitude.	Longitude.			Dunkin.	Error of Instrument.	Result.
		° ′ ″	° ′ ″	°	°	feet.	+ feet.	feet.
1861.—Aug 11	Korosko	.....	.....	211·0	...	565	40	605
1862.—Mar. 16.....	Khartoum	15 37 28 N.	32 28 42 E.	210·4	89	913	56	969
May 14.....	Aliab	.....	.....	210·2	90	1029	104	1133
June 20.....	Gaba Shambyl	.....	.....	210·1	82	1077	115	1192
July 9.....	Lolnun, Abu Kuka	6 54 35	30 49 07	210·0	87	1141	121	1262
Oct. 4.....	Adael, in Agar	6 35 53	30 08 04	210·0	84	1136	141	1277
Dec. 11.....	Neangara	5 22 41	30 06 26	208·8	88	1831	158	1989
1863.—Feb. 5.....	Wayo, in Moro	4 46 00	30 26 20	208·1	90	2240	172	2412
Feb. 16.....	Burra, Neambara	.....	.....	209·0	90	2165	175	2340
Feb. 25.....	Gondokoro.....	4 55 00	32 12 24	209·8 209·8 209·9	99 100 96	1251	177	1428
Apr. 24.....	Mouth of Bahar il Gazal...	8 58 40?	30 18 45					
May 8.....	Island of Kyt	8 27 13	29 47 45					

Consul Petherick was supplied with three boiling-water thermometers, made by Casella; all of them have been returned in good condition.

No. 2534 was lent to Mr. S. W. Baker at Khartoum in April, 1863; its error on return in Nov. 1865, was 0·80 — from its readings.

No. 2535 } used by Consul Petherick..... { ditto ditto 0·76 — ditto.
No. 2536 } { ditto ditto 0·86 — ditto.

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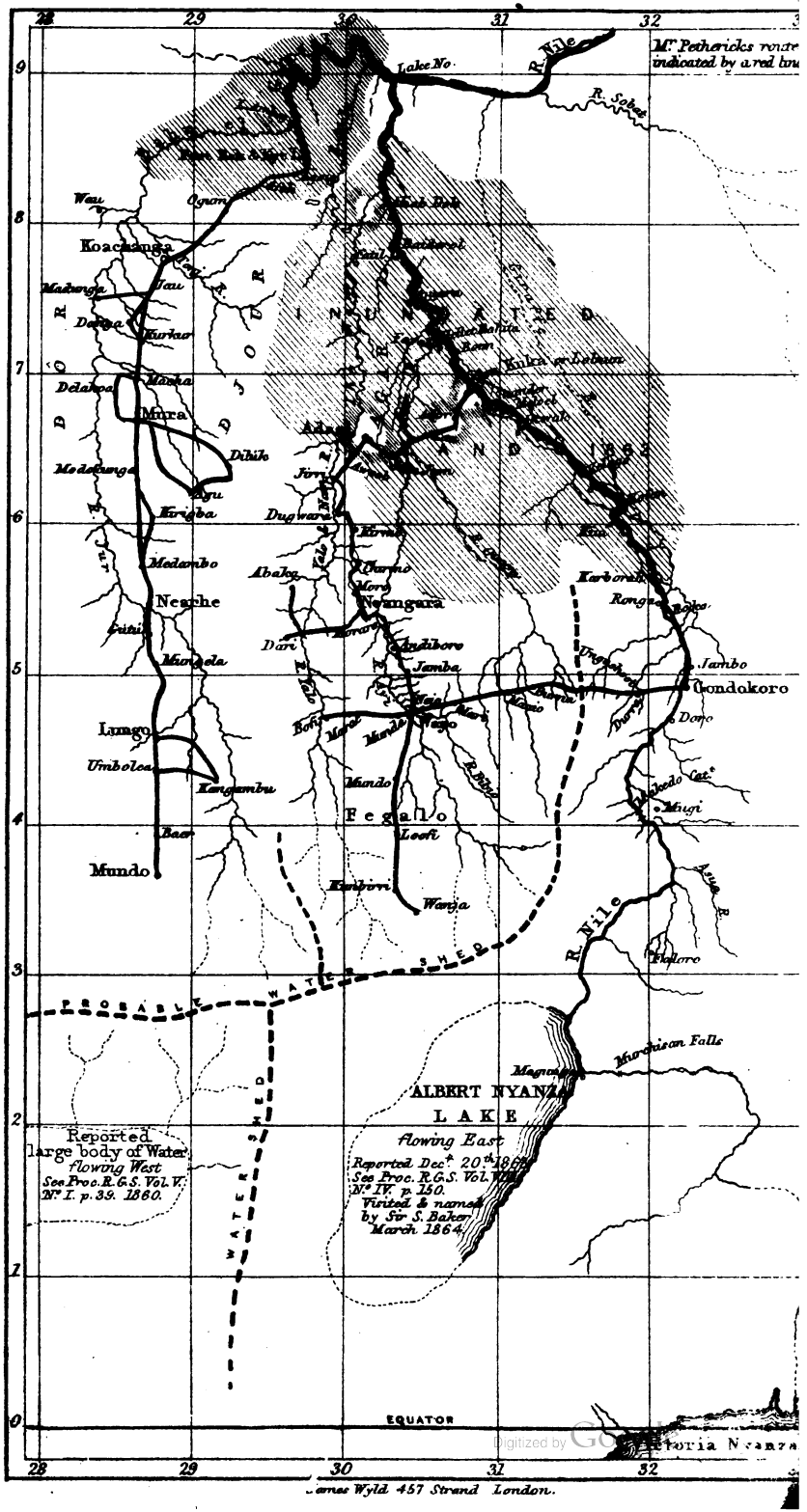

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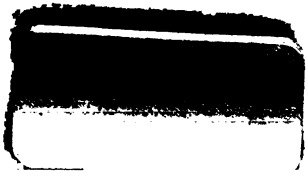

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